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JEN

PICTURESQUE SCENES AND PLACES OF NOTE.

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FIRST SERIES.

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND THE RHINE

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—
I would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad.

SHAKESPEARE.

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

TO commence with a truism forced upon us by experience, we may state, that sight-seeing, whether in town or country, in foreign lands, must be purchased sometimes, not only with good coin, but with the addition of occasional hard fare and little comfort. This, at least, has been our experience; and he who has not yet acquired the power of preserving his temper, and applying the sedative medicine of good-humour to the many wounds which he will receive when encountering the thousands of inconveniences, disappointments, and mishaps incident to an ambulatory course of foreign travel, had much better stay at home, and content himself with reading about those things and places that he must never expect to see, unless he is prepared to accept the nations as he finds them, their countries as he sees them, with such clouds and skies as chance may dispose them during his sojourn beneath them. If, however, he is prepared, with the gracefulness of true philosophy, to accept these as they may happen to come, we say unto him that he will have his reward. The continual change of scene and circumstance through which he passes, rapidly multiplies the events of his life. At every turn he sees a new prospect, or encounters a new adventure; whilst knowledge flows in upon his mind as a river, with a strong current, does into the sea. This is especially the case on the continent of Europe. In France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, his feet are never off the dust upon which the greatest and the grandest events of historical time have occurred. He is, almost at every step, called upon to pause, to gaze, to feel, to admire, and to reflect; to recall the past, and reproduce in his mind's eye the busy actors who stamped, with the seal of their immortality, those sacred spots where the battles of freedom were lost and won; where the banners of an inspired Faith were first unfurled, to redeem mankind from the darkness of an oppressive superstition; or where Literature and the sister Arts arose, to enlighten and improve, to bless, adorn, and exalt mankind. In all that is humanly great, Europe is historically grand; whilst her scenery is generally the sweetest and the softest, the richest and the choicest, the most beautiful and sublime, the most varied and inviting of all the quarters of the globe. He, therefore, who is in search of that kind of knowledge immortalised in the pages of history and the creations of Art, must seek it in Europe, where he will find himself among the very scenes where it grew, and where he may gather it with an ease, a pleasure, and a rapidity which no amount of reading, at a distance from it, could supply. In this belief, we invite the reader to accompany us through the following pages, that he may, in some measure, prepare himself for his *own transit* through the districts and countries described, when his opportunity arrives.

Before the great Revolution, France was divided into thirty-two large and eighty small provinces, which equalled the divisions of the Middle Ages; but this arrangement was, in 1790, abolished, and the country divided into eighty-six departments, with names mostly suggested by the rivers, mountains, and other natural features which happened to fall within their limits. These, again, were subdivided into districts, these into cantons, and these into communes. To each department a governor or prefect was appointed; to each district, a sub-prefect, and to each canton and commune, a mayor. As the names of the provinces still continue to be used in history, they are most widely known. It will, therefore, be better to retain them here, while giving an introductory general outline of their characteristics, previous to entering into such particulars as must necessarily pass under review whilst making the Grand Tour of Europe.

Having steamed across the Straits of Dover, whether to Calais or Boulogne, it will be found that the routes to Paris lie through ancient Picardy and the Isle of France; the former now forming one department, the Somme, and the latter five departments, the Aisne, the Oise, the Seine-et-Oise, the Seine, and the Seine-et-Marne. The Somme is traversed by the river of the same name, and has extensive marshes. It is rich in historical associations. Within its boundaries are several towns famous in ancient annals;—the battle-field of Cressy, where, in 1346, Edward III., of England, defeated Philip of Valois; the castle of Ham, where the late Emperor, Louis Napoleon, was imprisoned, and other places of historical note. The interest which attaches to

the Isle of France, too, is much more historical than rural. Paris being its centre, it will necessarily demand our attention more fully when we come to speak of that beautiful city. Meanwhile, we will notice the department of Pas-de-Calais, which occupies the east of the Somme, and which comprises the ancient Artois.

The natural features here may be characterised as mountainous; whilst it is well watered, and produces wheat, hemp, lint, tobacco, and oleaginous plants. It is rich in manufactures, and, to the topographical and historical student, dear for its celebrated localities. Not far from Hesden, the village of Agincourt still indicates the field where Henry V., of England, won his great victory in 1415. Here, too, is Arras, no longer noted for its tapestry and fine linen; but where Robespierre, Lebon, and Damiens, the would-be assassin of Louis XV., were born. This is not an enviable fame. This place stands on the Scarpe, strongly fortified by Vauban, and exhibits within its walls some strange old Gothic houses, which, by a decree of the town council, are to be preserved unaltered. In one of its streets, it is said that every inhabitant was guillotined at the first Revolution, which made it to be called the *Rue sans Têtes*. Was the name meant to be an attempt at wit? Or was it designed to express, with practical force, the reality of a terrible truth? No matter; the decapitated and the decapitators have alike proved the shadowy character of their existences, and passed to their account, although they have supplied materials for the record of an awful period in the history of Arras. At that time many of its religious edifices were destroyed, and among them the old cathedral; but the relic of an English churchman—Thomas à Becket—was preserved. The blood-stained rochet of this haughty archbishop, which he happened to have on when he was murdered at Canterbury, may still be seen in the modern cathedral, which replaced the old, but which, except to a Catholic antiquary, may excite little veneration. But let us pass into Normandy, delaying, till a future opportunity, our notices of Amiens, Beauvois, Abbeville, and other celebrated localities.

How delightful it is to wander among the hills and dales, and by the sides of the streams and groves of Normandy! What associations are recalled by those daring Northmen who peopled the rugged, uninviting shores of Scandinavia! Originally the coast of this region was inhabited by the Finnic race, who were, subsequently, expelled by the Goths, whose primitive seat was, in all probability, to be found forming a portion of the great central mountain-range of Asia. In whatever direction, however, they pursued their steps, conquest attended them; and when they settled in Scandinavia, it was mostly in the form of independent states. The lands which they occupied were infertile; the pursuits of agriculture were consequently unprofitable; trade was disagreeable, and they loved war. The sea, whilst it supplied them with a means of subsistence, also tempted them with the pleasures of roving. Being naturally brave, they became expert mariners, and preferring a life of pleasure to one of industry, they early began to commit depredations, first upon each other, and then upon strangers.

When Gorm the Old in Denmark, and Harold Fairhair in Norway, had succeeded in reducing to a state of subjection several of the independent chiefs of these countries, and erecting monarchies for themselves, some of the prouder spirits of the *reguli* revolted against their supremacy, and began to think of becoming sovereigns themselves. Accordingly they built ships and manned them. They set their sails, and committed themselves to the great deep, in search of those treasures which the inhospitable shores of the country in which their forefathers had settled denied them. They sought Iceland, the Feroe, Shetland, and Orkney Islands, which they colonised, and from which they annually returned to the country they had quitted to ravage it of everything upon which they could lay hands, and deemed necessary to their comfort or convenience. The younger sons of the Yaris (*earls*) followed their example. Piracy became common: it grew by what it fed on, until it became so bold and extensive as to warrant attacks upon the coasts of England and France. These being richer countries, they presented greater temptations to the grasping spirits of these needy adventurers; and in 787 they first visited England. Shortly afterwards they ravaged the French coast, and frequently repeated their visits during the reign of Louis the Debonnaire. The disturbed reign of Charles the Bald favouring their descents, they waxed more adventurous, sailing up the navigable rivers, and plundering the interior of the country. In 872 they pillaged Angiers, and in 888 would have plundered Paris but for the energy of Gosselin the bishop, and Eudes the count, of that city. Becoming bolder with success, they continued their invasions, until, in the first quarter of the 10th century, Charles the Simple was compelled to cede to Rolf, or Rollo, one of their leaders, the large province which is still historically known as Normandy. Rolf and his followers then embraced the Christian religion, settled among the original inhabitants, intermarried with them, became as themselves, gave the Norman name to the provinces, and defended the kingdom from other invaders.

If what we have said be true, the roving spirit of the Scandinavian Northmen was not confined to sailing along the maritime shores of those countries which led them at no very great distance from their own. We have seen it stated, as from a Christiania paper, that it is a matter of historical proof, that they not only discovered North America in their expeditions across the seas, but during the 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries, and even so late as the 14th, they maintained an uninterrupted intercourse with the coasts along Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Straits, and southward as low as Florida. They were particularly acquainted with the original

inhabitants of those parts of the United States which now form Massachusetts and Rhode Island. This, it is affirmed, is incontestably true, and has been corroborated, not only by manuscripts and narratives of travel bearing upon the subject, but by the discovery of remains, unquestionably Norman, in North America. If such be the case, it is not improbable that Columbus, who visited Iceland in 1477, was first made acquainted with the existence of the New World in that island, and acting upon the knowledge he had there received, persevered with such obstinacy in the realisation of the discovery which has given immortality to his name.

Tread we now this classic ground of France, which is broken up into five departments—the Lower Seine, the Eure, Calvados, Manche, and Orne, with the exception of the arrondissement of Mortagne. The first of these is named from its comprising a portion of the basin of the Lower Seine, and, geologically speaking, lies within the district of the cretaceous (chalky) formations. Its coast-line has a rounded appearance, exhibiting no remarkable headland, except Cape La Heve, and, nearly throughout, presents a wearying succession of chalky cliffs, broken here and there by such openings as enable the different rivers to fall into the sea. Its capital is Rouen, of which we will speak in another part of this work.

Eure exhibits a diversified surface, although its soil is almost entirely composed of the chalk which encircles the Paris basin. It lies on the estuary of the Seine, and has for its capital Evreux, with a fine Gothic cathedral. Not far from this town is the palace of Navarre, built, in 1686, by a Duke of Bouillon, and—memorable and melancholy circumstance!—inhabited by the discarded Empress Josephine from 1810 to 1813. Alas! for the weak when they lose the love of the strong! But yonder is the little town of Ivry, where Henry IV. (the Great) gained his victory over the Catholics in 1590. The plain is quiet, and the stream is quieter still. It will, in a few years more, be three centuries since the fight; still we can see, in our mind's eye, the soldiers of Henry, and hear ringing in our ears the gallant address which he made to them on that eventful day—“*Je veux vaincre ou mourir avec vous. Gaudes bien vos rangs; ne perdez point de val mon panache blanc, vous le trouverez toujours au chemin de l'honneur.*” Let us pass into Calvados.

This maritime department forms an important part of Lower Normandy, receiving its designation from a dangerous ridge of rocks off the coast, and on which the *Calvados*, a Spanish ship, was wrecked in the reign of Philippe II. Here are fertile valleys and plains, rich in pasture; whilst streams seem everywhere to flow, and fill them with freshness and verdure. We love Calvados for its fruits, and likewise for its memories. In it is Lisieux, with its quaint timber-framed houses and pointed gables; and yonder is Caen, the capital, and Bayeux beyond it.

The white stone of which Caen is built gives it a cheerful look, although it is not without its solemn reminiscences. In the church of St. Etienne, or the *Abbaye aux Hommes*, reposed the remains of the Norman William of English-conquering memory. A notable hero in history is this same William; but we are told that, “tortured by the injury he had received at the cruel sack and burning of Mantes, (he) repaired to the retired priory of St. Gervais (near the railway terminus in Rouen), to die. His death-bed exhibited a melancholy example of the vanity of earthly grandeur. Deserted by his own sons when his last breath had scarcely passed his lips, forsaken by friends and courtiers, and plundered by his servants, his body remained, stripped and deserted, until the pity and charity of an unknown knight in the neighbourhood provided the funds necessary for the funeral; he himself escorting the body to its last resting-place at Caen.” So much for the end of a valiant, though tyrannical king. But this is not all. In the church of St. Etienne, “A plain grey alab, in the pavement before the high altar, marks the grave of William; but it has been long empty: it was broken open, the costly monument erected over it by William Rufus destroyed, and the bones scattered by the Huguenots, in 1562, and lost without record, except one thigh bone, which was reinterred. The revolutionists of 1793 again violated the grave, when this also disappeared.” Said we not that Caen had its solemn reminiscences? Poor William! not even a thigh bone of him left to rest in peace! But why this desecration, by the *French*, of the grave of the conqueror of the *English*? Why? Let us go to Bayeux, and see the rudely-worked piece of *tapisserie* ascribed to the industrious fingers of Matilda, his wife, and representing the conquest of England, with the events which led to it. Here it is, consisting of fifty-eight pictures, exhibiting no great skill, and containing red and blue horses, Normans with shaven heads and chins, and cased in the armour of the times. “When Napoleon I. was meditating the invasion of England, he caused this tapestry to be transported from town to town, and exhibited on the stage of the playhouses between the acts, to stimulate the spectators to a second conquest.” What Englishman can repress a smile at this ridiculous mode of *stimulation* to an impracticable enterprise! And what American will not laugh outright at the childishness of such an absurd exhibition, considering its object!

Passing into La Manche, comprising the western part of Normandy, we find it, on the whole, productive especially of grain, apples, hemp, and lint. Its horses are said to be the best in France. Its cattle are highly esteemed. St. Lo is its principal town, and Cherbourg its chief naval depôt. From it, in the August of 1830,

Charles X. embarked, with his family, for England. Although Coutances has one of the very finest cathedrals in France, we cannot stay to describe it, in order to hasten to Mont St. Michel, of which we have heard so much, and which greatly resembles that of the same name, to the summit of which we have climbed, and looked, at sunset, abroad on the calm blue sea, in the west of Cornwall. Here we are. Stupendous height! magnificent scene, expansive to sublimity! Visit it, reader, and adequately describe it, if you can.

The department of Orne lies inland; and as the banks of its rivers abound with rich pastures, its cattle and horses are excellent, whilst it largely produces apples, pears, and hemp. Fowls and eggs, too, are a source of no small profit to the inhabitants, and cider and perry are the common drinks of the country. Alençon was long celebrated for its lace, and Sées has still an interesting cathedral; but this we must here leave undescribed for other objects.

Normandy, from its interest, has detained us somewhat longer than we intended, but its memories deserve more space from us than, perhaps, any other portion of *La belle France*. We now enter the ancient Gaulish peninsula of Armorica, which, after the location of the Britons in the fifth century, was called Bretagne, or Brittany. It is divided into five departments—the Ille-et-Vilaine, the Côtes du Nord, Finisterre, Morbihan, and the Lower Loire. The capitals of these, respectively, are Rennes, Saint Brieux, Quimper, Vannes, and Nantes. The inhabitants of this country are singularly attached to their ancient customs, and possess a wild interest from the backward state of their civilisation. This is especially the case with the peasantry, whose coarse features, spare forms, and mean habitations, remind us of the remote Highlands of Scotland. Indeed, the country, in many respects, bears a striking resemblance to the northern and western regions of “the land o’ cakes.” Extensive heaths or moors fatigue the eye, but there is an entire absence of those lofty mountain peaks and ranges characteristic of the Scottish north. The highest elevation of the Menez-Arrés hills, which make the back-bone of Brittany, seldom exceeds 1,200 feet from the sea-level. Rennes is the ancient capital of the province, not far from which is the feudal castle in which Bertrand du Guesclin* was born in 1313. Brest is one of the principal naval stations of the country, and the French navy consists chiefly of Bretons. The town is very strongly fortified, mounting 400 pieces of cannon, and 60 mortars, in its intrenched camp behind it, and standing nearly at the west extremity of the department Finisterre, the Land’s-end of France. The fare of the Bretons is generally frugal and homely, and their principal drink is cider, and a strong spirit manufactured from potatoes and beet-root. Except in the south there is little use made of wine. In wandering over this country, the traveller will fall upon scenes of great beauty, numerous Celtic remains, and an abundance of churches; he will also find the ruined castle and the lonely tower still topping the frowning rock, as if they would defy the elements and time to reduce them to the dust, to which at last they must inevitably come. These features impart a strong romantic tinge to the scenery of Brittany, as they recall, not only the long past, but the mediæval ages of chivalric feudalism.

Anjou gave its title to one of the oldest noble families in France, and now forms the department of Maine-et-Loire, with Angers for its capital. The country is greatly diversified with hill and dale, producing hemp, lint, grain, and fruits. Cattle are abundant, whilst its minerals consist of granite, marble, flint, and slate. Angers—Black Angers, as it was called, from the sombre hue of its buildings of slate—has a fine cathedral, and perhaps the finest feudal castle in France; but much of its antiquated appearance has been swept away, to make room for tall, regular, white stone houses, similar to those of the Rue Rivoli in Paris. She still has, however, her

* George South, Esq., in his “Wanderer in Western France,” gives us the following stirring picture of one of the chivalric customs of the Middle Ages:—“The English Duke of Lancaster, after the battle of Poitiers, lay before the town of Rennes with his forces, and invited Du Guesclin, his great enemy, in the chivalrous fashion of those times, to come and pay him a visit, as everybody in the English camp wished to see so famous a knight. Du Guesclin went, and was nobly entertained; but while he was in the tent of the duke, an English chevalier, William Bramborough, approached him, and said that Du Guesclin had killed his brother at a certain château de Fougeray, and he was come to avenge his brother; and here he defied Du Guesclin to a single combat in the Lice, before Rennes. The Breton knight accepted the challenge. The duke, in a high spirit of courtesy, offered him his last horse for the combat. The fight accordingly took place on the very next day, on that spot I was looking upon, in the presence of the duke and the English army on one side, and the Sieur de Pentonnet, the governor of Rennes, and his nobles, on the other. The people of the town covered the walls. * * * All being ready, the trumpet sounded, and the two knights rode into the lists, Du Guesclin mounted on the fine horse which the Duke of Lancaster had given him for the occasion, and no one was to approach the place of combat within the space of twenty lance lengths. The two men ran three courses, and broke three lances, without any very serious result, so that Bramborough must have been a sturdy cavalier and good horseman, considering that his opponent was quite the most powerful and successful knight of his time.”

The fight was now about to terminate, with victory to neither party, when Du Guesclin demanded a fourth lance. The Englishman consented to this, and then, as the historian relates it, the Breton knight, “more expert or less cautious this time, struck the chevalier under the blazon, then ran him through with his sword, and stretched him disabled on the sand. He took possession of his adversary’s horse, according to the laws of combats of this kind, and presented it to the herald whom the Duke of Lancaster sent to him to congratulate him on his success, and to assure him a safe passage back into the city.” There was hearty rejoicing in Rennes, as well there might be, when Du Guesclin entered the town. Honour to the brave! It does one good, too, to read of the whole conduct of the English duke on this occasion, so lofty and so courteous. It gives one a high opinion of the chivalrous honour and generosity of the great men of that time.

broad formal boulevard, planted with young trees. She is ambitious of renewing her youth among the ancient cities; for as King John, in Shakspeare, says—

"The flinty ribs of this contemptuous town,
That as a waist did girdle it about,
By this time, from their fixed beds of lime
Have been disabled."

In the military college of Angers, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Chatham before him, studied. It is also the birth-place of some celebrated men, among whom is David the sculptor.

Maine was united to France in 1481, and is divided into the departments of Sarthe and Mayenne. Le Mans is the chief town of the former, and Laval of the latter, both distinguished for their hatred of republicanism in the Revolution of 1793. Sarthe is largely covered with forests, and produces apples, pears, corn, and grapes. The same generally applies to Mayenne.

The provinces of Touraine, Orléanois, Poitou, and Anjou have been called the garden of France; and the richness of their vineyards and orchards, the abundance of their corn produce, and the general exuberance of nature, taken collectively, justifies the title. Touraine is comprised in the department of the Indre-et-Loire, with Tours for its capital. Of this city we shall have occasion to speak in another part of this work. Orléanois is comprised in the departments Loiret and Loir-et-Cher, with their respective capitals of Orleans and Blois, both of which will command our attention in a future page; whilst Poitou is divided into the departments Vendée, Deux-Sevres, and Vienne. The chief towns of these, respectively, are Bourbon-Vendée, Niort, and Poitiers. Of this interesting portion of France, the Loire forms the principal natural feature; albeit it is much inferior in point of beauty, as a whole, to the Seine. In Touraine, its banks are flat and uninteresting: below Tours it assumes the picturesque, and near to Saumur the romantic. Thence, nearly to Nantes, Arthur Young says, "the considerable boldness of its banks, the richness of the culture, the wooded islands, and the animation derived from the swelling canvas of active commerce, conspire to render it eminently beautiful; but, for the rest of its immense course, it exhibits a stream of sand, and rolls shingles through the valley instead of water." The department *La Vendée*, so celebrated in the wars of the Revolution, is not now what it then was. It is no longer "an inextricable complication of heaths, brooks, heights, and hollows," but is traversed by a network of high roads and railways.

Beauce and Pays Chartrain form the department of Eure-et-Loire, with Chartres for its principal town. La Beauce comprises some of the best corn-fields in France, and Chartres is one of the largest corn-markets it possesses. Its cathedral is one of the most magnificent in Europe, and has two tall but unequal bell-towers and spires. It was upon these that Edward III. of England looked when he made his vow to give peace to France, in the treaty of Bretigny. This is a village, six miles from Chartres, where the treaty of peace was signed in 1360, between France and England. Edward, by this document, renounced his claim to the throne of France, and released the French King John—not without a large ransom and hostages—made prisoner on the field of Poitiers. "A violent storm which fell upon Edward and his army near Chartres, reminding him of the day of judgment, and causing him to make a vow—looking towards the towers of the cathedral—that he would give peace to France, led to this important treaty."

Berri is comprised in the departments Indre and Cher, with their chief cities, Châteauroux and Bourges. The general appearance of these departments is level, but they are fertile in corn, wine, hemp, and flax. The castle of Châteauroux is noted for being the prison of the niece of Richelieu, wife of the great Condé, for twenty-three years—a longer period than Mary, Queen of Scots, suffered in Fotheringay, at the hands of her *well-beloved cousin*, Elizabeth. Her grave is in the church of St. Martin; but, in 1793, it was violated by the revolutionists. General Bertránd, who accompanied Napoleon I. to St. Helena, was born in this castle, and also died in it, in 1844. Bourges—which we will speak of more at large in a future page—has one of the finest cathedrals in France. The last prince who bore the title of Duke de Berri was the youngest son of Charles X.

Marcho was united to France in 1531, and now forms the department of Creuse, with Guéret for its principal town. The chief rural industry consists in the rearing of cattle, the country being mountainous, and not generally productive of grain or fruits.

Limousin is comprised in the departments of Haute-Vienne and Corrèze, having respectively for their chief towns, Limoges and Tulle. It can hardly be called a productive province, as many of the inhabitants of the latter department have to be content with the flour of chestnuts for their bread. It is mountainous, undulating, and tolerably well watered. But it is not the natural characteristics of a country like France which are the chief sources of interest to the generality of tourists and travellers. These may excite the admiration or contempt of the artist or agriculturalist, but do not always strike the mere pleasure-seeker, unless their prominence be such as to make them remarkable. It is the local associations with which historical names and events are blended, that form the

chief attraction to the tourist in France ; and it is usually the case, that even each department contains several towns which have connected with them some far-back tradition, mediæval legend, or modern event, that imparts an interest to its very name. Thus to Limoges the names of many celebrated men belong. Here the Chancellor d'Agucesseau, Marshal Jourdan, Marshal Bugeaud, and several artists of celebrity were born. At the siege of Chalus, twenty-two miles from it, Richard Cœur-de-Lion received his death-wound from the arrow of Bertrand de Gourdon ; and there are feudal castles and sites which, though lying out of the beaten track of travellers, have still their memorable reminiscences.

Angoumois, Saintonge, and Aunis, with Perigord, are severally formed into the departments of Charente, Charente-Inférieure, and Dordogne. The chief towns of these are, respectively, Angoulême, La Rochelle, and Périgueux. The first historically remarkable to the English as being the town in which Edward the Black Prince took up his residence after the battle of Poitiers ; the second for the sieges it sustained in 1627 and 1628 ; the third for being the object of severe contests between the French and English, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries.

Guienne is divided into five departments : Gironde, with Bordeaux for its chief town ; Lot-et-Garonne, with Agen ; Lot, with Cahors ; Tarn-et-Garonne, with Montauban ; and Aveyron, with Rhodéz. This province, with Gascony, formed the Aquitania of the Romans, and subsequently, under the divisional names of Guyenne and Gascogne, came into the possession of the English kings, who held it for nearly three hundred years. Most of the grapes which produce claret are grown in the Gironde, which also gave its name to the political party of the Girondists of the first Revolution. It is in the Lot-et-Garonne where many marshes are ; but, on the whole, these departments are fertile and fruitful.

Of Gascony, Armagnac and Bigorre form portions ; Gers, with Auch for its capital, being the department of the former, and Hautes-Pyrénées, with Tarbes, being the department and capital of the latter. The department of the Landes, with Mont-de-Marsan for the chief town, comprises the remaining part of Gascony. In this province there are many places of great historical note ; among which, prominently, is Bayonne, distinguished by many historical events, and by its citadel—the strongest of the works of the great Vauban. It was here that Wellington, in the language of Colonel Napier, accomplished “a stupendous undertaking, which will always rank among the prodigies of war.” This was the construction of a bridge across the Adour, deemed an impossibility by his French foes. Outside the town is the *Château de Marrao*, memorable for being the place where the sovereigns of Spain, Charles IV. and his queen, with Godoy, resigned to Napoleon I. their hereditary rights to the Spanish crown, subsequently given to his brother Joseph. The prowess of the British, however, afterwards changed the political aspect of the Iberian peninsula, to the surprise, no doubt, of the defeated generals, as well as of the grand nation itself, under the leadership of the Iron Duke. Biarritz, the marine residence of the late imperial family, as Osborne is of the royal family of England, is about six miles from Bayonne. Here, we are told, “the ladies may be seen floating about like mermaids, being supported on bladders, corks, or gourds, attired in woollen trousers and tunics covering the feet, and overshadowed by broad-brimmed hats.”

Bearn and French Navarre now form the Basses-Pyrénées, of which Pau is the principal town. Comte-de-Foix and Roussillon form respectively the departments Ariège and the Pyrénées-Orientales, with their chief towns, Foix and Perpignan ; and as it is along the range of the Pyrenees that the most beautiful and sublime scenery is found in France, we shall again carry the reader to this region, where, with our illustrative engravings, he will be enabled to realise the most striking views of this enchanting mountain-land. Meanwhile we must proceed into Languedoc, distinguished by its plains, in contradistinction to the Pyrenees.

The Haute-Garonne, Tarn, Aude, Hérault and Gard, with Toulouse, Albi, Carcassonne, Montpellier, and Nîmes for their chief towns, now constitute the old province of Languedoc. Through a portion of it runs the Canal du Midi, which connects the Garonne, near Toulouse—celebrated, in modern times, for the defeat of Soult by Wellington—with the Mediterranean. The plain of Albi is one of the richest corn countries in the south of France. Carcassonne is distinguished by its fortress of the Middle Ages ; Montpellier for the excellence (*erroneously*) of its climate, and Nîmes for its ancient remains, in which it is richer than any other town in modern Europe. Here is a Roman amphitheatre, in a better state of preservation than the Coliseum at Rome ; and the *Maison Carrée*, a beautiful Corinthian temple, which, consecrated in the reign of Augustus, or Antoninus Pius, became, in the 11th century, a Christian church. Other memorials of the long past distinguish the ancient *Nemausus*, whilst its modern annals inform us that it was the birth-place of the physician Nicot, the first introducer of tobacco from Portugal into France, and from whom the *indolent*, time-consuming weed has received the name of Nicotiana. What on earth would the modern French have done without the leaf of Nicot ? Sleep and labour, with the intervals of eating, would never have sufficed alone to consume the hours of their natural day. Their garrulity, wonderful as it is, would have failed them, had the benevolence of the *great* Nicot not stepped in to enable them to emit from their mouths clouds and speeches in one and the same breath. Guizot—a really great man, lately dead—

is also a native of Nîmes. His father suffered by the guillotine here during the Reign of Terror, and he himself became the chief minister of King Louis Philippe.

Vivaria, Gévandau, Velay, Comtat-Venaissin, &c., form now, respectively, the departments Ardèche, Lozère, Haute-Loire, and Vaucluse. The principal towns are Privas, Mende, Le Puy, and Avignon. Privas was a great sufferer in the religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries; but Mende recalls little that is remarkable. Le Puy was noted for the possession of an extraordinary image, which wrought miracles before thousands of Catholic devotees for centuries; several popes, and no fewer than eight kings, are numbered among the visitors to this shrine, which, in these degenerate days, has fallen from its high estate. Avignon, being an ancient city of the popes, has its massive palace, in which Petrarch was a guest, and Rienzi a prisoner. The church of the Cordeliers contained the tomb of Laura, which the revolutionists of 1791—a brutal race—entirely swept away. The reader will be able to form a fair idea of the picturesque appearance of this ancient city from our artist's illustration. It stands on the left bank of the Rhone, at a short distance above the influx of the Durance, and is still encompassed by lofty defences, topped by a battlemented cornice, flanked by watch-towers. These were constructed by Clement VI. in the 14th century; and as we gaze upon them, and muse on the popes and the anti-popes who dwelt within them; on the poets and the limners who sung in its palace and painted in its halls; of the sixty churches, and the two to three hundred towers and spires with which it was adorned; of its numerous bells, which made Rabelais call it *La ville sonnante*; and the thousand and one historical associations of which it is the centre—we are lost in a dream of wonder at the mass of events which time and circumstances have accumulated around it. The true and abiding interest of any place, however, is only felt when we are breathing, or have breathed, the same atmosphere with which it is surrounded.

Pass we now into Provence, united to France in 1481, under the reign of Louis XIV., and now forming the departments of the Bouches-du-Rhone, the Var, and the Basses-Alpes. Of these, Marseilles, Draguignan, and Digne are the chief towns. Of Marseilles we shall have occasion to speak again; but of the other two towns there is nothing requiring especial notice. From Draguignan, Frejus, Cannes, and Nice may be visited. St. Raphael, two miles from Frejus, is the place where, in 1799, Napoleon I. landed on his return from Egypt; and where, in 1814, he embarked for Elba. Frejus itself was founded by Augustus, the Roman emperor, and in its harbour, now filled with sand, he posted the three hundred galleys which he captured at Actium. Cannes is noted for the villa and retreat of the late Lord Brougham, for the salubrity of its climate, and its bathing accommodation; whilst Nice is now the chief town of the Maritime Alps department, which, before 1861, was not included in the arrangement of the recent empire.

Entering Dauphiné, we find ourselves in a country of most exquisite scenery, diversified with hill and dale, mountain and valley, wood and water, in such a manner as to excite the liveliest feelings of admiration in every mind capable of being impressed with the sublime and beautiful in physical nature. This province now consists of three departments—Isère, Drôme, and the Hautes-Alpes, the capitals of which are Grenoble, Valence, and Gap. Of these we will speak in another part of this work when illustrating some of our views taken in Dauphiné. Meanwhile, we may observe, that within this province are included the highest mountains of France. Thirteen peaks attain to an elevation of 13,000 and 14,000 feet; seventeen, to between 12,000 and 13,000, from which upwards of a hundred glaciers are said to descend. This is fine reading, as it fills the imagination; but, like other imagined fine things, the reality will be found to have its drawbacks. Travellers who visit this region must be prepared to rough it. "Not only are the inns in the remote valleys mere cabarets, but they exceed in filth and vermin those of any part of Europe, and are nearly destitute of ordinary food." This is not a comfortable state of things, even amid the sublime and beautiful in Alpine scenery.

The Lyonnais and Beaujolais now form the department of the Rhone, with Lyon for its capital. Forez is converted into the Loire, with St. Etienne for its chief town; whilst Auvergne is comprised in the Puy-de-Dôme and the Cantal, with Clermont and Aurillac for their principal places. To these we here require only to make allusion, as we will speak more particularly of any interest which attaches to them when pursuing our route, more especially to places of note in their direction.

Bourbonnais, Nivernais, Bresse, &c., are now comprised in the departments Allier, Nièvre, and Ain, with Moulins, Nevers, and Bourg for their chief towns. Moulins has a notable place in history; but to the reader and speaker of the English language, it will mostly be endeared because of its being the place in which Lord Clarendon composed the greater portion of his "*History of the Great Rebellion*." It is also the scene of Sterne's melancholy story of "*Maria*."

The ancient duchy of Burgundy was united to France in 1477, during the reign of Louis XI., and is now comprised in the departments of the Saône-et-Loire, the Côte-d'Or, and the Yonne. Their capitals are Mâcon, Dijon, and Auxerre. In the arrondissement or district of Mâcon there is a large quantity of wine made and sold, and Lamartine, the poet, was born in the town. Hence the railway takes the traveller to Geneva, should he wish

to cross the frontier, and bask awhile beneath Italian skies. In Dijon is concentrated the trade in the wines of Upper Burgundy, celebrated throughout the world; whilst among its curiosities is the old clock, of date 1382, deemed by the chronicler Froissart the most curious in existence, and brought from Courtrai by *Philip le Hardi*. It was made by Jacques Marques, a Flemish artist, and its bells are struck by two hammer-men, who duly notify the passing hours. The clock of Sir John Bennett in Cheapside, London, we presume, works on a similar principle, although it must be more complicated, seeing that it puts four instead of two figures into motion when announcing and striking the hours. At Dijon, Bossuet, the celebrated Bishop of Meaux, was born, and it has one of the finest provincial museums in France. Auxerre is noted for its cathedral of St. Etienne, esteemed one of the finest specimens of the best periods of the Gothic architecture. It was commenced and finished between 1215 and 1275. Twelve miles from Auxerre is Chablis, which gives its name to a superior white wine; and much ordinary wine, the growth of Lower Burgundy, is transported down the Yonne to Paris. Dijon had to play a hard part in the late war with Germany.

Franche-Comté is now comprised in the three departments of the Doubs, the Jura, and the Haute-Marne. The respective capitals of these are Besançon, Lons-le-Saulnier, and Vesoul. Speaking of this and the province immediately preceding it, we are told that the want of a generally fertile soil and picturesque outline is recompensed by their vineyards. The chief of these are on the sunny slopes of the Côte-d'Or, Chambertin, Nuits, Romanée, and Clos Vougeot, situate between Dijon and Beaune. We are further told, that the "part of Franche-Comté which occupies the slopes of the Jura is a pastoral district, the inhabitants of which are chiefly occupied with cattle and dairies. In this it resembles the lowlands of Switzerland, as well as in the system of *Fruitières* which prevails among the hills. A *Fruitière* is a company of fifty or sixty small farmers, who bring their milk and cream into one common stock and central establishment, to be converted into cheese, dividing the produce according to the extent of the contribution which each associate has made to the common stock." Besançon is the ancient Vesontio of Cæsar, and is defended by a fortress built by the celebrated Vauban. It is the most important military stronghold on the side of Switzerland, and, in 1814, was besieged in vain by the allied armies. Lons-le-Saulnier and Vesoul are places of little or no interest to the tourist.

The Bas-Rhin and the Haute-Rhin, with Strasburg and Colmar for their respective capitals, comprised Alsace (not now French, but here meriting notice), which was united to France in 1648. Strasburg, before the late war, though in the empire, had all the characteristics of a German town, the costume, and even the language of Germany, being mostly worn and spoken by its inhabitants. Its cathedral is one of the noblest Gothic structures in Europe, its spire rising to the height of 468 feet above the pavement. This makes it the highest in existence, being 64 feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and 24 higher than the Egyptian pyramid of Cheops. The city itself is considered one of the strongest and best fortified in Europe. General Kleber was a native of this town, where there is a monument erected over his remains in the *Place Kleber*, near the Temple Neuf. But John Guttenberg, a greater man than Kleber, here made his first attempt at printing; and Peter Schoffer, who assisted him to cast the metal types, was a native of Strasburg. In the Place Guttenberg, a statue honours the memory of the ingenious inventor.* Colmar was, in 1673, taken by Louis XIV., who razed its fortifications, which have been replaced by boulevards.

The departments Mourthe, Meuse, Moselle, and Vosges, with their respective capitals of Nancy, Bar-le-Duc,

* In the late war with Germany, the bombardment of Strasburg commenced on the evening of the 14th of August, when eight houses were burnt in the faubourg National. That, however, was nothing to what followed. The next day, at 9 o'clock, the fire reopened. Bombs, shells, and cannon-balls were poured upon the unfortunate city, and caused fires in several places. From the 15th to the 20th, on several occasions, the city was again bombarded, but only at night. Posted in the neighbouring villages, the Badenese troops (for it was to the nearest neighbours of Strasburg that had been confided the glory of reducing to ashes a city with a population of 80,000 souls) poured upon it a murderous fire. At the approach of day they retired to the villages most distant from the city; and only towards evening did they recommence their devastating operations. None of the defenders posted upon the ramparts had as yet been killed. The walls, palisades, and gates of the town were still intact. The Germans only fired upon the city, and sought to destroy as many houses as possible. The commandant sent a Captain Roederer with a flag of truce, to endeavour to obtain from the German commander permission for the women and children to leave the town. The German general returned a negative answer, saying, that if the women and children were let out the city would not surrender. The trumpeter who accompanied Captain Roederer was killed, and that officer was himself wounded. It was only after the 22nd, when the Badenese had brought up their heavy guns, that Strasburg began to suffer the worst. Whole streets were burnt. The Rue de Dôme was a mass of ruins, as also the Rue de la Nuée Bleue. The city library, and that of the Protestant seminary, were demolished. The Protestant college, rebuilt about four years before by public subscriptions from all parts of the world, no longer exists. The Temple Neuf was partially burnt. Two quarters of the city were entirely destroyed. La Kratenau and the Marais Kajenck no longer exist. L'Aubette, the Picture Gallery, the Scheldecker Mansion, the Church of St. Thomas, with the famous mausoleum of Marshal Saxe, were all destroyed. Everywhere there were seen ruin, ashes, and fire. The unhappy inhabitants, huddled together in cellars, saw their homes burning, and could not attempt to save them. Shells and rockets continually fed the flames. Many citizens were killed. The porter of the Hôtel de la Maison Rouge, while going his rounds, with lantern in hand, had his head carried off by a cannon-ball. The statues of Kleber and Guttenberg were injured, and the cathedral received its share of wounds. Several portions of it were knocked down. General Ulrich declared that he would not surrender except upon a heap of ashes; and a heap of ashes seemed very shortly to fill the place of a city which, but a little while since, was so flourishing.

Strasburg surrendered on the 28th of September, 430 officers and 17,000 men yielding themselves up as prisoners of war. At

Metz, and Epinal, now comprise Lorraine, which, on the death of Stanislas Leszinski in 1766, was incorporated with France. Nancy is said to be the prettiest town in the country; Bar-le-Duc has little to distinguish it; Metz possesses a first-class cathedral, and one of the largest arsenals in France; and Epinal the ruins of an old castle, with beautiful gardens. The Vosges, however, is celebrated for its mineral springs, and was somewhat popularised by the visit of the late emperor once a year to Plombières.

Champagne is occupied by the departments Aube, Marne, Haute-Marne, and Ardennes, with their capitals Troyes, Chalons-sur-Marne, Chaumont, and Mézières. Champagne, though comparatively barren, is yet famous for its vineyards. These occupy only about 150,000 acres, yet produce an annual value of nearly £2,500,000. The principal seat of the trade is Epernaz, on the Marne, at a distance of about fourteen miles from Rheims. At Chalons, the Champagne wine-cellars of a M. Jaqueson contain, as an ordinary stock, 4,000,000 of bottles. The galleries are cut out of the chalk rock, and are six miles long, lighted by metal reflectors placed at the bottom of the air-shafts. Every bottle has to pass through the hands of the workmen nearly 200 times before the wine is fit for use. No wonder it is expensive! Troyes is the ancient capital of Champagne, and still an interesting town. Here, in the cathedral in 1420, Henry V. of England was affianced to the Princess Katharine; and here, on the following day, was signed the treaty of Troyes, which declared the victor of Agincourt to be the heir of Charles VI., and his successor to the throne of France. In the campaign of 1814, Troyes was taken twice by the allied armies, and once by the French. It gives its name to our troy-weight. Chaumont is known in modern history by the treaty of Chaumont, signed by the ministers of the allied sovereigns of England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. At Mézières, the banner of the chivalrous Bayard is preserved in the Hôtel de Ville. In 1521, with 2,000 men, he successfully defended the town against the Spanish army of Charles V., of 40,000 strong.

Flandres and Hainault-François now form the department of the Nord, with Lille for its capital. Besides Lille, which is one of the strongest fortresses in France, this department contains other places of great historical celebrity; among which we may mention Douai, also a large arsenal; Gravelines, on the North Sea; Valenciennes; the villages Bovines and Malplaquet, distinguished for their battle-fields; with Dunkirk, sold to the French by our profligate king, Charles II. These are all places of more or less note, and merit the attention of the tourist.

The Isle of France, with La Brie, &c., are now comprised in the departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, Oise, and the Aisne. The chief towns of these, respectively, are Paris, Versailles, Melun, Beauvais, and Laon. Beauvais is remarkable for its cathedral, which, however, has never been finished. The choir is the highest in the world, being 13 feet above that of Amiens. A statue of Jeanne Hachette, who, with other females in 1472, defended the town against 80,000 Burgundians, under Charles the Bold, stands in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Laon has a noble cathedral, and is noted in modern history for being the scene where, in 1814, Napoleon the Great was, for the first time, arrested in his campaign of that year, and forced to retire upon Soissons, with a loss of 6,000 men and 46 cannon. Blücher had most of the merit of this. Paris, Versailles, and Melun will necessarily come under our notice again. Meanwhile we close this introductory tour of France, filled with amazement ourselves at the multitude of historical events with which its villages, towns, and cities are crowded; the heroic and poetic associations with which many of these are surrounded; the mingled beauty and sublimity of the scenery embraced within its boundaries; the diversity and fertility of its soil and produce; the general purity of its atmosphere; and, above all, the extraordinary buoyancy of spirits with which its people are imbued. A man who has not travelled France, but who may have travelled all the rest of the globe, has still much both to see and to learn; and he who has travelled France—if he has done so observantly—and though little more of the earth, will have laid in a stock of knowledge and ideas which will furnish him with food for reflection and entertainment, whether in solitude or society, for the remainder of his days, however they may be prolonged.

Passing from France into Belgium, we enter a country which, from the abundance of its battle-fields, has been called the "Cookpit of Europe." There is another portion of this continent, however, which may match it in this respect. M. Simond, in his "Ancient and Modern Helvetia," tells us that, from the summit of the Righi, a circumference of three hundred miles, "includes a greater number of memorable fields of battle than probably the same space in any other part of the world." But whether this is or is not the case, it is not for us to determine. Belgium has, no doubt, had her share of the "glories" of war, which we hope are past, not to be soon recalled with the "horrors" with which they are usually accompanied. We trust, however, that as long as she

8 o'clock in the morning of that day, the gates of the town and the citadel were taken possession of by the Germans; and the German pioneers at once commenced restoring the bridges. At 9 A.M., the mayor and municipal council went to Mundolsheim to settle the terms, and at 10.30 A.M. the garrison troops laid down their arms. At 11, the Germans occupied the different quarters of the town and the public buildings. Three batteries were stationed in the Kleber Square, and the German staff entered in the course of the day.

Thus fell Strasburg, notwithstanding the declaration of its defender, General Ulrich, that he would not surrender except on a heap of ashes. It had suffered much, however, during the siege.

herself endures, so shall the "glories" of her architectural displays, which are not to be excelled on the European continent.

Quitting Belgium, we proceed to survey the "banks of the majestic Rhine." "There are rivers," says Dr. Lieber, "whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions, into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated, in every age, with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats; of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods; of the wars and negotiations of modern times; of the coronations of emperors, whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the Middle Ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains, vineyards sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has now a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected, with beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of 900 miles, affords 630 miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind;—such a river it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call, in poetry, *Father or King Rhine*."

The poets of Germany, however, are not the only national minstrels who have sung the praises of the Rhine. Lord Byron, in his "*Childe Harold*," has chanted a magnificent strain, which will form a not inappropriate termination to this sketch:—

"O thou exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe be.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way !
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray ;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

"Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;
The mind is coloured by thy every hue ;
And if, reluctantly, the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise :
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite, in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shap'd as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile beauties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

LONDON.

JOHN SHERER.

E U R O P E



ILLUSTRATED:

ITS PICTURESQUE SCENES AND PLACES OF NOTE

F R A N C E.

CHAPTER I.

OPENING REFLECTIONS.

THE late Charles Dickens calls his "Pictures from Italy" a series of faint reflections—"mere shadows in the water," by which he designed to represent, in words, the various impressions which he received in travelling through portions of that celebrated land, and which were made by the scenes and circumstances which he sought, saw, and felt, now upwards of a quarter of a century ago. These "shadows," however darkly or deeply made in the water at that time, no doubt became more and more faint, and with each succeeding year of his own life waxed fainter and fainter; but, like all sublunary things, they were, from their first appearance, doomed to comparative evanescence, as he himself was, and must, in the lapse of time, have passed from recollection, and ultimately even from existence—alas! as he himself has done. Like real shadows, they might have continued to linger awhile on the stream; but, sooner or later, they must have allowed their places to be taken up by other "shadows," whose day of doom would also have come, when they, in their turn, should no longer have been seen on the silent surface upon which their predecessors lingered until they became lost in the great Gulf of Unrecognition, even in the Shadow of Eternity.

Even the producers of such "shadows" are but as shadows themselves. Though not quite so fleeting as those which they may throw upon the stream, yet are they, after all, but as shadows with no terrene permanency, no substantial principles of a long, physical endurance, but transient as the sunbeams, shifting as the clouds, unstable as the waves. If good, pure, and beautiful, a sweet though a passing joy; if bad, unchaste, and ugly, a disagreeable, though a fast-fading regret. Now they are of the present, and now of the past. Here to-day, and there to-morrow, though, mayhap, leaving behind them *shadows* in *works*, to which mankind, their *shadowy* offspring, sometimes vouchsafes to them a longer

tenure of existence than nature does. It is this mortal part of our immortality which invests all that is good and venerable, pure and beautiful amongst us, with some of the most interesting sentiments which the mind can conceive; which makes us delight to preserve such existences wherever we find them, that we may gaze upon them, admire them, and love them; may companion with them either in the secret recesses of our own souls, or on the open spaces of the green earth, on the summits of the rocky hills, in the depths of the fat valleys, or by the azure beauty of the restless seas, feeling them to be the intelligent productions of other intelligences, of which we may still consider them as forming an ideal portion. Such are cottages on the plains, castles on the hills, abbeys in the groves, ships on the seas, books, poems, statues, and paintings—all things of man, good, beautiful, and useful, though *perishable*—the word which excites the interest we, all of us, more or less, in some shape or another, take in the *mortal* parts of our immortality, as they have been bequeathed to us by those whose works they were.

The twenty-five years which have elapsed since the Italian “*shadows*” of Mr. Dickens were traced in the waters of his mind, have produced many and rapid changes, both social and political, in every land which aims at the rational improvements of a progressive civilisation. Even the “*turbaned Turk*” is no longer indissolubly attached to the customs and habits of his forefathers, but is every day becoming more and more Europeanised; whilst the dwellers in the Far East carry on an extensive interchange of mercantile suavities with those of the Far West. The inhabitants of Great Britain, holding an intermediate position, living, as it were, midway between the ends of the earth, shake hands with the inhabitants of its four quarters, and, after their insular fashion, endeavour, however unsuccessfully sometimes, to be civil to all. Although it seems to have taken them a long series of ages—being naturally of a heavy, lumpish temperament—to discover that they are not the only great nation on the face of the earth, we believe they have, at length, become convinced of this, and think that they may have some equals, albeit they may be expected to be somewhat tardy of admitting of superiors. But however this may be, let us, in the language of Mr. Charles Dickens, in taking farewell of his American friends, say—“*God bless us every one!*” and we may add, “*the lands in which we severally live;*” for who is he that does not admire this heaven-appointed planet of ours, as it is adapted to the proper appreciation of our senses? Who is he who, turning his wondering eyes upwards, can help an inward rhapsody upon the clouds and the skies, the sun, the moon, and the stars? and who is he that looks downward, and can help blessing the earth and all that therein is, when he beholds and thinks of the countless things of beauty with which it is crowded, and to which it spontaneously gives birth, to minister to his necessities, pleasures, and happiness? Green fields, brown mountains, blue skies, and purple seas are pretty much the same all the world over; but green fields, brown mountains, blue skies, and purple seas are, to most people, some of the most beautiful and sublime objects in creation. They are, in the large *library* of Nature, those works which essentially belong to the *imaginative class*: they are the

volumes most frequently perused by those who paint from Nature, whether with pencil or with pen; and when they are severally appropriately adorned with their picturesque cottages, their feudal castles, their solemn temples, their strangely-moving cloud-forms, and their rolling waves, they become singularly associated in the mind with ideas of the past, the passing, and the future—there being no present—and make us, in their company, forget even the individuality of our own being. It is the delight which we have felt in contemplating such objects that has made us *mis-spend*—in the vulgar sense—much time which, as it cannot be retrieved, need not be mourned, in unnecessary, and, mayhap, unprofitable travel, often resulting in no other gain than weary limbs, transient, though pleasing contemplation, and gratified desire; and it was the anticipation of similar delight that led us, once again, after some years of yearning restlessness, to resume, at least in fancy, our wandering equipage, and depict, as we best might, such European sights as we thought the untravelled world would admire, provided we could bring them to the fireside, where they might be seen whilst surrounded with all the comforts of a quiet dwelling, however we might ourself be conditioned or domiciled. As France was the first country to offer us an invitation on this occasion, we accepted it with all the ardour of an untired traveller, and so proceed to note, describe, and mayhap, sometimes, philosophise on the grave and gay, the light and lively, the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime, before it is our turn to experience what Milton finely calls—

“A gentle wafting to immortal life.”

CHAPTER II.

PARIS; CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME; PALAIS DES THERMES; QUARRIES UNDER PARIS; ABOLISHMENT OF RELIGION; THE TEMPLE OF REASON; JOHN BAPTIST CLOOTZ; CONDUCT OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD; THE BONNET-BOUGE; CONDUCT OF THE PEOPLE; JOHN PAUL MARAT; LEPelletier SAINT FARGEAU; CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN DES PRES; PLACES IN WHICH NAPOLEON THE FIRST LIVED BEFORE THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE.

OF all the cities of modern times, none is more attractive, or excites a deeper interest than Paris. In certain circumstances there are some which may surpass it; as, for example, Athens and Rome, on account of their classical associations; Constantinople, for the voluptuous softness of its scenery; London, for its vastness, with the amazing condensation of its population; and Edinburgh, for the romantic grandeur of its situation: but none of these has taken a place so prominent in modern history as Paris. Notwithstanding her recent troubled and unsettled condition, she, even now, appears to be invested with a species of brilliant beauty, which no stranger sees but admires. The width and length of her boulevards; the smoothness, cleanness, and breadth of her promenades; the dazzling

white of the lofty houses with which these are lined; the almost endless array of *restaurants* and *cafés*, resplendent with mirrors and marble; the delightful shade of her lime-trees, with the transparent coolness of their foliage; the fine taste and *recherché* elegance which, in all directions, greet the eye; the active gaiety of her citizens;—in short, the *tout ensemble* of modern Paris, to a large extent, helps to ameliorate the recollection of painful scenes which history recalls from the chaos of the past; and, like a syren with a voice of irresistible sweetness, woos, wins, and, in spite of ourselves, fascinates us into an ecstasy of admiration. All this is the result of a highly refined state of civilisation amongst a lively, tasteful, and ingenious people, devoted to the making of life a thing to be enjoyed while it lasts, and that, too, with an ardour which, apparently, leaves little time for reflection on the days that are gone, or meditation on those that are to come.

After some abatement of our first feelings of delightful wonder, we wander towards the beautiful Seine, and find it pursuing its tranquil course, and dividing the fair city as the more majestic Thames does the mightier city of London. But how unlike the Thames at London is the Seine at Paris! The former has a tidal influence, and the latter has none; consequently, both its depth and its breadth vary with the character of the seasons. On it flows, however, unheeding of tide or time, enriching and beautifying the land through which it passes, and enlivening the Queen of Cities by the chastened cheerfulness with which it glides under the numerous bridges with which it is spanned. How lovely does it look! how gently does it flow!—no roughness, no noise—all silence, softness, and sweetness. But not always did it flow like this. Before the construction of the quays which now line its banks, its risings were both frequent and ravaging. Dulaure, the historian of Paris, speaking of this, furnishes a curious illustration. He says—"I have before me a small volume, in 12mo, in bad condition, entitled, '*Les Antiquités, Fondations, Singularités des Villes, Château du Royaume*,' which was printed in 1605, and which experienced an adventure during the inundation of 1740. On the cover of the volume is the following manuscript note: 'This book was found in 1740, at the time of the high waters. The water was so high that it reached to the second storey on the quay of the Porte Saint Bernard. This book floated on the water; it entered through the window at the house of ——. (Signed) LENOBLE.'" But yonder is Notre Dame, clearly though tremulously reflected on the bosom of the Seine, notwithstanding its disturbance by the boats that are passing, and the *bains* which seem floating upon it, and which form *Ecoles de Natation* for Parisians.

If the legend of the monks of St. Denis speaks truly, the gospel was first preached at Paris about the year 250, by St. Denis, the areopagite, who suffered martyrdom on the hill of Montmartre; but where the first Christians of Paris congregated to worship is not ascertained. In the reign of Valentinian, about the middle of the fourth century, a chapel, dedicated to St. Stephen, was erected upon the spot where Jupiter had hitherto been worshipped, and where the cathedral of Notre Dame now stands. Of the style of the Roman temple we have no knowledge; but, in 1711, nine large cubic stones, with

mythological bas-reliefs and inscriptions, were exhumed from under the choir. This confirms the fact of its existence. One of these stones was a votive altar raised by the *Nantes Parisiaci* to Jove; and another bore the effigy of the Gallic deity Hesus. They are now to be seen at the *Palais des Thermes*.* In 522, the only church in Paris was St. Stephen's; but at that period it was enlarged and embellished by Childebert, the son of Clovis, who added to it a new chapel, and placed it under the invocation of the Virgin. How this especial religious structure fared throughout the reigns of the sovereigns of the Merovingian and Carlovingian races, does not here concern us, seeing that not a vestige of it remains; but as the Church, in its collective, spiritual sense, was one of the principal elements in European civilisation after the dissolution of the Roman empire, and, throughout the whole of the dark ages, exercised a tremendous influence on the social condition of the people, we may fairly conclude that its places of worship claimed a large share of the consideration of those whose duty it was to officiate within their walls.

During the Middle Ages the bishops of Europe formed a civil as well as a spiritual aristocracy, directing, and, to a large extent, controlling, not only the spiritual but the political affairs of kingdoms and empires. Among them there was one who rose above all the others. He climbed the ladder of power until he reached its topmost rung. He first acquired a sort of limited monarchy, and, gradually feeling and strengthening his way, finally obtained to a universal despotism. To trace the steps by which the Roman pontiffs attained to their vast dominion does not come within the province of this work; but, as Mr. Rogers says, in his "Italy"—

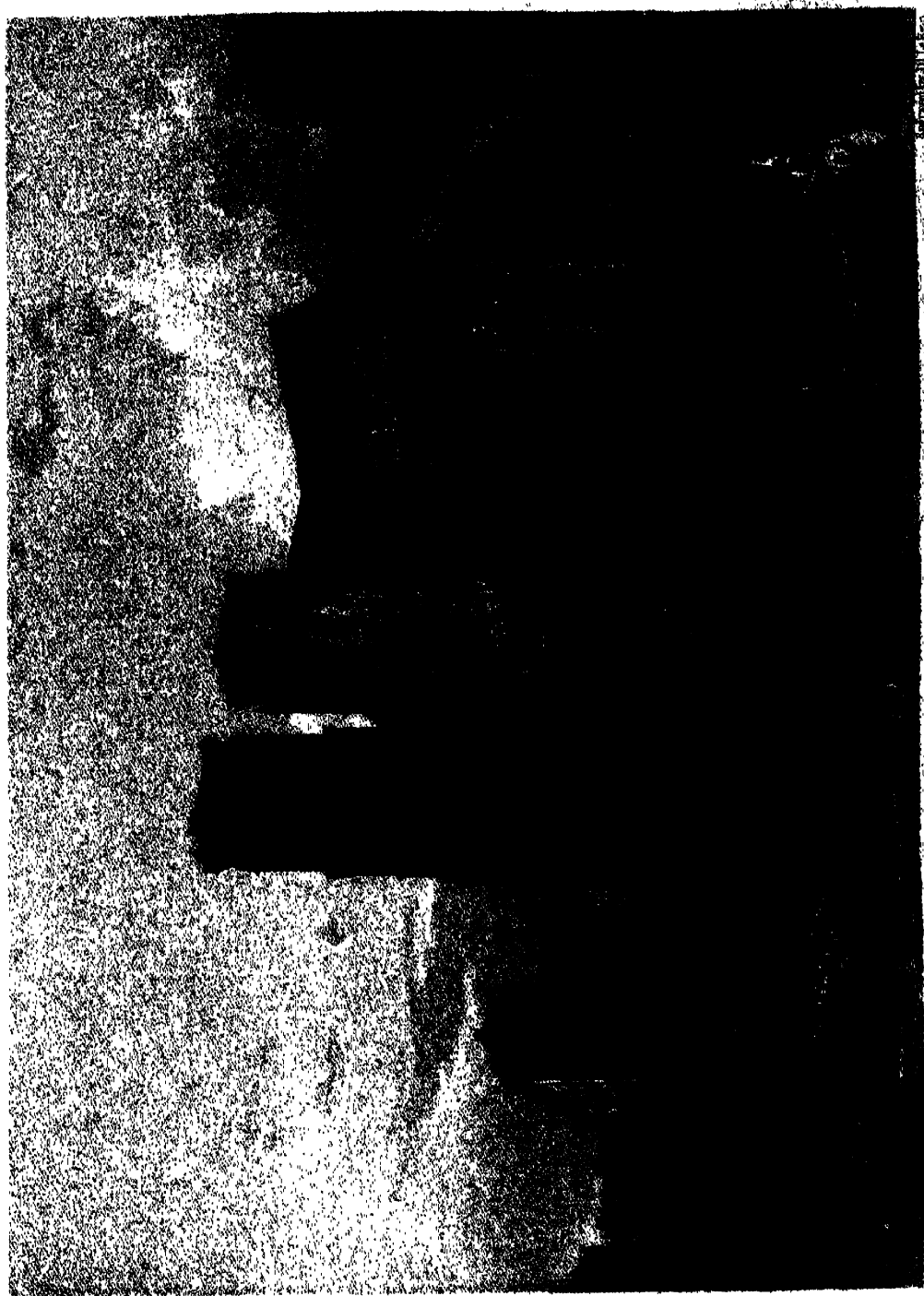
" Were they not
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were, with infernal art,
Close interwoven; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
And, with the terrors of futurity,
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates—
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
And dazzling light, and darkness visible,
And architectural pomp, such as none else.
What, in his day, the Syracusan sought—
Another world to plant his engines on—
They had, and, having it, like gods, not men,
They moved this world at pleasure."

* The *Palais des Thermes* is supposed to have been the residence of the Roman government of Gaul, as well as of the kings of the first and second races. It was in this palace, built by Constantius, that Julian had fixed his residence when he was proclaimed emperor by his troops, A.D. 360. It is mentioned by Gregory of Tours, and a deed styles it by the name it still bears. Indeed, recent discoveries leave no doubt as to the fact of its having been the abode of the emperors. The garden connected with it extended, on the west, as far as the abbey of St. Germain des Prés, which was erected at the south-west corner of the enclosure, and a straight line, running from the abbey to the river, determined the western boundary of the garden, which was also terminated by a tower. On the side of the hill where the Pantheon now stands, near the Place St. Michel, was an amphitheatre. An aqueduct from Rungis, six miles beyond Arcueil, has been traced under the *Palais des Thermes*, and was originally built, it is supposed, for the use of the imperial residence. The only perfect part of this palace remaining is a vast hall, formerly the *frigidarium*, a chamber for cold baths. The roof of this was,

The arts which the poet has here introduced are those which most powerfully appeal to the senses, and were, doubtless, laid hold upon by the church as likely to be more influential in more easily bringing the multitude within the reach of the power of the bishops than could possibly have been the case through any sort of literary instrumentality whatever. In the Middle Ages ecclesiastics were the only instructors; but they did not exhibit much zeal in diffusing the knowledge they themselves possessed among the masses they mostly governed. Charlemagne and England's Alfred were the most enlightened princes of the Middle Ages, and they both endeavoured to extend the benefits of education in their separate countries; but even their learning was not very great. Sharon Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," says—"For many centuries, to sum up the account of ignorance in a word, it was rare for a layman, of whatever rank, to know how to sign his name. Their charters, till the use of seals became general, were subscribed with the mark of the cross. Still more extraordinary was it to find one who had any tincture of learning. Even admitting indistinct commendation of a monkish biographer (with whom a knowledge of church music would pass for literature), we could make out a very short list of scholars. None certainly were more distinguished as such than Charlemagne and Alfred. But the former, unless we reject a very plain testimony, was incapable of writing; and Alfred found difficulty in making a translation from the pastoral instruction of St. Gregory, on account of his imperfect knowledge of Latin." But we are now in the area which fronts the cathedral of Notre Dame; and if the Middle Ages knew little of literature, they certainly knew something of architecture and sculpture. How beautiful is this pile as a work of art! how magnificent as a temple of worship!

In 1010, when Robert, the son of Hugh, the first king of the Capetian race, reigned in Paris, he reconstructed the church of Notre Dame, which at this time was known by that name; and the foundations of which, as it now stands, were, for the greater part, laid by him. It does not seem, however, to have been possessed of that durability necessary to withstand the dilapidating effects which time and tempest usually make upon all material things; for, by the middle of the next century, it appears to have fallen into decay. Maurice de Sully was the then Bishop of Paris, and he determined to rebuild the cathedral upon a scale commensurate with the importance of the object to which it was to be applied in the rising grandeur of the French capital. Accordingly, in 1163, Pope Alexander III., then a refugee in France, laid the foundation-stone of the edifice. This was in the reign of Louis VII.; and in 1182, the high altar was consecrated by Henry, legate of the Holy See. It was not, however, till three years after this that divine worship was celebrated for the first time within the sacred walls of the fane. Heraclius, the patriarch of Jerusalem, was

for many years, covered with a thick bed of mould, cultivated as a garden, and planted with trees. This interesting monument of antiquity had long been used as a workshop, and, after passing through various hands, was purchased by the municipality of Paris; and an opening made to connect it with the *Hôtel de Clugny*. The still-existing hall is now occupied by the relics of Roman sculpture dug up in and about Paris, and forms a museum open to the public.



Cathedral of Notre-Dame - Paris

the officiating minister on this occasion ; so that all the "pomp and circumstance" of power, status, wealth, and religion were laid under contribution to heighten the glory of the church. The structure, however, was not finished till the fourteenth century, and it is now considered one of the largest and most magnificent religious edifices in Franco. The exterior and interior illustrative views which we give, show the extent and style of its architectural proportions, as well as the beautifully elaborated and intricate tracery of the sculpture with which it is adorned. This fills us with admiration at the originality of design, the almost infinite invention, the skilful art, and the patient manipulation which have been employed upon the workmanship of this marvel of cathedrals. As we gaze upon its front we are lost in amazement. We cannot here fully describe it ; still we must give the reader some idea of what we ourselves beheld, and what he himself may behold, if he has not already, both on the out and in the inside of this wonderful building.

Notre Dame is built in the form of a Latin cross, and is 415 feet long, and 150 wide. Its front is 128 feet in breadth, pierced by three doors, formed under ogive arches, profusely ornamented with scriptural subjects, taken from the Old and New Testaments. Here now commences our labour. The *portail du milieu* exhibits a pediment in which is a representation of the last judgment, divided into three parts. In the first, the angel is sounding the last trump and summoning the dead, who are rising from their opening tombs ; the second shows the separation of the good from the wicked ; and the third, the Saviour on His throne, adored by the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, accompanied by angels bearing emblems of the crucifixion. Among the figures of the arch are Moses and Aaron ; and the Saviour treading on the wicked, whom, in six compartments, Satan is dragging to hell ; the rider on the red horse, at the opening of the second seal ; the blessedness of the saints, and other subjects. On the sides of this entrance there are twenty-four bas-reliefs, representing as many virtues and vices. Beyond are four other bas-reliefs, showing the offering of Abraham ; the departure of Abraham for Canaan ; Job beholding the destruction of his flocks and herds by a torrent, and the same personage seated on a dunghill whilst receiving the rebuke of his wife. The *portail St. Anne*, on the right, is divided by a pillar, adorned with a statue of St. Marcel treading on a dragon which had disinterred a woman to devour. In the pediment above are several compartments, in which are Joseph putting away Mary ; Joseph brought back by an angel ; Joseph taking the Virgin to his home ; the revelation of the birth of John the Baptist ; the annunciation ; the visitation ; the nativity ; the angel appearing to the shepherds ; Herod holding his council ; the wise men on their way to Bethlehem ; the offering of the wise men, and the presentation in the temple. Above these, again, are two rows of sculptured figures, in which appear the Virgin and Child, accompanied by angels ; King Solomon on his knees, and St. Marcel. On the apex of the pediment is the Eternal Father, in His glory, encompassed by the prophets ; beneath Him the Paschal Lamb, and, still lower, Christ, surrounded by angels and saints. On the left, the *portail de la Sainte Vierge* presents the same general appearance as the other, only with a

difference of subjects; but the most interesting bas-reliefs of this entrance are the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months of the year, on the door-posts. Here are also sculptured the life of man, in six stages, from youth to the decrepitude of age; and the temperatures of the year, in six bas-reliefs. This is a great deal to be crowded into the front of one cathedral; but it is not all, nor near all, that was represented. There were many statues destroyed at the Revolution, when neither the sacred nor the profane that had any connection with either religion or royalty was left undisturbed, or, in many instances, undestroyed. There was, above the three doors, a *galerie des Rois*, which contained twenty-eight statues of such sovereigns of France as had been the greatest benefactors to the church, commencing with Childebert, and ending with Philip Augustus. These were destroyed, and many more pieces of statuary knocked from their places and broken to atoms. Above the gallery of the kings there are three other galleries—the *Viège*, the *Colonnes*, and the *Tours*—terminated, with the front, by two large square towers, rising above the side-doors to a height of 104 feet. They are ascended by 380 steps, and from their tops afford a splendid view of Paris and its environs.

Such is a partial description of the front of Notre Dame cathedral, a masterpiece of the *twilight* which immediately succeeded the dense *darkness* of the Middle Ages. How great the labours and how grand the themes which it shadows forth to the too *fast* and unlaborious workmen of the nineteenth century! But the time “is out of joint” for such works now, especially in building; albeit both minds to conceive and hands to execute even more perfect specimens may be abundant amongst us; but, lacking patronage, they have no encouragement to produce them.

The *coup d'œil* of the interior of Notre Dame is, in our opinion, inferior to the exterior view: nor, as we stand under its roof, does it impress us with the deep solemnity which we feel in walking over the dust of the great beneath the lofty, vaulted roof of Westminster Abbey. It is, however, very fine; whilst historical associations, without number, crowd upon the mind as we pace its floors, and contemplate its plain and clustered columns, arches and galleries. Even so recent as 1831, the populace here destroyed many ancient relics; but in 1845, a complete restoration of the building, both within and without, was undertaken and effected. Twenty different kings were restored to the niches which the Revolution had emptied over the principal doorway, and everything done to make this cathedral as perfect as it ever had been, and to render it worthy of the beautiful city in which it forms a principal object of attraction. It is entirely built of stone from the quarries under Paris.*

* The quarries under a part of Paris are now called the Catacombs. From a remote period they had existed under the southern portion, and completely undermined the Observatory, the Luxembourg, the Odeon, the Val de Grâce, the Pantheon, the rues de la Harpe, de St. Jacques, de Tournon, de Vaugirard, and several other streets. Their ascertained extent was about two hundred acres, but it is supposed this is much more. The variations of the surface, and the fissures which have occasionally made their appearance, lead to the presumption that one-sixth of Paris is undermined by these quarries. The quarters under which the chief portions of them lie, are

On entering, not only the cathedral of Notre Dame, but most of the Catholic churches in Paris, it immediately suggests itself how much more the church has done for art than for literature. Not for architecture alone, but for painting, sculpture, and music. To these arts many of the ecclesiastics themselves were early devoted. When the first simple structures for Christian worship gave place to others of a more durable, more costly, and a grander description, pictures were introduced to adorn their walls, and this naturally imparted a stimulus to painting. Images, crucifixes, and lamps of precious materials and elaborate workmanship were also introduced, and the manufacture or manipulation of such styles of ornamentation, gave employment and encouragement to the designer, the carver, and the goldsmith. History informs us, that "the making of church bells was another important branch of industry; and the costly robes worn by the priests put the arts of weaving, embroidery, and dyeing in requisition. Splendid service-books were also used; and for the production of these, it was necessary to cultivate the art of ornamental writing, gilding, and the setting of precious stones." Music was cultivated that mass might be appropriately performed. In addition to the harp and other sorts of instruments, such as the flute and horn, the organ was early invented, and the tones of this magnificent instrument were enlisted by the clergy to render their ritual more imposing and acceptable to the people.

Whilst visiting Notre Dame, the intelligent traveller will not fail to recall the question of religion, which was the most melancholy one in the history of the French republic. In briefly relating the part which this cathedral was chosen to play in it, as the Temple of Reason, we will follow the narrative of Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France, whose history of that country is replete with animated pictures of every great event which illustrates the national sentiment of her people.*

Until towards the end of the year 1793, the republican government had not interfered with the question of religious worship, but had silently allowed a general toleration. It had only treated with rigour the nonjuring priests, and had become more severe towards them as they certainly, by tolerance, became more seditious towards it. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the leaders of the Revolution were, in general, professors of a system of philosophy which, in its highest character, amounted only to doism, and, as the Revolution proceeded, continually descended as the revolutionary chiefs were reduced to a lower class of character and intelligence, until it ended in atheism. Chaumotte, Hébert, and all the leading men of the commune, and in the club of the Cordeliers, were declared atheists. It was Chaumotte who took the lead in the movement which was now beginning, and he stood up in the commune to oppose the open exercise of the Catholic religion. On the

the faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Jacques, St. Germain, and Chaillot. The quantity of stone which they have yielded for building purposes is very large. Within the department of the Seine there are upwards of 930 quarries, employing about 4,000 workmen, and annually producing materials estimated at a value of 10,000,000 francs.

* "History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time;" by Thomas Wright, F.S.A. London Printing and Publishing Company, Limited. London and New York.

14th of October, or, according to the new calculation, the 23rd Vendémiaire, the commune of Paris decided, as a measure of local police, that ministers of religion should not be allowed to exercise their vocation out of their temples; and new funeral ceremonies were instituted, according to which, none but the relatives and friends of the deceased could accompany the corpse to the grave; and all religious service at the interment was abolished. Religious emblems were removed from the cemeteries, and replaced by a statue of Sleep. The sale of religious signs and symbols in the streets was forbidden. The image of the Virgin Mary was also suppressed, and where it stood in public places, it was replaced by busts of Marat and Lepelletier.

A new worship was now coming into vogue, the great apostle of which was the Prussian, Anacharsis Clootz,* presenting himself to the National Assembly as the representative of the human race. This was the worship of Reason. Clootz might fairly be considered as a madman. He preached what he called the universal republic and the worship of Reason, and he looked upon deism as a system equally blamable with Christianity. He placed all gods in the same class with tyrants. He had long been preaching these doctrines without any great success, when the measures adopted by the commune, at the instigation of Chaumette, suddenly raised his hopes. He went to Gobel, an intriguing priest, who had been made constitutional Bishop of Paris, and pressed on him that the time had come for the public abjuration of the Catholic religion. He represented to him that, if he took the lead in this movement, the rest of the French clergy would be led by his example, and the Convention would be obliged to pronounce the abolishment of Christianity. Gobel, however, little as there might have been of honourable feeling in his character, was unwilling to do that which amounted to a confession that he had been deceiving people all his life; but he agreed to abdicate the episcopacy, and he engaged to prevail upon his vicars or lieutenants to follow his example. On the 7th of November, 1793 (the 17th of Brumaire, according to the new republican reckoning), a deputation composed of Momoro, Pache, Lhuillier and Chaumette, with Gobel and all his vicars, presented themselves before the National Convention. Gobel, who had the *bonnet-rouge*† on his head,

* John Baptist Clootz, known as "Anacharsis Clootz," was a Prussian baron, who, at the commencement of the French revolution, distinguished himself by his wild impiety. After calling himself the "Orator of the human race," he presented the French assembly with a large sum to make war upon the whole race of kings, and requested a price to be put upon the King of Prussia. He was so much opposed to rules of every description, that he even denied the authority of the Creator, and published a work to that effect. He was a nephew of the learned Cornelius Pauw, of Berlin. In 1794, he was, in the reign of Robespierre, guillotined.

† Dumouriez had hardly been appointed minister (1792), when he took his place at the sittings of the Jacobin Club, wearing the red Phrygian bonnet which that body had newly adopted. "The members of this club," says a contemporary annalist, "had, a few days before, introduced the use of the red cap (the *bonnet-rouge*) in their meetings, to be the distinguishing mark of the purest patriots. It was immediately worn by all the subaltern agents; but the people were not, at first, prevailed upon to relish it. On the first day they made the attempt, I met, just as I had left the palace, a score of these ruffians in the Rue St. Honore. Their shouts, manner of walking, and dress made me take them for a set of workmen coming from a public-house. No one supported their boastings. They were pointed at, and the people shrugged up their shoulders. Anger and

and his mitre, crozier, cross and ring in his hand, having been duly announced by the civil authorities, said—

“Born a plebeian, *curé* in the Porentray, sent by my clergy to the first assembly, and since raised to the archbishopric of Paris, I have never ceased to obey the people. I accepted the functions which that people formerly entrusted to me, and now I obey them again in coming to lay these down. I became a bishop when the people wanted bishops; I cease to be one now that the people want them no longer.” He concluded by stating, that all his clergy held the same sentiments, and had charged him to make for them the same declaration. He then laid down the insignia of his office, and his declaration was ratified by his clergy.

The president replied, that the Convention had decreed the liberty of worship, and had not interfered with people’s convictions in this respect; but that it applauded those who, enlightened by reason, came to abjure their superstitions and errors. Others of the clergy went further than the archbishop, and abjured their character of priest and the Christian religion itself. The curate of Vaugirard said—

“Recovered from the prejudices which fanaticism had planted in my heart and mind, I lay down my letters of priesthood.”

Most of the bishops and *curés* who were members of the Convention followed his example, when Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, entered the assembly. He was invited to do as the others had done, but he refused.

“If it were a question,” said he, “relating to the revenues of the bishopric, I would abandon them without regret; but if it be my quality of priest and bishop, I cannot divest myself of them. My religion forbids it; and I invoke the liberty of worship.”

The assembly and the galleries were loud in their approval of Gobel, who quitted the assembly to proceed to the Hôtel de Ville, and receive the congratulations of the commune. The sections of Paris came, one after another, to renounce what they called the errors of superstition, and to declare that they acknowledged no divinity but Reason. The buildings and property which had belonged to the Catholic priesthood were immediately confiscated to the use of the State.

Great was the joy with which this new event was received by the populace, who now welcomed every change without any knowledge of its merits. The mob at the same time

disgust were visible in the faces of all who saw them. On the following days the red caps appeared in greater numbers in the streets and market-places, and were no better received. Nevertheless, on the 16th of March, at the Theatre Français, after the representation of the death of Cæsar, the bust of Voltaire was brought upon the stage with a red cap on its head, and was left before the spectators till the beginning of the after-piece. As this inauguration of the *bonnet-rouge* no more rendered it popular than it honoured the memory of Voltaire, Petion, informed, by the reports of the police, of the continuance of the discontent and squabbles occasioned by this fatal bonnet, and fearing that it might soon render the revolution unpopular, wrote a very patriotic letter to the club of the Jacobins, and made them sensible of the danger and inutility of such an innovation. The club, with Robespierre as president, was assembled when this letter was brought, and it produced an immediate effect. All the red caps disappeared at once, not excepting that of the minister Dumouriez, who happened to be in the tribune with his red cap on, and who, like the rest, was obliged to put it in his pocket.”

sung "Alleluia," and danced the Carmagnole, many of them dressed in the robes of the discarded priesthood. All the plate of the churches was carried to the Mint, and the churches themselves were seized upon for other purposes. The bells were melted down to make copper money. At the proposal of Chaumette, Notre Dame was turned into a public edifice, under the title of the Temple of Reason; and a festival or service for that goddess was appointed for each decade or day of repose, as a substitute for the old Catholic ceremonies of the Sunday. The mayor, with the municipal officers and public functionaries, repaired, on these occasions, to the Temple of Reason, where they read the declaration of the rights of man and the constitutional act, and related the news of the previous ten days. In this temple was placed what was called a *bouche de vérité* (mouth of truth), to receive informations, reproaches, and counsels which might be serviceable to the public. These letters were taken out on the day of the decade, and read; an orator delivered a moral lecture, which was followed by music: and the ceremony concluded with the singing of republican hymns. The first festival of Reason was celebrated, with great pomp, on the 10th of November (20th of Brumaire), 1793. All the sections, with the constituted authorities, assembled in the temple. A handsome young woman, the wife of Momoro, one of the violent leaders, acted the part of Reason. She was dressed in white drapery, with a sky-blue mantle thrown over her shoulders, and the cap of liberty on her head. Her seat was surrounded with ivy, and was carried by four citizens. Young girls, dressed in white and crowned with roses, preceded and followed her; and, after them, came persons carrying the busts of Marat* and Lepelletier,† musicians, troops, and the sections in arms. Discourses were delivered, and hymns sung, in the temple; after which the procession went to the Convention, where Chaumette addressed the assembly as follows:—

"Legislators! Fanaticism has given place to Reason. Her squint eyes were not able to support the brightness of light. To-day an immense people has visited her Gothic vaults, which, for the first time, have served as an echo for truth. True Frenchmen have

* John Paul Marat was born in Neufchatel, and had been a student of physic. He set up as a quack in Paris, and vended his nostrums at a most extravagant price. In 1789, he became a leader, of the most violent kind, among the revolutionary demagogues, and excited, by his writings, the people, not only against their king, but against each other. He declared in print, that it would never be well with France until 270,000 heads had been struck off by the guillotine. He became a deputy for the department of Paris in the Convention, and was, in 1793, assassinated in his bath-room by Charlotte Corday.

† This same day—that on which the Convention decreed the execution of Louis XVI.—the capital had witnessed a deed of vengeance provoked by the condemnation of the king. One of the old body-guard, a young man named Pâris, had made a vow to revenge the king upon one of his judges; and proceeding, on the evening of the 20th of January, to a *restaurant* in the Palais Royal, he there saw, taking his place at a table, Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, one of the members of the Convention who had voted for the king's death. Pâris, having learnt who he was, approached him, and said, "Art thou the scoundrel Lepelletier, who voted the king's death?" "Yes," he replied; "but I am no scoundrel; I voted according to my conscience." "Take that, then," said Pâris, "for thy recompense!" and he plunged his sabre into his breast. Lepelletier fell down dead; and the assassin succeeded in making his escape. The news of this event spread rapidly through the town, and gave consistency to a report which had already been set in motion, that there was a secret conspiracy of the royalists to murder all the members of the *côté gauche*, and carry away the king from the scaffold.—*Wright*.

celebrated the only true worship—that of Liberty, that of Reason. There we have formed vows for the prosperity of the arms of the republic. There we have abandoned inanimate idols for Reason, for this animated image, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Nature!”

In pronouncing these words, Chaumette presented the young woman who performed the part of Reason, and who immediately descended from her seat, and approached the president of the Convention. The latter rose, and gave her the kiss of fraternity, amid the loud cheers of the multitude, and shouts of “The Republic for ever!” “Reason for ever!” “Down with Fanaticism!” The members of the Convention then accompanied the procession back to the Temple of Reason, and joined there in a patriotic hymn, doubtless in keeping with the madness with which they had been seized.

We have lingered long in and about Notre Dame; but its antiquity, splendour, and historical celebrity alike demanded so much attention from us; and yet we have not said one-twentieth part of what we might say, respecting not only what we both saw and felt within its walls, but of the memorable events of which it has been the scene and the centre. Here, however, is another temple, the most ancient of all the churches in Paris. It is on the south side of the river, in the *Rue Bonaparte*, and is called *St. Germain des Prés*. It was consecrated in 1163, by the same pope—Alexander III.—who laid the foundation-stone of the cathedral of Notre Dame, and was so celebrated for its decorations, that it received the name of the “Golden Basilic.” Before the great Revolution, it belonged to one of the most ancient and celebrated Benedictine abbeys in France. The sculpture of the capitals, in its interior, bears the signs of remote antiquity; whilst they have the characteristics of the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Gothic styles, but the last greatly predominating. Here rest the remains of several of the Merovingian kings, many princes and illustrious men, among whom were some of the valorous Scottish Douglasses, and Casimir V., King of Poland, who died abbot of the monastery belonging to this establishment. Its fresco paintings are of the most beautiful description, and a statue of St. Margaret, by Bourlet, is a masterpiece. Of the ancient monastery few traces remain, except the abbot's mansion and the church, which was repaired under Charles X., and is now one of the most interesting monuments in Paris.

St. Germain L'Auxerrois, immediately facing the Louvre, is another notable church, dating from the reign of *Philippe le Bel* in the 13th century. It is highly decorated in the florid style, or rather showing a mixture of the Greek and Gothic. During the ascendancy of the English at Paris in 1423, it was almost entirely rebuilt, and completely restored by Louis XIV., and subsequently by Louis Philippe. No church in Paris is more worthy of a visit, from the beauty of its sculpture and the richness of its wood-carving. From its belfry sounded the signal for the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, in August, 1572. It has been the scene of several popular outrages, but the most violent was in the February of 1831, when it was pillaged by the people on the occasion of a mass being celebrated in memory of the Duke of Berri.

On leaving this building, we proceed to the Quai Conti, by the *Passage du Pont Neuf*; in some measure led thither by the recollection that the localities about there are immortalised by Lawrence Sterne. In his "Sentimental Journey" there is detailed some of his adventures on the *Pont Neuf*; but we may remark that the wit of Sterne is not always his own. Dr. Ferrier, twenty years after the death of the rector of Shillington, proved this. But that is a subject for treatment elsewhere. At present we are on the Quai, and standing before the house (No. 5), which has a tablet exposed, and intimating that Napoleon I., on leaving the school of Brienne, lived in it, on the fifth storey, being then only an officer of artillery. Here is a subject suggestive of speculation, and the first question we ask ourself is, "Was it his poverty or his ambition—for his mind was given to climbing—that induced the future emperor to live at such a height?" The answer is, that it must have been the former; for palaces afterwards became his residences. While we are upon this subject, however, we may briefly notice the different places of abode occupied by Napoleon I., from his first arrival in Paris to the 18th Brumaire, and the establishment of the consular government.

Ecole Militaire. Coming from the military school of Brienne, Bonaparte was admitted here on the 19th October, 1784, and occupied a small room on the upper storey of the establishment, *Quai de Conti*, No. 5, as just stated; but his room here was nothing better than a garret. *Hôtel de Metz, rue du Mail*, from May to September, 1792. He was then a captain of artillery, and was ordered to the capital, to give an account of some political opinions to which he had given imprudent utterance while in garrison at Valence. *Hôtel des Droits de l'Homme*, in the same street, October, 1794. He was now a general of artillery; and his brother Louis and Junot accompanied him as aides-de-camp. They lodged together on the fourth storey—still high—at a rent of twenty-seven livres, *in specie*, per month. It was at this house that his friendship with Talma, the actor, commenced. The actor came here to instruct "*La citoyenne Petit*," who afterwards became his wife, in the art of declamation. The friendship of Napoleon for Talma continued unabated till his death. We next find him at No. 19, *Rue de la Michodière*, and very poor. This arose from his being without employment. He would not accept the rank of a general of infantry and go to La Vendée: he was, therefore, forced to occupy a small apartment in the upper storey of this domicile; but it was the last in which he breathed the air of the loftiest strata of a lodging-house. His next residence was at the *Hôtel Mirabeau, rue du Dauphin*. Here he was when in disgrace in 1795, and when he employed himself in visiting the different members of the National Convention, to solicit an engagement. On the eve of the 13th Vendémiaire he slept here, and that was the memorable day on which, having received the command of the troops through the favour of Barras, he defeated "the sections," and opened his way to the appointment of "General-in-Chief to the Army of Italy." In the *Rue Neuve des Capucines* is the *Hôtel de la Colonnade*, where, on the 13th Vendémiaire, he installed himself, and where he remained during the disarmament of the sections. Here, also, on the 9th of March, 1796, he celebrated his

marriage with Josephine, widow of General Beauharnais, who had perished on the scaffold. Immediately after his marriage he removed to No. 52, in *Rue Chauterine*; whence he took his departure on the 21st of March, 1796, to take the command of the army of Italy. On the 5th of December, 1797, he returned to it with a European fame. His advent had been preceded by 170 standards, 550 pieces of cannon, and 60,000,000 of francs, which he had remitted to the state. On account of this, the municipality voted that the street should henceforth be called the *Rue de la Victoire*. Here he received his appointment to the command of the expedition to Egypt; and from this residence emanated those intrigues which led to the 18th Brumaire and his dictatorship. But of the early personal history of Napoleon I., the little that we have to say must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

ANCESTORS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; HIS EARLY LIFE; STUDIES; PALACE OF THE TUILERIES; ATTACKED IN 1792; INSURRECTIONARY DETAILS; ALARM OF THE COURT; MARIE ANTOINETTE; THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY; LOUIS XVI., WITH HIS FAMILY, SEEKS ITS PROTECTION; FIGHT AT THE TUILERIES; THE SWISS GUARDS DESTROYED; THE FATE OF THE MONARCHY DECIDED.

ALTHOUGH Napoleon Bonaparte made his first appearance before the public as a young officer with nothing but his pay to live on, his family had some pretensions to a higher than an ordinary rank. His ancestry was Italian and noble. This, however, as far as regards himself, personally, is of little consequence; but the fact of a person having had ancestors ennobled, argues that they were above the common run of mankind, and that they must have performed some sort of action to entitle them to distinction. Existing genealogical documents trace the ancestors of Bonaparte back as far as A.D. 1120, when they took a prominent part on the side of the Ghibellines, for which they suffered exile to Florence. In 1332, John Bonaparte was *Podesta*, or chief magistrate of that city. In 1404, a descendant and namesake of him was ambassador from Florence, at the court of Gabriel Visconti, Duke of Milan; and he espoused a niece of Pope Nicholas VII. His son was plenipotentiary from the pontiff at several foreign courts. Gabriel Bonaparte established himself at Ajaccio in 1507; and, for several generations, his descendants were successively head of the elders of that city. The name was, originally, spelled Buonaparte; but Napoleon deleted the *u* after his first Italian campaign.

The family of Napoleon became connected, by intermarriages, with the Orsini, Lomellini, and the Medici. These relationships, no doubt, strengthened their status; but when intestine wars came, and desolated Italy, the Bonapartes suffered with others, and some of them were driven to pursue their fortunes in foreign lands. A younger branch of them settled in

Corsica, and in that island became the ancestors of Napoleon. His father's name was Carlo, who had studied law at Pisa. Returning to Corsica, he became an advocate in the Royal Court of Assize, and married Letizia Ramolino, at Ajaccio, in 1767. Both were natives of that town; and the lady, who was of Neapolitan extraction, is said to have been "well descended, remarkable for beauty, strong-minded, and accomplished." In so far as mind is concerned, the quality of strength was amply inherited by her celebrated son.

The father of Napoleon was an advocate of considerable reputation; but in the dying struggles of the Genoese to regain Corsica, he joined the army, and served under Paoli, in his defence of the island, A.D. 1768 and 1769, after the Genoese had sold their claim to France. The French were successful in conquering the island, which submitted in June, 1769. On the 15th of August, in the same year, Napoleon was born, and, therefore, a subject of France. "His mother," says Las Casas, "was seized with the pains of labour while attending mass at the solemnisation of some holiday. She speedily gained her home, and upon reaching her chamber was delivered of a male child upon an old piece of tapestry, upon which were embroidered the heroes of Homer, and figures of the fabled warriors of antiquity." A month after this event, Count Marbœuf, French commissary at Corsica, convoked the States of the island, comprised of the three orders—clergy, nobles, and commons. The Bonapartes proved their title to be enrolled amongst the second, and were, accordingly, so enrolled.

After the establishment of peace, the father of Napoleon resumed his profession as an advocate; and soon after he was appointed to proceed to Paris, at the head of a deputation of his order, to obtain an audience of Louis XVI., relative to disputes which had arisen between the Count de Marbœuf, French commissioner, and Count de Narbonne Pelez, who had commanded in Corsica. The bold and able advocacy of Carlo, in the cause of the former, procured for him his friendship, and a few years after, when events straitened the circumstances of the advocate so far as to force him to accept the post of assessor to the Judicial Court of Ajaccio, the count obtained for his son, young Napoleon, in 1777, admission to the military school of Brienne, as a king's pensioner.

We have just seen it stated that the mother of Napoleon was a woman of beauty, and at this period he himself has been described as possessing considerable claims to the same attractive endowments. But an historian remarks that he had "an Italian caste of features of a remarkably dark hue, bright piercing eyes, and a large head, quite disproportioned to the size of his body." These, in our opinion, do not indicate the possession of very great attractions, either in face or corporeal form. A head disproportionably large, with features remarkably dark, suggest, to our mind, rather a repelling than an inviting power—something of the Italian brigand rather than the French officer. There was that within him, however, "which passeth show," and from a child he had been much fonder of retirement than sport. This disposition still adhered to him; and with great earnestness he applied himself to the study of French, history, geography, and mathematics. In all

these studies, but especially in mathematics, he achieved great proficiency. In his leisure hours at Brienne he employed himself in cultivating a plot of ground; each scholar having, at that period, a piece of land assigned him, to keep as a garden for his own use.

His attainments in mathematics led to his being chosen, in 1784, for the military school at Paris, notwithstanding that he had not then arrived at the age at which scholars were usually admitted to that institution. The year following he passed his examination, and obtained his first commission as second lieutenant to the artillery regiment of La Fère, then forming part of the garrison at Grenoble. Soon after, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the artillery regiment of Grenoble, stationed at Valence. While here he discovered other talents besides those which, strictly speaking, are confined to the military profession. The Abbé Raynal having proposed for discussion this question, "What are the principles and institutions by which mankind can obtain the largest possible amount of happiness?" Napoleon contended for it, and won the prize which the Academy of France had offered for the best essay on the subject. After he had become emperor he chanced to mention this circumstance to Talleyrand, who made search in the archives of the academy, and found the essay. He presented it to Napoleon, who took it, and read a few pages, when he threw it into the fire. The views which the pupil at Brienne advocated, we suppose, were different from those of the Emperor of France; but there is no other copy of the performance in existence. While Napoleon was at Valence with his regiment, the Revolution began, and he espoused the popular side; yet he greatly disapproved of the excesses into which the exciting rapidity with which events followed each other seemed to whirl its leaders. In 1792, he was at Paris, when he saw the crowd enter the palace of the Tuileries, and could not help an exclamation of surprise at the weakness which permitted such "despicable wretches" to enter its precincts. "A few discharges of grape-shot amongst them," said he, "would have made them all take to their heels." When he uttered this expression, he little thought how soon he himself would be summoned to the neighbourhood of the Tuileries to disperse other crowds of "despicable wretches," breathing blood and devastation at every step they were taking towards its precincts.

The palace of the Tuileries is one of the noblest structures in the French capital. It occupies the site of some tile-fields, which in the days of Charles VI. had furnished Paris for four centuries with the material necessary for building purposes. The word Tuileries signifies *tile-kilns*, and may, therefore, be taken as conclusive as to the purposes to which the ground upon which the palace now stands was applied. Externally, it appears to us a somewhat sombre building, although we are surveying it under the aspect of what would, in England, be called "a fine day." It is, while we gaze upon it, destitute of the imperial splendour which was wont to grace the residence of the third Napoleon. Alas! with what a sudden Protean power political transformations are effected in France! But let us

proceed. From its very foundation by Catharine de Medicis in 1564, the Tuileries has been intimately associated with some of the darkest passages in Parisian annals. It was not long the residence of Catharine, whose superstition was such as to frighten her from it. One of her astrologers having predicted that she would die near St. Germain, amid the ruins of an old house, sent her from the proximity of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to the Hôtel de Soissons; but she did not escape the supposed verification of the prediction, as she died at Blois, in the arms of a priest of the name of St. Germain, immediately after the murder of the Duke of Guise—thus figuratively expiring amid the ruins of an *old house*. Louis XIII. made it the palace of his capital, and Louis XIV. resided here till Versailles was habitable, when the court forsook Paris, and the Tuileries became the abode of official persons. Of Louis XVI. it was the prison in 1789, and the bloody days of the Revolution connect it with gloomy associations. Under the first republic it was called the *Palais National*, and the sittings of the Convention were held in it. Here the sentence which deprived Louis XVI. of his head was pronounced; but notwithstanding its previous history, it became the palace of the first Napoleon as consul and emperor. After the Restoration it was occupied by the Bourbons; but in 1830, Charles X. was driven from it by the people. In 1848, Louis Philippe, with several members of his family, escaped from it by the broad gravel-walk which runs down the centre of the gardens to the *Place de la Concorde*. Here he obtained a vehicle, and passed through the very crowd that were pressing into the palace. It was now held by the citizens for many weeks, but at last was cleared out, and under the new republic was used for a picture exhibition. It was afterwards inhabited by Napoleon III., who greatly improved and embellished it. Connected with it are beautiful gardens, terraces, and walks, profusely adorned with vases and classical subjects in statuary.

What Napoleon saw at the Tuileries in 1792, happened about the time that the Duke of Brunswick published his manifesto in the name of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. This impolitic manifesto would have excited the stoical temperament of the Dutch, far less the mercurial elements of the French nature. It spoke of the people with contempt—a style of address always dangerous, whether in public or private affairs. It breathed a vengeful spirit, threatening an invasion by the emigrants and the powers of Europe, vowing destruction upon those who would erect a temple of liberty on the prostrate ruins of a feeble monarchy. This touched the military pride of the nation, and effectually roused a spirit of antagonism. There was a cry of resistance from one side of France to the other; and whosoever had not joined in it would have been deemed guilty of impiety towards his country, and towards the cause of liberty. The dethronement of the king was discussed in the clubs; and on the 3rd of August, Petion, the mayor of Paris, went to the legislative body to demand this in the name of the commune and the sections. The consideration of the matter was referred to the extraordinary committee of twelve, and so things went on till the effervescence among the people became so great as to be altogether



Picture of the Tomb

irrepressible. Let us now turn to history for a few moments, and see what was going on at the Tuileries when Napoleon beheld that palace invaded by the insurgents.

The day for the attack on the palace had been fixed for the 10th of August, 1792. The principal place of assembling was in the faubourg St. Antoine. In the evening, after a stormy meeting, the followers of the opinions of the Jacobin Club proceeded thither in a body, and organised the insurrection. It was determined to annul royalty; to dismiss Petion, the mayor, that he might be freed from the duties incumbent on his place, and to replace the general council of the commune by an insurrectionary municipality. The agitators proceeded, at the same time, through all the sections of the faubourgs, and into all the barracks of the Breton and the Marseillois federates. Whilst all this is going on with a surprising rapidity, let us see what the court is doing at the Tuileries.

There notice had arrived of the ferment into which all Paris had been thrown, and defensive measures had been taken for the protection of the inmates of the palace. An opinion has been offered as a supposition, that Louis XVI. thought he might not only make a resistance, but even re-establish himself in the authority he had lost. He did not, however, calculate upon the depth to which kings sink in the estimation of revolutionary mobs. He had seen men only through the eye-glass of royalty, never dreaming that they would yet lift their

"Vassal hands against *his* head,
And threat the glory of *his* precious crown."

But the "beginning of the end" was drawing near.

The interior of the palace was occupied by the Swiss guards, to the number of eight or nine hundred, by officers of the disbanded guard, and by a troop of gentlemen and royalists who had assembled there, armed with pistols, sabres, and swords. The commander of the National Guard, Mandat, had marched to the palace with his staff to defend it; and had issued orders to the battalions the most attached to the constitution to take arms. The ministers were also with the king; the syndic of the department had gone thither; and Petion had been sent for, to inform the court of the state of Paris, to obtain his authority for repelling force by force, and for the sake of keeping him as a hostage.

The alarm was now becoming imminent. At midnight a shot was heard. The tocsin sounded; the *générale* was beat; the insurgents assembled and ranged themselves. The members of the sections annulled the municipality, and named a provisional council for the commune, which set off to the Hôtel de Ville to direct the insurrection. On the other side, the battalions of the National Guard marched up to the palace, and were placed in the courts and at the principal posts, with the *gendarmérie* on horseback, while the Swiss guards and the volunteers guarded the apartments. Other means were adopted to make the defence of the palace as thorough as possible.—Events now thicken fast, and the curtain rises upon the beginning of a tragedy.

Several deputies, awakened by the tocsin, had hastened to the hall of the legislative

body, and had opened a discussion, at which Vergniaud* presided. On hearing that Petion was detained at the Tuileries, and that he wished to be dismissed, they summoned him to the bar of the assembly to render an account of the state of Paris. On receiving that order, he was released at the palace, and appeared before the assembly, who restored him to his functions. He, however, had scarcely reached the Hôtel de Ville, when he was put under the guard of 300 men, by order of the new commune. The latter, who wished for no other authority, in such a day of disorder, than the insurrectionary authorities, sent for the commandant Mandat to give an account of the preparations at the palace. Mandat hesitated to obey; but not knowing that the municipality was changed, and his duty binding him to obey its orders, he set out for the Hôtel de Ville. On entering, he beheld new faces, and he grew pale. He was then accused of having authorised the troops to fire on the people. He hesitated; was sent to the abbey; and as he left the hall, the multitude assassinated him on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. The commune then gave the command of the National Guard to Santerre, a brewer.

The engraving which we give of the Tuileries is not only beautiful in itself, but masterly as a work of correct representation in art. Let the reader, then, whilst viewing this, imagine the following scenes in succession, as he may suppose them to have taken place in the palace at the time we speak of. In the death of Mandat the court lost its most resolute and influential defender. His presence, and the order he had received to employ force in case of need, were necessary to induce the National Guard to fight. The appearance of the nobles and the royalists had greatly cooled their enthusiasm. Metaphorically speaking, it seems to us to have been something like throwing a wet blanket over a person in a state of perspiration. Mandat himself, before his departure, had entreated the queen to dismiss the troop, which was regarded as a troop of aristocrats; but she replied, with austerity, "These gentlemen are come to defend us, and we count upon them." Alas! how vain the defence of a stationary few against a momentarily-increasing multitude!

A division of opinion had already arisen among the defenders of the palace, when Louis XVI. reviewed them at five o'clock in the morning. In times such as these even sovereigns must forsake their beds at early-morning hours! Louis first visited the soldiers at the interior posts, all of whom seemed animated with the liveliest zeal. He was followed by Madame Elizabeth, the dauphin, and the queen, whose "Austrian lip and eagle

* Vergniaud was one among the several eloquent Girondists who took their name from the department they represented. From the moment of the deposition of the king, two powerful parties entered the arena, namely, the Girondists and the Mountainists, and these divided the Convention. Brissot, Petion, Vergniaud, and their friends, most of them men of eminent talents and of distinguished eloquence, formed the party of the Gironde-Republicans in principle, they had contributed to weaken the constitutional throne, but had taken no part in the conspiracy by which it was overturned. Vergniaud was guillotined, with many more of his party, in October, 1793.

Petion, at the outbreak of the Revolution, was mayor of Paris, and for some time was the idol of the people; but his fatal hour came with the rest of the Girondins, for in 1793 he was proscribed. He, however, escaped from Paris, and fled to the *landes* of Bordeaux, where his body was afterwards found, half devoured by wolves.

nose, which was fuller than usual," says an historian, "gave her an air of great majesty." It may be on account of our ignorance of the associations which noses of a certain shape have with majesty; but we have seen many men, and women too, possessed of noses shaped, to a large degree, like the beaks of vultures, but must confess that the airs which these mostly had were totally deficient of majesty. However, the lip and the nose of Marie Antoinette, whatever look they gave to her, on this occasion failed to inspire her husband with very lively aspirations, for he was very melancholy. "I will not," said he, "separate my cause from that of my good citizens; we will save ourselves, or perish together."

After this Louis descended into the courts of the palace, followed by some general officers. As soon as he arrived, the troops began to move. The cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" was heard, and was repeated by the National Guard; to which the artillery and the battalion of the red cross replied by a shout of "*Vive la Nation!*" At the same time arrived a couple of new battalions, armed with guns and pikes, who, as they filed off before the king to take their station on the terrace of the Seine, cried out, "*Vive la Nation! Vive Petion!*" The king continued the review—not without being affected by this sad omen. He was received with the strongest demonstrations of attachment by the battalions of the Filles Saint Thomas, and of the Petites Pères, who occupied the terrace which ran along the palace wall. While he was crossing the garden, to visit the posts of the Pont Tournant, the battalions with pikes pursued him, with the cry of "Down with the Veto! Down with the Traitor!"—This was a sudden change from "*Vive le Roi!*"

When he returned, these battalions quitted their position, placed themselves near the Pont Royal, and pointed their guns against the palace. Two other battalions posted in the courts followed their example, and placed themselves on the square of the Carrousel, in a threatening attitude. On his return to the palace, the king was pale and disheartened. "All is over," cried the queen; "that kind of review has done more harm than good!" But what would she have done? Perhaps, as Napoleon would—have discharged grape-shot amongst the "despicable wretches!" Marie Antoinette, as compared with Louis, seems to present us with something of the character of Lady Macbeth, in the tragedy of Shakspeare:—

"Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males."

The climax of her trials, however, had not yet arrived; and as it is not with the conceptive characterism of poets that we have here to deal, but with the grim features of a terrible revolution, let us proceed.

While what we have related was passing in and about the Tuileries, the insurgents were advancing in several columns. They had passed the whole of the night in uniting and organising their forces, and in the morning they broke open the arsenal, seized the arms, and distributed them amongst themselves. By five o'clock in the morning the column of the faubourg Saint Antoine, about 15,000 strong, and that of the faubourg Saint Marceau, about

5,000, had commenced their march. The multitude increased on its way. A troop had been placed by the Directory of the department of the Pont Neuf, in order to prevent the junction of the assailants from the two sides of the river; but the commune ordered it to quit that post, and the passage of the bridge was now free. The advanced guard of the faubourgs, composed of the Marseillois and Breton federates, had already issued from the Rue Saint Honoré, had ranged itself in battle array on the Place du Carrousel, and pointed its cannon against the palace. It was at this moment that the procurator-syndic, Roederer, who had not quitted the Tuileries during the whole of the night, presented himself before them, and stated that it was impossible that such a multitude could have access to the king, or to the National Assembly; and recommended them to name twenty deputies, and charge them with their demands: but to this suggestion they refused to listen. He then addressed the national troops, and read to them the article of the law, which enjoined that, in case of attack, to repel force by force; but a very small portion only of the National Guard appeared disposed to this, and the gunners made no reply but by discharging their cannons. Roederer, seeing that the insurgents were everywhere successful; that they were masters of the commune; that they disposed of the multitude, and even of the troops, returned in haste to the palace, at the head of the executive Directory.

Arrived at the Tuileries, the syndic found the king holding a council with the queen and his ministers. A municipal officer had just spread an alarm, by stating that the columns of the insurgents were approaching. "Well, and what do they want?" asked Joly, the Keeper of the Seals.

"The dethronement of the king," replied the officer.

"Let the assembly pronounce the vote, then," returned the minister.

"But after the dethronement, what is to happen?" asked the queen.

This question seems to have posed the officer, for he simply bowed without answering.

At this instant Roederer entered, and increased the alarm by announcing that the danger was extreme, that the insurgent bands were intractable, that the National Guard was not to be trusted, and that the royal family would expose itself to infallible ruin if the members of it did not place themselves in the midst of the Legislative Assembly. The queen, at first, rejected this advice with the utmost scorn. "I would rather," cried she, "be nailed to the walls of the palace than leave it!" Then, addressing herself to the king, and presenting him with a pistol—

"There, sir!" cried she, "the moment has come for you to show your courage."

The king, however, at that moment seems to have possessed none of the kind of courage she required, and remained silent; but Roederer said—

"You wish, then, madam, to render yourself responsible for the death of the king, of yourself, of your children, and of all those who are now within the walls of this palace to defend you."

This answer decided the king, who arose to proceed to the assembly, and the queen

followed him. On leaving, he remarked to the ministers and to the defenders of the palace, "Gentlemen, there is no longer anything to be done here."

Accompanied by his family and some persons of his household, Louis XVI. crossed the garden of the Tuileries between two lines of Swiss guards and battalions of the Filles Saint Thomas and Petites Pères; but when he arrived at the gate of the Feuillants, an immense multitude crowded the passage, and refused to make way for him. This was a bad omen. His escort had considerable trouble in conducting him to the hall of the assembly, where he arrived amidst the abuse, threats, and vociferations of the multitude. This reminds us of the scene in the play of Richard III., in which Buckingham bids the multitude cry—

"God save King Richard, England's royal king!

Gloster: And did they so?

Buckingham: Not so, God help me."

A justice of the peace who had, on this occasion, preceded the king, went to announce his arrival to the legislative body, which, at this moment, was deliberating on the propriety of despatching a deputation to the palace. The members who occupied seats nearest the door went out to receive Louis.

"Gentlemen," said he, on entering the hall, "I am come among you to prevent the commission of a great crime. I shall always consider myself and my family in safety while we are in the midst of you."

"Sire," replied Vergniaud, who was in the chair, "you may count upon the firmness of the National Assembly. Its members have sworn to die in support of the rights of the people and of the constituted authorities."

The king, on this reception, took a seat by the side of the president. Chabot, however, one of the members, recollecting that the assembly could not deliberate in presence of the king, Louis passed, with his family and his ministers, into the box of the reporters of the assembly, which was behind the president, and from which all that passed could be both seen and heard.

Without pausing to ask ourselves whether it was not a somewhat degrading step for majesty with an "eagle nose" to enter a reporters' box, we must observe that, on the departure of the king from the Tuileries, all motives to resistance had ceased. Besides, the means of defence themselves had diminished with the departure of the 300 Swiss and 300 National Guards who had formed the escort for Louis. The *gendarmes* had quitted their posts amidst cries of "*Vive la Nation!*" The National Guards felt disposed to take part with the assailants. But the enemy was in sight; and though the cause of combat no longer existed, the combat itself did not the less take place. The columns of the insurgents surrounded the palace. The Marseillois and the Bretons, who occupied the first line, had forced the royal gate of the Carrousel, and penetrated into the courts of the castle. At their head was an old soldier named Westermann, a courageous, resolute man, and a friend of Danton. He ranged his troops in the order of battle, and advanced towards the

artillery, who, at his desire, joined the Marseillois with their cannon. The two troops stood for some time looking at each other, without commencing action. Some of the assailants even advanced in token of brotherhood, and the Swiss guards threw cartridges from the windows, as a sign of peace. The assailants, however, still pushing forward, entered the vestibule of the palace, where was a large piece of timber placed as a barricade at the bottom of the grand staircase, and the Swiss and National Guards mixed in confusion behind it. The combat now began. The Swiss guards opened a destructive fire upon the insurgents, who soon dispersed. The square of the Carrousel was cleared; but the Bretons and the Marseillois speedily returned with renewed strength. The Swiss were cannonaded and surrounded; and, after prolonging the fight as long as they could, they were defeated, pursued, and exterminated. It was not then a combat, but a massacre, and the multitude, victorious, gave themselves up to the wildest excesses within the walls of this palace of the Bourbons. Let us now, for a few moments, return to the assembly.

Among the legislative members the first reports of the cannon had spread consternation; but as the discharges of artillery became more frequent, their agitation was proportionally increased. At one moment these legislators gave themselves up for lost. At this time an officer entered the hall in the greatest hurry, crying aloud, "To your places, legislators! the hall is forced!" Some of them rose to leave the assembly, but others, more resolute, called out, "No, no! this is our post." The tribunes then shouted, "The National Assembly for ever!" and the assembly returned the compliment by vociferating, "The Nation for ever!" Then by-and-by came shouts from without, of "Victory! Victory!" and with these dramatic incidents the fate of the monarchy was decided.

After this came the convocation of a National Assembly, the dismissal of the ministers, and the suspension of the king's authority, which naturally may bring this chapter to a close; but in the next we will follow the unfortunate Louis, and Marie Antoinette, to their end upon the scaffold. Meanwhile might Louis XVI. say, with Richard II. of England, as it is set down by Shakspeare—

"What must the king do now? Must he submit?
 The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
 The king shall be contented. Must he lose
 The name of king? Oh, God's name, let it go;
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live."

CHAPTER IV.

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES; TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF LOUIS; GENEROUS CONDUCT OF MALSHIERRES; DEFENCE AND DEATH OF LOUIS; MARIE ANTOINETTE; HER GENEROSITY TO HER NEW SUBJECTS; HER TRIAL, TREATMENT, AND DEATH; LOUIS PHILIPPE; THE INSURRECTION OF 1848; THE KING'S ABDICATION AND FLIGHT; THE TUILERIES BURNED.

IN our last chapter we saw Louis XVI., with his family, hastening through the garden of the Tuileries to seek safety in the assembly of the legislators. Readers may think that we have mentioned the facial feature of Marie Antoinette in a manner allied to the contemptuous; but it is in no such spirit that we have done so. It has been done merely to show, that whilst a queen evinces sentiments of scorn for the subjects of her husband, how easy it is to turn such natural features as she may possess, however beautiful or majestic they may, even by general admission, be really regarded, into a species of ridicule, with which no mean amount of ludicrous sarcasm might be made to mingle. She now, however, began to suffer deeply, and we hope we shall speak of her great misfortunes with the respect which the grief they usually bring with them demands, if we cannot command entire sympathy with a character so remarkably imperious as frequently to display a daring disposition, somewhat allied to the impetuous tyranny of a thoughtless and stubborn will. But let us first approach the garden of the Tuileries.

To the Hand-books and the Guide-books, the Murrays and the Galignanis, or the numerous other productions of similar description, the visitor of Paris must appeal for the mere notification of such facts and events as are associated with the many buildings, spots, and places which unitedly impart to the capital of France such an extraordinary interest. For more extended information he must apply to other sources. The many particulars supplied by the Hand-books would, as a matter of course, be quite out of place here; but such historical events, personal opinions, judgments, and criticisms as suggest themselves while on the spot, may be regarded as the legitimate province in which the tourist can, with such effect as he is able to produce, employ his pen without violating the rule of an unbiassed partiality.

What the classic wanderer will most admire in the garden of the Tuileries will be the statuary. To every group or subject that may arrest his attention it is unnecessary here to advert, but one or two of them may be noticed. Unless their positions are changed, at the northern extremity of the alley, crossing the flower-garden, there is a representation of Prometheus chained to the rock, which vividly recalls the legend of this daring Titan, so remarkable for his knowledge and address. Even Jupiter, king of gods and men, was deceived by him. A fraud which Prometheus practised upon him induced the god to deprive mankind of the use of fire. This was to punish a whole race for the crime of one.

Prometheus, however, climbed the heavens, and by theft regained possession of the element. For this he was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, and a vulture sent to feed perpetually upon his liver. This is the classic story which the sculptor Pradier adopted for the exercise of his talent. Though given as a fable, the legend of Prometheus is not without its meaning. It is supposed that the stealing of fire has reference to the discovery of the many useful purposes to which it can be applied, whilst Prometheus himself is called the inventor of many useful arts.

On the west of the central basin of the flower-garden there are four groups, of great magnificence. They represent the Rape of Cybele by Saturn; Lucretia and Collatinus; Eneas bearing Anchises, and leading Ascanius—this is a finely suggestive group; and lastly, Boreas carrying off Oreithyia. Thoroughly to appreciate works like these, it is absolutely necessary that the visitor should be “well up” in ancient history, and should also have some knowledge of the anatomy of the human form. Without this, the real enjoyment of the statuary in the garden of the Tuileries can by no means be expected. Some of the individual subjects are striking, and serve to recall the days in which the men they represent flourished. Among these we may notice Pericles, the warrior, orator, and statesman of Athens; Phidias, himself the most famous of all the Greek sculptors; Cincinnatus, the illustrious Roman, who was taken from his plough, which he left with regret, to save his country. This performed, he again returned to work contentedly upon his farm; the grandson of Cato the Censor, famous for his temperance, wisdom, eloquence, and valour, and who, at the age of eighty, set about studying and acquiring a knowledge of the Greek tongue. These are but a few of the subjects, representing antiquity, to be found in this garden. There are many more; and as they are usually so disposed as to command observation, there are few resorts in Paris where a quieter, more pleasing, and more instructive hour may be spent in a public place than in this delightful spot. We return to Louis XVI.

After the events recorded in the last chapter, the king and his family were confined in the Temple, a building demolished since that period. There had been doubts in the assembly for some time whether he could be tried; and whether, having been dethroned, he could be any further pursued. The cold-blooded, cruel Robespierre* appeared in the tribune

* Robespierre had four baptismal names, but his paternal patronymic will suffice for him in this place. In history, the innocent blood which he shed is quite sufficient to perpetuate his name in the records of infamy. He was born at Arras, and was educated at the expense of the bishop of that town. On the outbreak of the Revolution he became a member of the National Assembly, and soon rose to be the most prominent leader of the Jacobins. He declared that France must be revolutionised, and was made public accuser. Having risen to power, he maintained it by his terrific acts of cruelty. The prisons were crowded with victims of all ages and of both sexes. Numbers were daily put to death, and the streets may be said to have literally run with blood. At length he was accused of seeking his own aggrandisement by sending his old colleagues to the scaffold, and he was condemned to death. He was taken; but contriving to make his escape, marched against the Convention; yet he had not the courage to persist, and was again made prisoner. He attempted to destroy himself by a pistol-shot, but only succeeded in breaking his jaw. In that condition he was, with twenty-two of his associates,

and settled the point. "Louis *was* king," said he; "the republic *is* founded; the great question which occupies you is decided in these words—Louis is not to be tried; he has been tried already; he is condemned, or the republic is not absolute." After delivering these few words of affected, oracular decision, he demanded that the Convention should declare Louis XVI. "a traitor to the French, guilty towards humanity, and condemn him forthwith to death in virtue of the insurrection."

Notwithstanding the ferocious demand of this monster of blood and cowardice, Santerre received orders to conduct Louis to the bar of the Convention. This military brewer forthwith proceeded, accompanied by the mayor, to the Temple, communicating to the king his message, and requiring him to state whether he would go to the Convention. For a moment the dethroned sovereign hesitated, and then said—

"It is only another piece of violence to which I must yield."—Oh! what a fall was here!

When the Convention was informed that Louis was coming towards the hall in which they were sitting, Barrère,* one of the members, rose and said—

"Representatives! you are now about to exercise the right of national justice; let your manner be conformable to your new functions." Then turning towards the tribunes, he said—

"Citizens! remember the terrible silence which accompanied Louis when he was brought back from Varennes—a silence which was the precursor of the judgment of kings by the nations."

This is one of the many attempts of the orators of this period to say *fine things*, and to invest their sentiments with ideas of the *grand*—a word which, in the eyes of Frenchmen, is applicable to a great many acts of their own, but that fail to strike the minds of other nations as being anything above the ordinary character of current events. Louis, however, has arrived, and is standing at the bar, when the president says to him, apparently with very little ceremony—

"Louis, the French nation accuses you; you are now about to hear the reading of the act declaratory of the charges. Louis, sit down."

Louis sat down, and throughout the reading of the charges made against him, demeaned

dragged to the guillotine. His character was deservedly decried. Though eloquent, and not mercenary, he was cowardly and cruel. By his followers he was surnamed the "Incorruptible," a noble title had he been otherwise manly and merciful. At his death he was worth no more than fifty cents. His low and shocking qualities were so largely in excess of his better faculties, that he was as great a foe to democracy as he was to aristocracy and monarchy. In short, he hated mankind, and the earth was well rid of him, and could have spared him sooner.

* Bertrand Barrère de Viansar voted for the death of the king, whom he characterised as "Louis the Traitor." During the Revolution, he received, from his flowery style when speaking or writing of the acts of the republicans, the name of the "Anacreon of the Guillotine." He was an intimate associate of the bloodthirsty Robespierre, and after his death retained some influence. He was, by Bonaparte, made the editor of a paper, on the condition of declaiming against "perfidious Albion," and became attached to the police. On the fall of his patron he retired to Belgium, but in 1830 returned to Paris, where he died in 1841.

himself with great calmness, and showed much presence of mind. He replied to the questions put to him, not only readily, but triumphantly. This was of little use, however, His fate had been sealed before he appeared there.

When he returned to the Temple, the Convention took into its consideration the demand he had made to be allowed a defender. Some of the faction of the Mountain,* however, opposed this motion; but, in the face of this opposition, the Convention determined that Louis should have the benefit of counsel. He, himself, had mentioned Target and Tronchet; but the former refused, and mayhap gave to the venerable Malesherbes the opportunity of offering his services to defend his fallen sovereign.

"I have twice (he wrote) been called to be counsel to him who was once my master, at a time when these functions were ambitiously sought by every one. I owe him the same service when these functions are considered dangerous by many." This is plain speaking, and is really *grand*, requiring no strained and ostentatious eloquence to set it off.

The honourable and generous request of Malesherbes was acceded to by the Convention, and Louis, in his abandoned condition, was sensibly touched, as well he might be, by this voluntary proof of devotion to his cause. When the aged counsellor entered his chamber, Louis went up to him, and, embracing him, said—"The sacrifice which you make for me is much the more generous as you expose your own life without a chance of saving mine!" The truth of the remark was destined to be verified in so far as his own life was concerned. This reception of Malesherbes was melancholy, but both he and Tronchet busied themselves uninterruptedly with the defence, and called to their assistance M. Desèze. These three friends endeavoured to sustain the courage of the king; but he was almost destitute of hope. "They will take my life," said he; "of that I am sure: but no matter; let us busy ourselves with our process as if I were sure of gaining it; indeed, I *shall* gain it; for the memory I shall leave behind me will be spotless." The sentiment is inspiring, and the virtues that adorned his private life were many and indisputable.

The day of trial at length arrived, and the speech of the defence was pronounced by Desèze. Louis was present, and the utmost silence pervaded both the assembly and the galleries. The chief part of the defence drew the attention of the audience to the justification of Louis, and an attribution to him of intentions which were, at all times, both pure and irreproachable. He thus concluded his address—

"Listen, first, what fame will say to history. Louis, who ascended the throne at the

* The Mountainists were a faction that, at the opening of the conventional sittings, occupied the left top seats, from which circumstance they received their name. To this party belonged Danton, Robespierre, Barbaroux, Fabre d'Eglantine, Chabot, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, and the members of the commune of Paris. These aspired to govern the republic which they had erected, although the Girondists disputed with them the honour and advantages of that revolution. The Mountain party was deficient in numbers, but it supplied this by intrigue and audacity. It was, also, inferior in point of legal influence; but, notwithstanding these disadvantages, it was a terrible power. The party of the *Plain*, or *Mérais*, was without organisation. It consisted mostly of members possessed of neither political hatreds nor attachments, and endeavoured to be just so long as it had no reason to fear its own safety.

age of twenty, carried with him there an example of morals, of justice, and of economy; he had no weakness, no corrupting passions, and he was the constant friend of the people. The people desired that a disastrous impost should be abolished, and Louis abolished it; the people asked for the abolition of servitudes, and Louis destroyed them; they demanded reforms, he consented to them; they wished to change the laws by which they were governed, he agreed to their demands; the people required that some millions of mankind should recover their rights, and these he surrendered to them; the people asked for liberty, and they received it from him. No one can dispute that Louis had the glory of preventing the demands of his people by making these sacrifices; and he it is whom it has been proposed to * * * * Citizens, I cannot go on; I pause before history; remember that history will judge your judgment, and that her's will be that of ages to come."

Whatever might be the oratorical power exhibited in the delivery of this defence, it was vain. The assembly had shut their ears against the cry of humanity, as they had closed their hearts against the voice of mercy. Louis was declared guilty, and deputations appeared at the bar of the Convention demanding his death, and this was decreed.

Louis was not disappointed. He expected death; and when Malesherbes went in tears to inform him of his sentence, he found the fallen sovereign sitting alone, and in darkness, his elbows resting on the table, and himself absorbed in profound meditation. This is a touching picture, and requires but a slight effort of the imagination to realise it. The situation reminds us of a fine sentiment in Voltaire's "Zayre," translated and amplified by Aaron Hill:—

" Silent and dark,
Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
And listened to his sorrows."

At the sound made by Malesherbes on entering, Louis rose, and said—

" For the last two hours I have been endeavouring to discover whether, during my reign, I could ever accuse myself of deserving from my subjects the slightest reproach. Well, M. de Malesherbes, I swear to you, in all sincerity of heart, and as a man about to appear before God, that I have constantly desired the welfare of my people, and never formed a wish that was contrary to their happiness."—Such a king should not have been guillotined by his own people!

When Malesherbes was leaving, he asked him not to abandon him in his last moments, and the counsellor promised to return. This he accordingly did several times; but was never admitted to the presence of the king, who asked frequently for him, and grieved much that he could not see him again.* He received, without disturbance, the news of his

* Christian William Lamoignon Malesherbes was very eminent as a lawyer, and, in 1750, was appointed president of the Court of Aids, which he held, with great reputation, for upwards of twenty years. He resigned

sentence, which was signified to him by the Minister of Justice. He desired three days to prepare himself to meet his God. It was denied. He asked to be assisted by a priest, whom he named, and to communicate freely with Marie Antoinette and his children ; which were granted.

At his last interview with his family, the separation was so dreadful, that he made the promise to see them again ; but when he returned to his chamber, he said, "I shall not go." He felt that the trial would be too much for him, and he endeavoured to think of nothing now but his preparations for death. On the night immediately preceding his execution, he slept tranquilly, and on being awoke, at five o'clock in the morning, by Cléry, his faithful attendant, he made his last testament. He received the communion, and charged Cléry with his last words, and with all the property he was permitted to dispose of by will—a ring, a seal, and some hair—no great legacy for a Bourbon king ! Already the drums are beating. Confused sounds of cannon being dragged along, and human voices are heard. Santerro, the brewer, arrives. "You are come for me?" says Louis ; "I only require a moment." He then hands his will to a municipal officer, asks for his hat, and, in a firm voice, says, "Let us go !"

The carriage took an hour to pass from the Temple to the square of the Revolution. A double line of soldiers guarded the road, and upwards of 4,000 men were under arms. Paris was in mourning. Among the citizens present at the execution, there were neither signs of approbation nor regret apparent ; all were silent. On arriving at the place of execution, Louis descended from the carriage. With a firm step he mounted the ladder of the scaffold, and received, on his knees, the blessing of the priest, who, it is generally believed, said to him, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven !" He allowed his hands to be tied, although with reluctance ; then, turning to the left of the scaffold, he said—

"I die innocent ; I forgive my enemies, and you, unfortunate people." * * * *
The signal for the drums to beat is given ; their roll drowns his voice, and the executioners rudely seize him. By ten minutes past 10 o'clock Louis XVI. has ceased to exist.

We will now turn to Marie Antoinette, and briefly sketch her life. The wife of Louis, and Queen of France, was the Archduchess of Austria, and daughter of the Emperor Francis I. and Maria Therese. She was wedded to Louis while he was yet dauphin, in 1770. At the celebration of their nuptials in the May of that year, certain events took place of an ominous description, and sufficiently startling to excite alarming prognostications in the minds of the timid and the superstitious. A couple of terrific thunder-storms

this office to retire, to live on his paternal estate. In 1775 he was recalled, and made Minister of State for the Interior. Under his administration prisons were visited, and many public reforms effected ; but, in the following year, he gave in his resignation. At the breaking-out of the Revolution, he indulged the hope that it would have been productive of a much better state of things ; but this hope proved illusory. Not long after pleading the cause of his unfortunate sovereign, he, his daughter, and his grand-daughter, in 1794, were condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal.

occurred during and within the days of the ceremonial of the marriage; and at the *fête* given by Paris a few weeks afterwards, upwards of 1,200 persons perished by the falling of a building erected for the purpose of displaying fireworks. On this occasion a large number of spectators were drowned in the Seine.

An event of the above description was calculated to excite the sympathy of the dauphiness. Accordingly, Marie despatched all the money she possessed to the lieutenant of the police, and desired that it might be distributed in such a way as best to relieve those who had been sufferers by the recent catastrophe. This was surely, as the saying is, "a feather in her cap."

On the demise of the French sovereign, it was formerly the custom for the people to pay a tax to the new queen; and when Louis XV. died, and Marie became queen, she caused the tax to be remitted, and, in so far as she was concerned, left her new subjects in possession of all that they had previous to her accession to the crown. This, if not generous, was at least kind and considerate.

The above acts appear to indicate a naturally ingenuous disposition, whilst the trials through which she was destined to pass at the Revolution, prove the possession of qualities, both of mind and heart, of the noblest description. When the Revolution broke out, in 1789, the full force of its fury was mostly directed against her; but amidst the most brutal scenes, whilst personally suffering the vilest indignities, she stood unmoved—like Venus alone on a rock of Olympus, with the elements of the universe raging around her! On the 6th of October, when the mob led the royal family in triumph from Versailles to Paris, vowing the most crying vengeance against her, she presented herself before them alone, and by her air of majestic intrepidity, disarmed their rage, and turned it into applause. On that memorable journey, the mob carried on pikes, before the carriage, two of the heads of the king's guard, which they had struck off, and which were covered with gore; yet was her courage unshaken. When she was arrested at Varennes, and conducted back to the Tuileries, still did her lofty nature continue erect. In the Temple, a prisoner, her heroic fortitude did not forsake her. When informed of the condemnation of Louis, she felicitated him on the termination of his distresses, and upon his near approach to an eternal crown. In July, 1793, she was separated from her son, and this seems to have touched her more than all else, for she burst into a transport of grief. In August she was, in the darkness of night, conducted to the Conciergerie, and confined in a damp and dismal dungeon. In October she was brought to trial, under the charges of having embezzled the public property, corresponded with foreign enemies, and transmitted large sums to the Austrian emperor. Of the truth of these charges, of course, we cannot be certain; but the French try always to find a justification for their excesses. The late Emperor Napoleon was made the scapegoat for the inglorious results of the Franco-German war; and his uncle blamed the elements for his retreat from Moscow. It was now to be shown that Marie had furnished ample grounds for the treatment she had already received, and that which was yet to come. Accusations of

crimes the most unnatural were brought against her ; and it brings a blush upon our cheek to think that men so unmanly and so cruel could be found to make them.

It was a fellow, the infamous Hérbert, who chiefly prompted the ill-treatment of the royal family. He conceived the idea of extorting from the prince, the queen's child, or, perhaps, merely putting into his mouth, a confession of disgusting vices pretended to have been taught him by her, his own mother ! Those accusations were easily repelled ; but she refused, at first, to reply to them ; and when pressed for an answer, she said, with great emotion—

“ I thought that Nature dispensed with answering such imputations ; but I appeal to the hearts of all the mothers here present ! ”

This dignified reply moved the whole of the assembly ; but, notwithstanding this, sentence of death was passed upon her, and she heard it with triumph. On the 16th of the same month (October, 1793), she was drawn in a cart to the scaffold, where, after raising her eyes to Heaven, she suffered the fatal stroke.—Peace to her, whatever may have been her failings ! Her body was thrown into a grave, and consumed by quicklime—the revolutionary mode of French cremation, we suppose. But her misfortunes had made frightful ravages upon her beautiful countenance, and had even altered the colour of her hair. These, however, as we have seen, could not shake the iron firmness of her mind, which had been highly cultivated. She conversed in the French and Italian with the purity and fluency of her native tongue, understood the Latin, and had a wide knowledge of geography and history. She was honest, and that she was kind we have shown. Thoughtless, no doubt, she was ; but who is not, at some period of life, especially in youth ? She left the son whom she so tenderly loved to expire in prison.

“ If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
’Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Lingering still about the Tuileries, with which the crowned heads of France have had so much connection, another scene acted in this palace comes back upon the memory. It relates to the saloon known as the *grand cabinet* of Louis Philippe, who here was wont to give audience, and here also gave his consent to abdicate his throne. It was in the course of the night of the 23rd of February, 1848, that barricades had been thrown up in all the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis—an ominous sign to royalty ! At eight o’clock in the morning, M. Emile de Girardin, principal editor of the newspaper called “ The Press,” arrived at the Tuileries, where he found MM. Thiers, Odillon Barrot, de Rémusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Lamoricière, seemingly entirely ignorant of what was occurring in the city. After a hasty consultation, these gentlemen drew up a proclamation, announcing the formation of a Thiers-Barrot ministry, and the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. Girardin immediately carried it to the printing-office of “ The Press,” to have it set up in

type and printed. But the insurgents, who were in force, when they were informed of its contents, would not permit its being stuck upon the walls, and ridiculed its object. M. de Girardin then returned to the Tuileries, and having previously intimated to Marshal Bugeaud the moral aspect which Paris was fast beginning to wear, was forthwith admitted into the royal cabinet. The king was sitting in an arm-chair, near the window, whilst MM. Thiers and Rémusat were leaning against the chimney-piece. Now, considering who these men were, and what was going on outside, their position, to our mind, really presents a picture of repose. But the scene must at once be imbued with the more active elements of life.

"What is the matter, M. de Girardin?" asked the king.

"Sire, your majesty is losing most precious moments; if something effective be not immediately done, within the compass of a single hour royalty will be no more."

The unwelcome intelligence which this speech conveyed to the royal ear, was confirmed by M. Merruan, editor of "The Constitutional" newspaper, and created incalculable surprise. After a brief silence, during which a marked expression of despondency crossed the countenance of the king, he asked, "What is to be done?"

"Your majesty must abdicate," returned M. de Girardin.

"Abdicate!"

"Yes, sire, and confer the regency on the Duchess of Orleans, for the Duke of Nemours would not be accepted."

The king replied to this by rising, and asking if they wished him to mount on horseback; but they did not wish this, and M. de Montpensier stepped forward and pressed abdication upon the king.

"I abdicate!" said he.

At this moment sounds of the firing of musketry were heard more distinctly, and seemed to intimate that the Tuileries would very soon be attacked.

"Is the regency of the Duchess of Orleans accepted?" asked M. de Girardin.

"Go, go!" exclaimed the king, and Girardin obeyed.

The editor endeavoured to reach his office of "The Press," that he might get a proclamation printed and published with as much expedition as possible. Finding, however, that he could make little progress for the numerous barricades that had been thrown up, and the immense crowds of armed people that stopped the streets, he returned to the palace. Its entrance was now thronged with persons who had repaired thither to learn the true state of affairs. By some of these Girardin was immediately recognised, and he hastily told them what had been done. Upon this, they advised him to draw up the proclamation on the spot, which he did, and several copies of it were passed from hand to hand and despatched, to be posted in such conspicuous places as they might at once be seen and read.

Whilst these incidents were taking place at the Tuileries, the Château d'Eau—demolished afterwards by the provisional government—on the Place du Palais Royal, was

being defended against a large number of insurgents, by a mere handful of resolute municipal guards, and a small detachment of troops. Although about 8,000 men, comprising infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were located but a few yards off in the court of the Tuileries, no reinforcement whatever was despatched to their assistance. Meanwhile the king had sent for Marshal Bugeaud,* who had, a few hours before, been waiting in readiness to take the command of the city; but now it was too late. The insurrection had become too formidable, and so the marshal informed the king. Dismay seized upon the royal family, who became more and more alarmed by the rapidly-increasing sound of musketry. The defenders of the Château d'Eau had been forced to succumb, and the victorious multitudes were fast approaching the Tuileries, which might easily have been defended had the king desired it. He, however, had been informed of the partial defection of the National Guard and of the troops, who had quietly surrendered their arms to the people. This was an intimation sufficiently alarming. He, therefore, resolved not to resist the action of the populace, in the hope that his quiet resignation might disarm whatever opposition might have been felt to the accession of the Count of Paris to the throne. Accordingly, orders were given to make no resistance.

Finding that there was no organised opposition offered at the palace, the multitudes which soon arrived penetrated into the court. The royal family were in a state of consternation; and what was to be done? The danger was too imminent to admit of a moment's indecision, and the king determined upon flight. The circumstances would not admit of hesitation, and the monarchy of Louis Philippe fell to rise no more. A few random shots were fired by the insurgents, one of which killed, on the spot, a young aid-de-camp who had been the bearer of his sovereign's last order; but this was chance. There was no indiscriminate slaughter for its own sake, as, too frequently, had marked former revolutionary insurrections of the French, and in a few moments the recent abode of royalty was occupied by the people.

* Thomas Robert Bugeaud de la Piconnerie became Duke of Ialy and Marshal of France. He entered the army in 1804 as a private, went through all the campaigns of Napoleon I., and by his valour rose to the rank of colonel. Even after the defeat of the emperor at Waterloo, he held his ground in Savoy; and on the 28th of June, 1815, with 1,700 men, he defeated 8,000 Austrians at L'Hôpital-sous-Confians. After the abdication of Napoleon, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits; but, in 1830, was recalled by Louis Philippe, to repress the insurrections in Paris. This he did with energy. In 1836, he was sent to Algeria, where he encountered and defeated Abd-el-Kader on the Likkah, but at Tafua made a treaty with the Arab chief. This was not advantageous to France; though in 1840 he was made governor of Algeria, and, in that capacity, discovered considerable administrative ability. Abd-el-Kader making his appearance again at the head of a large force, Bugeaud attacked him, and after several successes, was, in 1843, made a marshal. At Ialy he encountered the Arab army again, and with 10,000 men vanquished 40,000 Arabs. For this victory he received the title of Duke of Ialy. In 1847, he retired, dissatisfied with the manner in which his designs for colonising Algeria were thwarted. Called to the aid of Louis Philippe on the nights of the 23rd and 24th of February, 1848, the command of the army was, in a few hours afterwards, taken from him, just as he had adopted decisive measures to serve the monarchy. After the election of Louis Napoleon, in the December following, to the presidency of the republic, Bugeaud was taken into favour, and received the command of the army of the Alps; but he died the following year in Paris.

Whilst this was going on in the palace, a very different scene was taking place in the garden of the Tuileries. A few minutes before 1 o'clock, persons stationed on the balconies of the Rue de Rivoli might behold a mournful procession, wending its way along the southern terrace of the garden. The king, accompanied by some National Guards on horseback, and about thirty officers in uniform, emerged from the western gate, with the queen leaning on his right arm. Both he and she were habited in suits of black. His suite addressed the few persons on the Place de la Concorde in these words—" *Une grande infortune !*" Louis Philippe and his consort paused a moment, not by design, but by accident, on the very spot where, fifty-six years before, Louis XVI. had suffered decollation, and then retraced their steps to where a couple of small, black, one-horse carriages were stationed. Two very young children were in the first. The royal party entered the vehicles, which instantly set off at full gallop along the quays in the direction of St. Cloud, to return no more; and in these events it may, with Pericles, be seen that—

"Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave."

The residences of kings, like kings themselves, are subject to the influences of events. By a decree of the 26th of February, 1848, the Tuileries was to be, thenceforth, transformed into an asylum for invalid workmen. This, however, was never put in force. But during and after the insurrection of June, it was used as an hospital for the wounded. In 1849 it was devoted to another purpose, namely, the annual exhibition of paintings; but it was destined soon to experience another change, for it became the official residence of the late emperor, Napoleon III. So long as this sovereign lived and reigned in France, it continued to be the principal palace of the empire; but with his misfortunes it became unfortunate. The flight of the Empress Eugénie, the finding of some secret papers inculcating the policy of the emperor, and the concerts given by the commune, are its last historical episodes before its destruction in May, 1871.

It is melancholy to speak of a building, encompassed by so many splendid associations, as a *thing* of the past, especially when, but a short time ago, it stood as a magnificent monument, the existence of which was likely to continue for ages to come. But so must it be.

The *façade* of the Tuileries was nearly 1,000 feet long, irregular in architecture, but picturesque and imposing. The centre and the north and south wings were called, respectively, the Pavillon de l'Horloge, the Pavillon de Flore, and the Pavillon Marsan. Molière's "*Psyché*" and the "*Comédie Française*" were played, and Voltaire was publicly crowned, in the old Salle des Machines, upon the site of which was rebuilt Napoleon III.'s theatre and chapel. Under the late empire, by the permission of M. l'Adjutant-Général, the Tuileries was shown to visitors. The state staircase led to the Salle des Maréchaux, which extended the whole depth of the palace and the height of two floors, and was one of the most

splendid and gorgeously decorated halls in Paris. On the walls were ranged the busts of marshals and generals; the ceiling was exquisitely carved and painted, the four caryatides being copied from those by Jean Goujon in the Louvre. These saloons were fitted up by Louis Philippe, and there was a fine view from their windows towards the Arc de l'Etoile. Here have assembled the gay crowds which set the fashions to all woman-kind, and made the balls of the Tuileries famous throughout the world. Doors led from the Salle des Maréchaux, on the right, to the private apartments of the emperor and empress Eugénie, on the left, throughout the Salle du Premier Consul, used as a card-room; the Salle d'Apollon; the Salle du Trône, where a new throne replaced the one burnt by the mob in 1848, and the Galerie de Diane, the imperial dining-room.

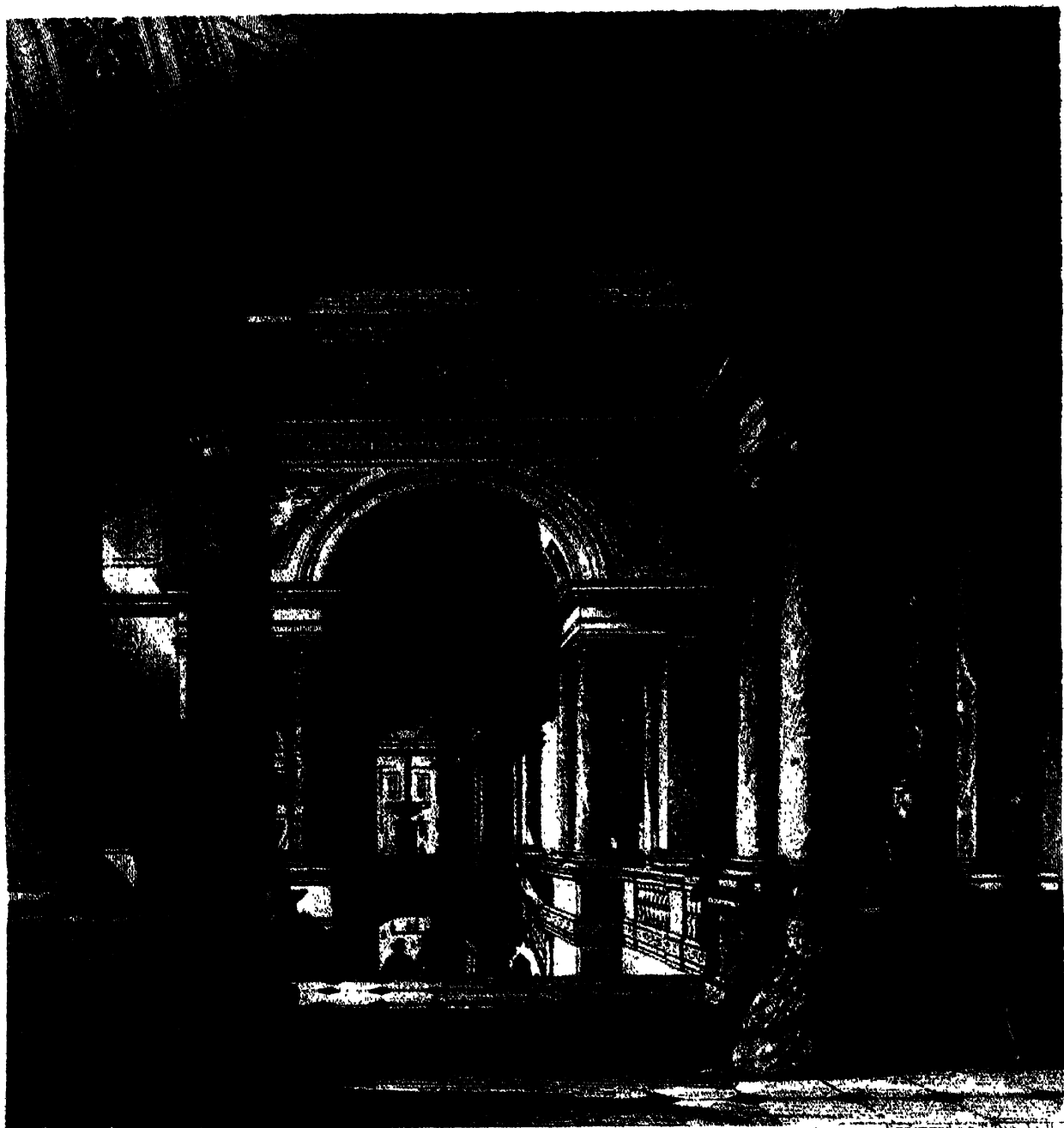
Such is a brief description of this noble palace, which was entirely destroyed by the measures of the commune. The homes of English sovereigns have their associations; we can show a window through which a king stepped on to a scaffold, and a blood-stain where a favourite was stabbed. But we must go to the Tower of London to match the associations of the Louvre and the Tuileries. The Tuileries and the Louvre were the shrine and the treasure-house of the empire, and one of them at least has gone with the empire. France and the world, however, can spare the Tuileries better—a thousand times better—than it could have spared the Louvre.

CHAPTER V.

RISE OF THE COMMUNES; THE LOUVRE; JEAN GOUJON; THE AMERICAN SALLE; SIMON VOUET; NICHOLAS POUSSIN; LEBRUN; JACQUES LOUIS DAVID; THE INSTITUTE; MAZARIN LIBRARY; COMPLETION OF THE NEW LOUVRE; STATISTICS.

AS we may, in our "travel's history," have frequent occasion to notice the energy and action of the French communes, it will not be out of place here to show how they originated and first acquired their power.

The long reign, for near half a century, of Philippe I. of France, surnamed L'Amoureux, witnessed the commencement of two great movements—the rise of the *bourgeoisie*, or inhabitants of towns, and the Crusades. Although the ancient Roman municipal government had outlived the dominion of that empire, it was ultimately overthrown and crushed under the feudal power. Notwithstanding this, however, many towns, by the middle of the 11th century, had become flourishing, and comparatively rich. Their inhabitants, however, were subjected to great oppression. Heavy taxes were not only laid on their persons, their houses, trades, families, and all the common transactions of life, but they were exposed to any extraordinary imposts which their superior lords, in need of money, might think proper to inflict. In northern France this was especially the case. In the south, things were some-



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Grand Carriage, Palace of the Louvre, Paris

what better. There the form and spirit of the ancient Roman municipal institutions had never been entirely suppressed, either by the invasions of barbarians, or the exactions of feudalism.

Under these social conditions, the body of townsmen, in their corporate capacity, was sometimes designated the *commonalty*, or the *commune*; while the members of the senate, or governing body, were frequently termed no more than *jurats*, because, on their election, they made oath that they would maintain the rights and liberties of the people forming the *commonalty*. We are told that, in some places, as at Marseilles, the body of the citizens was called the *university*, from the Latin *universitas*; in others, the *confraternity*, also from the Latin *confraternitas*.

These social as well as verbal distinctions are strongly indicative of the dawns of enlightened political organisation. But further, we find that the senatorial class received names, in different places, expressive of dignity, and even of equality, with the feudal lords of the neighbourhood, such as *prudentes homines*, or, as it was expressed in French, *prud'hommes*, prudent men; or *boni homines*, good men; *probi homines*, honest men. At Bourges and Toulouse the burghers assumed the title of *Barons*. In other instances, the chief magistrate preserved the title of *Consul*. These, then, we see are all derivatives from the language of the ancient Roman rulers; and the designation most generally assumed by the inhabitants of the towns of France, and almost universally in the north, was the *commune*, which, in the Latin charters, is variously expressed by the words *commune*, *communia*, *communio*, and *communitas*. In the north, the character of the communes was much more democratic than in the south; and the primary explosion of their spirit took place in the town of Mans, under the reign of Philippe I. The last "Communal" inauguration took place in Paris, on the 18th of March, 1871; and the atrocities perpetrated in the months of March, April, and May, were only equalled by those of the "Reign of Terror," in 1793. Generals Lecomte and Thomas, the venerable Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Duguerry, and sixteen other priests, were murdered in cold blood by the Committee of Public Safety. The Napoleon column was thrown down, though since set up again in the Place Vendôme; and when it became certain that the government troops were about to enter Paris, the communists set fire to many of the public buildings. How pitiable is the exhibition which men make of themselves, even in private life, when under the domination of excited passion! But, in public life, when in the heat of revolutionary wrath, they become wildly ferocious and destructive. All the evil elements in their nature seem to combine for the purposes of a concentrated and vengeful frenzy. Nothing but the destruction of themselves will arrest them in their career of destroying others. Before the collapse of the last commune, on the 28th of May, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Palais Royale, a portion of the Louvre, many churches, theatres, bridges, and other edifices, were destroyed; the second siege, conducted by the French themselves against themselves, adding a degree of desolation and wretched-

ness to the first, and evincing such a violent outburst of feeling as cannot be more appropriately expressed than by the single word "Madness."

Turning from these scenes of destruction, we will proceed to the Louvre, where, since we have been viewing man through the page of history, in his wildest and worst condition, we will behold him in his tamest and best, as estimated by some of the noblest monuments of art which have emanated from his genius. By these let him be judged, and redeemed from our censure! "What a piece of work is man," saith Hamlet; 'how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!' Let us judge him in the Louvre.

In connection with the Tuileries was the Louvre, the origin of the name of which is problematical; but the present palace dates from the time of Francis I. Catharine de Medicis lived in it, and built the wing containing the *Galerie d'Apollon*, from one of the windows at the extremity of which, it is said, her son, Charles IX., gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Henry IV. desired to connect the two palaces, and constructed the part which runs by the side of the Seine. Every succeeding sovereign has done something towards the Louvre; but it remained for the late emperor to complete the building. It is here that the most important collection of the fine arts in France is deposited, distributed, and arranged, in no fewer than twelve different museums. These are open to the public every day except Mondays; and those who delight in the examination of such objects, are here supplied with an almost never-tiring source of the most refined and elevating intellectual enjoyment. To individualise the works more especially worthy of attention, would be supererogatory labour, as the tastes of mankind are as various in the admiration of such works as are the subjects themselves. But let us show the manner in which the collection has been brought together.

To Francis I. is due the merit of originating the fine-arts collection in France, by first forming a royal cabinet, chosen from works in the antique and *renaissance* at Fontainebleau. His successors, however, seem to have been unappreciative of such productions, as, at the accession of Louis XIV., there were not even 200 pictures in all the royal residences. The death of Charles I. of England gave to Cardinal Mazarin the opportunity of forming a cabinet of his own, mostly from the collection of that unfortunate monarch; and, at his death, this was purchased by Colbert for Louis XIV. The royal collection was now increased almost threefold; and, under the fostering care of this minister and Lebrun, it was, by degrees, concentrated in the Louvre, with a view to its national utility. From this, however, Louis removed it to Versailles; and it was not till 1793 that these treasures were thrown open to the public. In that year, all the works of art which adorned the royal palaces were collected together in the grand gallery built by Henry IV. to connect the Louvre of Francis I. with the Tuileries of Catharine de Medicis. The museum of the Louvre, therefore, is not of very old date, yet it is one of the oldest in Europe—so tardy are

the rulers of men either to perceive or adopt plans which may have a tendency to improve the taste, refine the sentiments, or exalt the mental enjoyments of the people. It is too often the case, that those in high places have a contemptuous feeling for those in low places. It is such a feeling that greatly helps to bring about the revolutions of empires, and the creation of new dynasties. It requires little sagacity to perceive this; for the history of the Bourbons is before us, and the Bonaparte dynasty was, till lately, on the French throne.

The Louvre and the Tuileries are situate on the right bank of the Seine, between it and the street called the Rue de Rivoli. The two piles of buildings were completed and harmonised under the second empire. They occupied, with their enclosures, an area of nearly sixty acres, and might be said to have formed almost one single palace of surprising splendour and magnitude. The Louvre consists of an old and a new Louvre. The old Louvre forms nearly a square, 576 feet long and 538 wide, enclosing a quadrangle of about 400 feet square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, portraits, paintings, and other works of art. The eastern *façade*, looking towards the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, is a colonnade of twenty-eight coupled Corinthian columns, and is one of the finest works of architecture of any age or country. The new Louvre was inaugurated on August 17th, 1857, and consists of two lateral piles of buildings projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries which joined the old Louvre to the Tuileries, and formed the eastern boundary of the Place du Carrousel. These present, on the east side, a frontage of nearly 300 feet, intersected by three grand pavilions, containing space for government offices, the library, and exhibitions of fine arts. On the other side of the square are galleries set apart for periodical exhibitions of the works of living artists.

Having thus premised, we may now add that the Louvre was originally a hunting lodge, and was converted by Philip Augustus into a feudal fortress about the year 1200. His successors, especially Henry II. and Catharine de Medicis, added to it; and here, in 1572, Margaret de Valois was married to the King of Navarre. From one of the windows, as we have said, Charles IX. fired upon the Huguenots; and here Henry IV. lay in state after his assassination by Ravallac. Louis XIV. brought Bernini from Italy to complete the palace; but it was a Frenchman, Claude Perrault, who built the east front and its fine colonnade. Louis XIV. left the Louvre unfinished, a large part of it even standing unroofed down to the time of Napoleon I., who converted the palace into a national museum, into which he gathered both the art-treasures of France, and all the spoils of his early victorious campaigns. At the Restoration most of these spoils were returned to the countries which had formerly owned them; but the treasures which remained, and those which have since been added, make the Louvre one of the grandest museums and galleries in the world. As regards the number of works of art, it is certainly the largest, and many persons have thought it, on the whole, the finest; though, in Italian art, it must yield to the Vatican and Florence; in Dutch, to the Hague, Amsterdam, and Antwerp; in Roman antiquities, to the museums of

the Capitol and Vatican at Rome, and to the collection at Naples; and in Greek sculpture to the British Museum. Under the late emperor, Napoleon III., the whole collection was rearranged, excellent catalogues were published, and very great additions made in every department. The magnificent collections of the Marquis Campagna, of Rome, were purchased, in 1861, for nearly £200,000, and form the most important portion of the *Musée Napoléon III.* These treasures, as M. Thiers announced in the assembly after the destructive deeds of the communists in 1871, were saved to the nation.

To specify the works of art found in the magnificent collections in the different saloons of the Louvre, would be to repeat the hand-books and catalogues. We will, however, mention some of those artists whose names may not be so well known to the general reader as may be some of their productions.

Jean Goujon was a Parisian sculptor, who died in 1572, leaving behind him a "Diana of Poitiers," attesting the superiority of his work. The tribune of the "Salle des Cent Suisses" is also by him; but most of his works were destroyed in the Revolution, and he himself was killed by a shot from an arquebuse during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and whilst in actual employment decorating the Louvre. In the second room of the museum of the *Renaissance* sculpture there are several of Goujon's works; and one of these is the "Diana," of which we have just spoken. It is considered as his masterpiece, and shows the favourite of Henry II. in the character of a huntress. Though forty-seven years of age, she was still sufficiently beautiful to win the heart of the youthful sovereign of France. The room in which this work is to be seen is called the *Salle Jean Goujon*. In the room adjoining this is Francheville's principal performance, consisting of the four bronze figures, representing as many conquered nations, which formerly adorned the equestrian statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf. There are also some fragments of the statue itself, which was of colossal size. But a subject perhaps of more interest, especially to visitors of ethnological tastes, is the *Salle des Antiquités Americaines*, containing relics of the old Mexican and Peruvian empires. Here are things for speculation, especially to the inhabitants of the Transatlantic hemisphere. What is to be seen here leaves no doubt upon the mind that those countries, at the period of the Spanish conquests, were, in point of civilisation, not inferior to the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, or Tuscans. In many cases the sculpture presents a striking resemblance to that of those nations; and it is evident, from the hieroglyphics on the seals, that the art of writing was not unknown to that part of the world at the period of its discovery by Columbus.

Simon Vouet is usually considered as the founder of the French school of painting, whose father was also an artist, and from whom he received his first instructions. In portrait painting he acquired fame even while a mere youth; and having visited Constantinople, he painted Achmet I. At Rome he worked at St. Peter's for Pope Urban VIII., but was by Louis XIII. recalled to the French capital in 1637. He was then appointed chief painter to the king. His colouring is considered good, but he is deficient in many points, although he

accomplished for French painting what Corneille effected for the drama. He created and raised the national taste.

There are few lovers of art who have not heard of Nicholas Poussin ; he was the greatest master of the French school in painting. At a very early period his taste for art was disclosed. He was born at Andelys in 1594, and at the age of eighteen proceeded to Paris. Here, although he studied at the schools, they did very little for him ; but he worked hard privately in his own manner, and at the age of thirty painted "The Death of the Virgin" for a chapel at Notre Dame. This was such an excellent work that the poet Marino took the painter to Rome, and recommended him to Cardinal Berberini, with these words, "You will see a youth who has the spirit of one possessed." But much success did not follow his efforts at Rome, so he fell into poverty, and was compelled to sell many of his good pictures for a mere trifle. His mind does not seem to have harmonised with the spirit of his age, either in France or Italy. Ancient Greek sculpture was his absorbing admiration, and he studied it with intensity. His fame rose, and in 1640, Cardinal Richelieu recalled him to France, and he was made court painter ; but in three years afterwards he returned to Rome, from which no future solicitations could withdraw him. He lived twenty-five years in the "Eternal City," married to the sister of Gaspar Poussin,* without children, without a pupil, and without a servant, esteeming a quiet life, devoted to his art, as the happiest state of existence. In this who shall say he erred ? His genius led him, not to the living, but to the dead. The antique transported him into an elder world, and therein he took up his abode. He held converse with the Greek mythology, and his classical spirit imparted to landscape a higher significance, not only in the perfection of its own forms, but in the treatment of its figures. His art led him from the world in which he physically breathed, and was characterised by a severe simplicity, truthful majesty, a lofty beauty, combined with harmony. In Rome he loved to live, and there he died, at the age of seventy-one, in 1665.

The Gallery of Apollo was begun by Charles IX., and completed under Henry IV. On the 6th of February, 1661, it was destroyed by fire ; but in the same year rebuilt, the painting of the ceiling being given to Lebrun, who was afterwards appointed to direct the whole. The vault of the hall represents, at its northern extremity, the "Triumph of the Earth," painted by Guichard, from designs left by Lebrun ; and at the other, nearest to the Seine, the "Triumph of the Waters, or of Amphitrite," by Lebrun himself. Throughout this magnificent *salle* the hand of this painter is to be seen. He is one of the most distinguished in the French school, and, when a boy, was placed in the study of Vouet, and subsequently was sent to Rome. Here he was maintained by the chancellor, Séguier, for six years. In 1648 he was recalled, and admitted into the French Academy. Mazarin, delighted with his works, introduced him to the king, by whom he was taken into favour,

* Gaspar Poussin was born of French parents, at Rome, in 1613 ; his real name was Dughat, but he adopted that of his sister's husband, Nicholas Poussin. He was great in landscape ; resided long at Rome, where "Poussin's Valley," from which he often chose his subjects, is well known. He painted the series of landscapes in the church of St. Martino ai Monti at Rome, where he died in 1675.

and largely patronised. It is said that Louis XIV. would spend a couple of hours at a time in the artist's studio while he was painting the "Battles of Alexander," Louis being the warrior King of Macedon by allusion. For fourteen years he was engaged in painting the great gallery at Versailles, and received many high appointments in connection with the fine arts. At his suggestion Louis instituted the French Academy at Rome. For many years he was as absolute in the republic of art as his master was in the kingdom over which he ruled. He received the name of "Dictator," and his influence is even perceptible in numbers of the works of his time. But his egregious vanity stood greatly in the way of his being entitled to rank among the followers of nature in the pursuits of art. He was the most pompous, artificial, and theatrical of painters; and his productions, although agreeable to the pride of a court, would not exalt the grandeur of a country. His picture in the Louvre is "The Stoning of Stephen."

There is but one more French painter whom we will here notice, on account of his being denominated the founder of the classical school. This is James Louis David, who, after studying some years at Rome, returned to France, where, in 1789, he produced a picture of "Lucius Junius Brutus," who expelled the Tarquins from Rome. The study of such a character might possibly have given a bias to his own political opinions; for he became a violent republican. He was one of the loudest clamourers for the blood of Louis XVI., and insulted the fallen monarch at his trial. This might have exalted him as a revolutionist, but it degraded him as a man. Let it not be forgotten, too, that he had been painter to the king, after being admitted to the academy, and lodged in the Louvre. After the fall of Robespierre, to whom he was personally attached, he would have lost his own head but for his reputation as an artist. This forcible hint, perhaps, had the effect of inducing him to eschew politics and devote himself to his art, in which he became a dictator. During the consulate of Napoleon his influence was supreme. He not only gave celebrity to some of its events, but designed its official costumes. Bonaparte covered him with favours, and he gave all the dignity and grace he could to the deeds of the first consul. His last work in Paris was "Leonidas," which he painted in 1814. In that year, it is said that Wellington, accompanied by some English officers, paid a visit to his studio, and expressed a desire to be painted by him. It is laughable, if not pitiful, to add, that David received them coldly, said that "he did not paint Englishmen," and turned his back upon them. Perhaps he thought there was a touch of Leonidas in this, as that Spartan replied to the Persians. On the return of the emperor from Elba, David was made Commander of the Legion of Honour. The next year he was banished as a regicide, and took up his abode in Brussels. "Napoleon crossing the Alps," and "The Coronation of Napoleon," are amongst his greatest offerings to the emperor; but his best paintings, however good they may be in some respects, are deficient in vitality. Though his figures have the form, they lack the breadth of life, and are, therefore, little more than beautiful sculptures represented on canvas. Perhaps his best works are, "The Rape of the Sabines,"

"The Oath of the Horatii," "The Death of Socrates," and "Napoleon presenting the Imperial Eagles to the Troops." Opinions of his works, however, will vary, according as they are expressed by Frenchmen or by foreigners. He was born at Paris in 1748, and died at Brussels in 1825.*

Taking leave of these particulars, we may observe, that France surpasses all modern nations in awarding, in one shape or another, monumental honours to her illustrious sons. The sentiment which prompts this grateful act seems to be dictated by the feelings of a generous patriotism, rather than by the circumscribed pettiness of personal display. The buildings of all the great institutions of France are adorned with portrait-statues and busts of the men who, in connection with them, have achieved distinction. For example, the "Institute," which corresponds to the "Royal Society" of England, possesses its statues of philosophers and scientific men. The Mazarin Library has a collection of those most distinguished in literature generally. The Théâtre Français possesses an exceedingly interesting gallery of dramatists and celebrated players, which is only feebly reflected in the collection at the Garrick Club, London, founded by Charles Mathews the elder, comedian and father of the celebrated actor of the same name. The French collection is composed of statues and busts, representing the greatest dramatic writers and the most celebrated comedians of the French stage, of pictures of actors, or of paintings having reference to the dramatic art. The library is rich in autograph manuscripts, and in letters of nearly all the authors who have illustrated the French stage. It contains, also, the registers and account-books of the several theatrical administrations, without a single interruption, from the 24th of October, 1858—the date of Molière's first representation in Paris—down to the present time.

Returning to the Louvre, we may remark, that it seems to correspond to the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Hampton Court combined, and is certainly in every way worthy of the beautiful city of which it forms so valuable a feature. In addition to the other numberless works of art it contains, there are some 300 antique portrait busts and statues, and an immense collection of rare cameos and medals, amongst which are many valuable portraits of antiquity, and upwards of 200 statues and busts of great men of modern days, one-half of them being representations of military officers, with some admirals, and upwards of fifty portraits of painters and sculptors.

* When Robespierre had delivered his defence before the Convention, he carried his complaints to the Jacobin Club, to repose, as he said, his *patriotic sorrows in their virtuous bosoms*, where alone he hoped to find succour and sympathy. To this partial audience he detailed his woes, and reminded those around him of various heroic eras, when their presence and their pikes had decided the votes of the trembling deputies. He reminded them of their pristine actions of revolutionary vigour; asked them if they had forgot the road to the Convention; and concluded by pathetically assuring them that, if they forsook him, "he stood resigned to his fate; and they should behold with what courage he would drink the fatal hemlock." David caught him by the hand as he closed, and exclaimed, in rapture at his elocution, "I will drink it with thee!" As the world could have got on very well without either the policy of the one or the paint of the other, we may have lost a picture by their not having then, or even before finished their little drama with a cup a-piece of the Socratic drink.

Our engravings of the "Grand Staircase" and the "Long Gallery," convey an admirable idea of the style, richness, amplitude, and grandeur of this home of the arts, in connection with which are buildings which have received the name of the New Louvre. In the time of Louis XIV., there was, it may be said, a vast congeries of filthy streets intervening between the palace of the Tuileries and the Old Louvre; so that even so late as 1850, it was no easy matter to pilot one's way amongst them, although they were flanked by two of the most magnificent palaces in the world. To have these removed was a matter that required consideration, for where were their inhabitants to go to be housed? The elder Napoleon was the first to make an inroad upon them, and he commissioned Fontaine, an architect, to prepare designs for the union of the two palaces. Political events, however, occurred to prevent the execution of this plan, and it was not revived till the reign of Louis Philippe, when party intrigues interfered to prevent its accomplishment.

Time went on till 1848, when the last document signed by the provisional government, was a decree for the completion of the Louvre. In the following year, MM. Visconti and Trélet submitted to the Legislative Assembly a plan, which was rejected, and nothing was done till 1852, when the late emperor, Louis Napoleon, then president of the republic, decreed a sum of 25,000,000 francs for the purpose. The first stone of the new edifices was laid in July of the same year, and the works commenced. M. Visconti dying in 1853, the management devolved upon M. Lefuel, who introduced some slight alterations in the original designs. The work, however, proceeded, and the rapidity with which this immense undertaking was carried on to its completion, is considered one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of Paris. This is especially the case when the vast public works simultancously proceeded with, are taken into consideration. The following computations, taken from "Galignani," will give the reader an idea of the amount of work performed.

"All the sculptures required the combined efforts of 53 artists; the total number of subjects executed is 264; the cost 1,643,400 francs. The total cost, up to January 1st, 1856, was 26,943,516 francs; and a further sum of 13,604,400 francs will be required to complete the work. The number of days paid to workmen was, at that period, 2,167,972, which, if reduced to years, would make 5,939. The total space covered and enclosed by the new buildings is 60,000 metres, and if the Tuileries and Old Louvre be added, a total of nearly 60 acres English will be obtained. There were 260,526 cubic metres of earth cleared away for the foundations; the quantity of materials employed is—stone and brick, 233,601 cubic metres; wood, 23,679 do.; iron, 3,154,000 kilogrammes; cast-iron, 94,000 kilogrammes; lead, 530,000 kilogrammes."

So much for a public institution designed to add to the glory of France, and strike with admiration the travelling stranger.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING IN PARIS STILL TO BE DONE; THE NEW OPERA HOUSE; ITS CONCEPTION; CRITICISMS UPON IT; DIFFICULTIES; DIMENSIONS OF THE BUILDING; EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR APPEARANCE; THE GEM OF THE WHOLE HOUSE; THE ROYAL HOTEL; THE OLD OPERA; NAPOLEON I. AND JOSEPHINE'S VISIT THERE; THE INFERNAL MACHINE; INVENTION OF OPERA.

THINGS which strike the observation of one visitor in Paris, may be such as will not strike that of another. We speak, therefore, with some diffidence when we say, that with all its marvellous attractions, there always appeared to us, during our stay in it, a want of completeness or perfect finish in the principal public objects of the French capital. This may seem strange; but the visitor, if he remember our remark, will see that it is not altogether destitute of truth. For example, on visiting Notre Dame, he will find some part of it undergoing repair; the Madeleine probably getting cleaned; some additions, in some shape, very likely being made to the Louvre; and so on, until he comes to the New Opera House, which is still in progress, and which, although opened for operatic performances, may be a considerable time yet before it is entirely finished. But, after all, what is it of the works of man that are finished in this world? His works are as endless as the activity of his powers of invention is extraordinary. Did Michael Angelo Buonarotti live now, he would still have some extra touch to give to his finest piece of sculpture, as Raphael would have to his grandest painting; and, until those touches were given, these works would not, in their eyes, have been finished. So with the "Paradise Lost." Did Milton live now, he would find some lines there to change, as Thomson would in his "Castle of Indolence"—a poem, in our opinion, among the most beautiful and finished in the English language. In short, there is nothing perfect, nothing finished; as is the case with the New Opera House of Paris, which, as we have said, may not be so for a long time to come.

Some particulars of both the exterior and the interior of this magnificent building must be interesting to every lover of the musical drama, wherever he is to be found. We will, therefore, here devote a little time to description and explanation. This Opera House has now been some years in course of erection and decoration. But the builders and decorators, we must recollect, have had no Amphion to animate them with his song; no Orpheus to stimulate them with his lyre! They have worked in the sun and in the shade without music, and we fear, sometimes, without mirth, except such as the notes of war may have provided for those who experience a strange and wild enjoyment in what we will take the liberty of calling for them, *most killing delights*. It is the music of another kind of *ball*, however, than that which flies from the cannon's mouth that will yet be heard in this New Opera House. It will be such as, it may be hoped, will reconcile the enmities which political divisions have begotten in Paris; such harmonious modulations as

Terpander reconciled the Lacedemonians with, or as civilised the Arcadians. We mean, in *effect*, as the performance must be different. To a thorough appreciation of music, much sensibility is necessary. Who will say that the French are deficient in this quality! There is, in our opinion, in the constitution of the modern Parisian, many of the elements of the ancient Athenian in the time of Pericles. But we must to the Opera House.

In 1862, the foundations for the New Opera House were commenced, and the building has been a long time in hand. "It is upwards of fifteen years," remarks a writer of the period, "since the emperor (Napoleon III.) and M. Haussman decided between them that it would be well to build a New Opera;" and the building was not opened till the beginning of 1875. Nature, however, does not prove so slow in her operations in dealing with her masterpiece; for the emperor is now no more, and M. Haussman is no longer prefect of the Seine. The Opera House, however, still goes on receiving the admiration of some, the condemnation of others, but exciting the wonder of all. When it was determined to have a New Opera, and when the ground was bought and cleared, the next step was to know to whom it should be confided; who should be the architect of such a structure as should surpass every other of a similar description, and be in perfect accord with the idea of its conception, and the musical taste of the nation over which the nephew of Napoleon I. exercised his rule. Who should he be? Where was such a genius to be found, even amongst a people whose ideas are usually of such magnitude in material performances, as only to be bounded by the limits of the diminutive planet in which it is their destiny to be cast and to dwell. In this, therefore, there could be no great difficulty. Happily, resources are great in France, and genius of every description abounds. According to a favourite French system, a competition was opened, and the result was, that M. Garnier, a very young and bold architect, was chosen to execute the commission. That he has performed his task in a manner to gratify the one feeling most congenial to the disposition of his countrymen, we believe is not denied; for their vanity is gratified to an enormous extent. The structure is the most pretentious in the world, whatever else may be said of it.

The New Opera is located in the immediate neighbourhood of the Grand Hôtel, between the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard Haussman. At a first glance, the aim of the architect seems to have been, to have given to the building a character of irregularity at once fantastic and striking; to have made it an object of public attraction, if not of critical admiration. The singular combination of bronze and coloured marble, of plain and of gilt statues, of caryatides and medallions, in which the names of composers and musicians are inscribed in gilt letters; the realistic groups which adorn the *façade*; the gigantic statue of Apollo, which towers over the roof, with the odd jumble of divers architectural styles, altogether present an odd *mélange* to the critical eye. On this account does it so strikingly arrest public attention, that it is impossible to pass by the top of the Rue de la Paix, without finding yourself among scores of others standing, and intently gazing at it. We believe the admirers of the Grecian style ridicule it, and say that it is not architecturally

correct. But what of that? Because the ancient Greeks did one thing, are the modern French to do the same thing? If the incorrectness arises only from its not being exactly to the rules of the Corinthian, what then? We know that the ancients adopted this order on account of its elegance, lightness, and magnificence in their temples dedicated to Venus, to Flora, and to Proserpine, because the flowers, foliage, and volutes with which it is decorated, seemed well adapted to the delicacy of such deities. But we know of no universally established rule, that makes it imperative that national tastes should not be allowed to exhibit national differences in their architecture, as well as in anything else. Even the Greeks themselves sometimes departed so far from the strict use of their own orders as to introduce statues in the place of columns, to support entablatures. For this purpose, statues of slaves, of heroes, and even of gods, appear to have been occasionally employed; and seeing that the Greeks, in their styles, even differed from themselves, we do not see why the French may not be allowed to differ from the Greeks. It appears to us that M. Garnier has designed his structure in accordance with the taste of his day, and has therefore been successful. An Opera House is not a temple of worship. It is designed to be a place for pleasure and amusement, more or less intellectual and refined; and the building which is best adapted to this end, is that which is the most appropriate.

There are several facts and points connected with the execution of M. Garnier's design, as exemplified in this building, which may be found to possess a greater interest than the style in which it appears. At the very outset of making the excavations, a difficulty of a most formidable character occurred—namely, the discovery of a subterranean lake. This seemed to threaten the plan with an interruption that must end in a total abandonment, if some measures could not be adopted, both to get rid of the lake, and, at the same time, assure security to the foundations. At length, after much pondering, it was concluded that there were only two courses to be followed—either the original plan must be given up, or the “lake” must be pumped dry. This latter course was adopted. For a whole year eight steam-pumps, worked by engines of six-horse power, were kept going night and day; in addition, the sides and bottom of this natural reservoir had to be walled up and cemented, and precautions taken, not only to prevent the infiltration of water at any future time, but to prevent any access of damp to the huge vaults, where scenery and stage machines would have to be located. For a long time all efforts to keep the water out proved fruitless. Every now and then some of the liquid would force its way through, and the architect was in despair; but reflection led him to the conclusion that, as the Paris water is heavily laden with calcareous sediment, probably it would block itself out, in the narrow fissures through which it yet found its way, by depositing that sediment. The conclusion proved correct. The infiltration gradually stopped; and as there has been no trace of its reappearance since the year 1873, the evil is considered permanently cured.

The fear entertained, that from the above circumstance the cellarage must continue damp, was entirely dissipated during the siege of Paris in 1870-'71. The valuable archives

and library of the Opera were housed there; and MM. Baudry, Lenepven, and other painters employed in the decoration of the building, deposited there all their pictures, designs, and sketches. When brought forth after the collapse of the commune, there was not the slightest trace of damp or mildew exhibited upon them. This was satisfactory; but the dryness of the cellarage was proved by an additional means, whilst the strength of the building was very severely tested. It was, at the time of the siege, used as a storehouse by the War Office, and thousands of tons of grain, rice, bacon, and brandy were stored at the basement, the supports of which had never been calculated to bear a strain so trying to its strength, solidity, and firmness. It is said that the weight the arches of the cellarage had, at this period, to sustain, was estimated at about 10,000 tons. When once the water was got rid of, the foundations were rapidly completed, and the work progressed regularly until the war interrupted it; but by that time the outer parts of the building—the shell, the roof, and no small portion of the outer decorations—had been finished. Of the amount of labour employed, some notion may be formed from the fact, that before the foundations had risen to the level of the ground, no less than 165,000 days' work had been done, and the materials consumed were as follows:—18,000 cubic metres of stone, 2,809 cubic metres of lime, 8,144 cubic metres of sand, and 1,021,443 cubic metres of ordinary and Portland cement; this is exclusive of building-stone, bricks, and ashlar. The whole quantity of brick and iron-work in the building is stated to be 800,000 cubic metres. The area covered by the building is 11,237 square metres. Its "cubic" capacity is 430,000 metres, which, taking the metre at 40 cubic feet, will convey to the reader a fair idea of its immense size. It is said that there is no other theatre in the world constructed on the same plan; and yet, notwithstanding its vast proportions, it is believed incapable of accommodating audiences so large, by several hundreds, as the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples.

Viewing the stage and the accommodation for the public in front of the stage, the first thing that strikes an old playgoer is, that it is a close *fac-simile* of the old Opera House in the Rue de Lepelletier, burnt down in 1873. The disposition of the house is quite similar. There is the same shape; that same excessive slope of amphitheatre, pit, and stalls; the same arrangement of the boxes, which saves space no doubt, but does not convey the feeling of finding oneself at home, which the English and the Italian plans generally secure. In fact, it is the Opera in the Rue de Lepelletier over again, only on a larger scale. The maximum of accommodation in the old house was for 1,835 persons; in the new house it will be 2,521. But it is claimed that 2,521 in the new house will be more comfortable than the 1,835 in the old one. The seats are more roomy. The stage in the new house is not very much deeper than that in the old house, but it is nearly 60 feet wider. A great question arose as to the lighting. Some of the Ministers of Public Works—and many have been in office since the New Opera was begun—were for doing away with the chandelier, and having an illuminated ceiling like the House of Commons in London. One minister

even set his face against foot-lights. There was, we have heard, a battle-royal on the subject; but finally M. Garnier carried the day, and foot-lights and the chandelier were sanctioned.

The great height of the houses with which the New Opera is surrounded, with their beautiful symmetry, make it difficult to realise to the full its dimensions. Standing, for instance, at the corner of the Rue Scribe and the Rue Auber, it looks to be little, if any, higher than the Grand Hôtel, and other adjacent buildings; but, from a distance—say from Passy, whence a capital view of it is obtained—its colossal dimensions are most conspicuous. On a clear examination, it will be found that much ingenious, manipulative art has been expended on its ornamentation. On either side the building is fenced by a balustrade in polished stone, tipped with parapets in pale-blue marble. On each side, fourteen nude female figures serve as *lampadaria*, in addition to eight bronze columns, which may be described as *bi-rostral* candelabra. On the left, or western side, a double semicircular carriage-way sweeps round in a graceful slope, under an archway, giving access to what was meant to be the private entrance for the emperor, and will probably now be used for the chief of the State. Columns of Scotch granite, highly polished, and surmounted by bronze ægis, “displayed” in heraldic parlance, and sixteen candelabra, complete the outer line of decorations. On the right-hand side (or eastern *façade*), a similar archway gives access to the carriages of the public. It is calculated that, within an hour’s time, 300 carriages can “put down” and drive off, without any hitch or block, at this entrance alone. The “State Box” is, as it were, cut off from the rest of the building, and forms part of a whole suite of apartments—a saloon for the empress, a state room for the emperor, with appliances for writing and telegraphy, dressing-rooms, waiting-rooms, guard-rooms for a cavalry picket, &c.

In addition to bronze and gold, different coloured stone and marble have been used to make the outside of the building look effective. Above the steps of the *façade* stands the basement, with its columns and statues; above this towers the *loggia*, with alternate columns of white and red stone, connected together by a balustrade, in which sea-green marble is blended with the white of polished sandstone. In addition, there are more columns—which may be described as cream-coloured marble—with gilt bronze capitals; there are *œils de bœuf* at the top medallions, containing the busts of musical celebrities in gilt bronze; above that, again, the frieze, or what stands for it, is overladen with gilding and mosaic work, and the bronze groups of the angles are supported by slabs of violet marble. A minute description of the outer decoration, however, is here impossible. It would occupy many pages to give an idea of it, and then it would be both confused and incomplete. Engraving and photography even could not do it. It is a coloured picture, with marble, stone, bronze, and gold instead of pigment, and the brush alone could give an idea of it. The outside of the building is calculated to prove detrimental to the inside; but when visitors have to proceed to the front through the devious ways at the back of

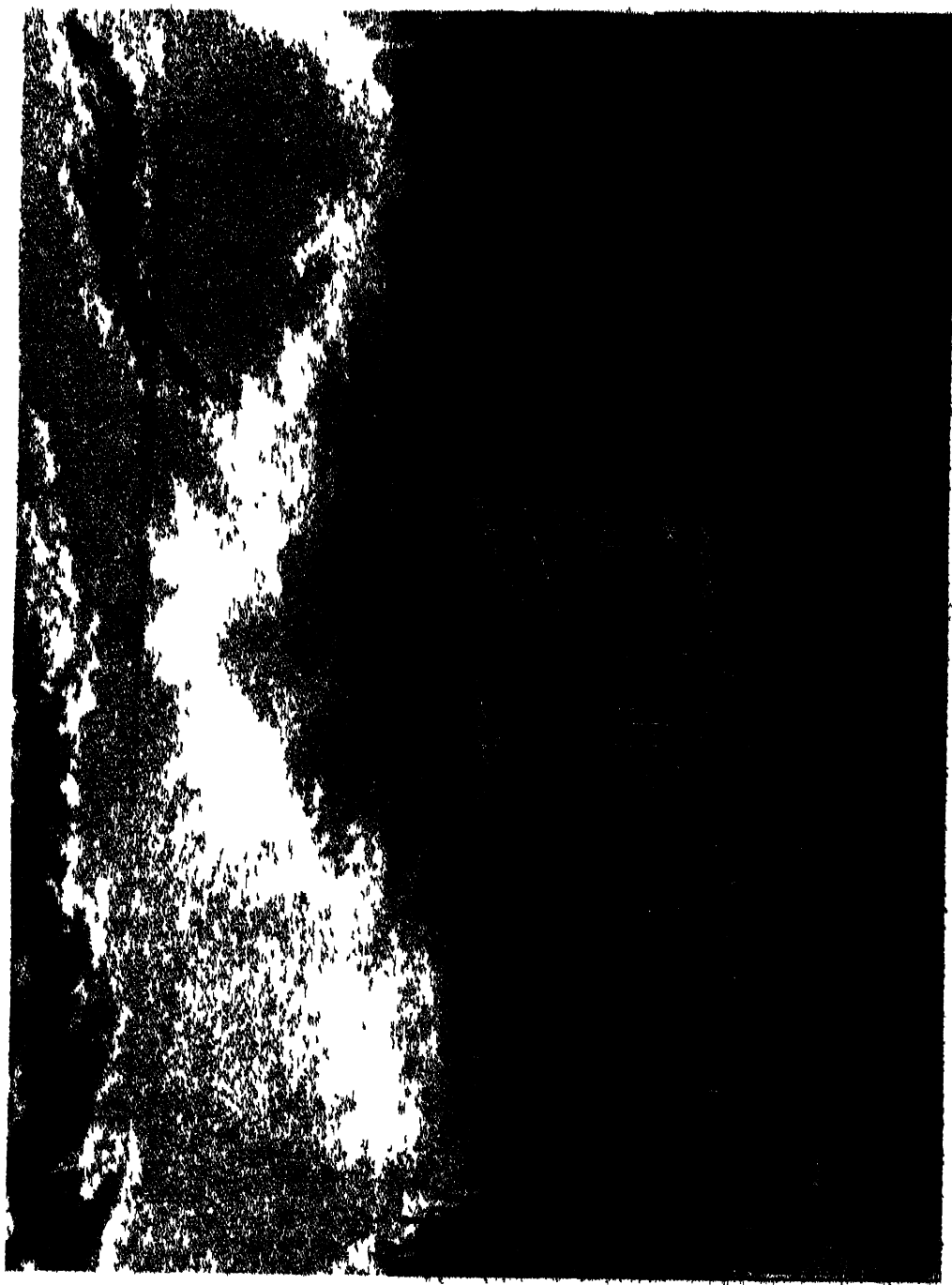
the building, the effect of the noble vestibule which forms the entrance hall is striking in the extreme. Towering up to the very roof of the building, a height of some 200 feet, the hall gives one a sense of grandeur which reminds us of the pictures of the mosque of St. Sophia. The staircase is a double one, in the horse-shoe form—marble, stone, onyx, all enter into its composition. It is a staircase for a Doge of Venice, not for practical use in a *bourgeois* age. Next to this, the two grandest features in the building are the grand saloon and the loggia into which it opens. The grand saloon is decorated with pictures by Baudry and Lenepven, and with profusely gilt columns. There is, perhaps, rather too much carving and gilding, and the height of the room is such that a powerful glass is requisite to see the paintings.

The interest which the opera, and theatricals of every description, possess in the French capital, is, perhaps, one of the surest indications that can be adduced of the refined and intellectual character of the pleasures in which by far the larger, as well as the higher and more educated classes, of her inhabitants indulge. The play—

“ The play’s the thing,
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king ! ”

says Hamlet ; but we fear the Parisian conscience is made of “ sterner stuff ” than was that of the Danish king’s, Hamlet’s uncle, who poured poison into the ear of the prince’s father, and then married his mother. The sanguinary realities of political revolutions render the heart callous to such remorseful feelings as mere stage representations might be supposed to inspire ; and these have been so frequent in Paris, and some of them so terrible, that a piece of murder on the stage may be regarded as a thing to be smiled at, admired, and applauded, rather than dreaded, by the generality of those who may have taken part in the desperate strife begotten of political dissension. To give pleasure being the object of the modern stage, everything that art can do to enhance that pleasure is laid under contribution, that it may be effected in the highest degree. Hence the expenditure of time, talent, and money lavished upon this Opera House.

A critic in one of the morning newspapers, about the time of its opening, thus writes—“ The manager complains, that when the boxes set apart for the chief of the State and the officials are accounted for, he will never have more than 1,900 places at the disposal of the subscribers and public. On the other hand, his annual expenses for gas, which formerly were 100,000*f.*, will now be 300,000*f.* ; and for firing, which formerly were 5,000*f.*, will now be 25,000*f.* He therefore asks to be allowed to raise the prices of admission ; but the minister is indisposed to grant the request. The house, except that it is new, looks just the double of that which has been burnt down. The ceiling, painted on copper by Loneven, brother of the composer, is designed in the style which Verrio and so many others made the fashion ; but it is at once too highly coloured and too full of figures to be unexceptionable. It seems to dwarf the building by its heaviness. The box for the chief of the State



The Grand Hotel Boulevard des Capucines.

PARIS

is on the right, looking towards the stage, and this will, doubtless, be occupied by the marshal, (MacMahon) on the opening night; but the spacious set of private apartments leading to it will not be finished for years to come. The marshal will enter his box like any ordinary mortal, through the subscribers' entrance. If the *salle* is comparatively small, no such reproach can be urged against the stage, which is immensely wide and deep; still less against the regions above and below. These are quite as spacious as the proscenium, or rather as the back of the stage. So enormous is the space, and so elaborate the arrangements, that every scene employed—even the largest—can be either lifted up into the flies above, or lowered into the depths below, without being rolled or folded in any way. The advantages of this system are obvious; but in no other theatre has such an expense ever been incurred. Immediately at the back of the stage is the gem of the whole house—the *foyer de la danse*. This is simply a *bijou*. A spacious apartment it looks, from the boxes, as you gaze at it across the bare stage—like a *bonbonnière*, such as you see at Boissier's on the *jour de l'an*. The walls are now partly taken up by four panels, painted by Boulanger, illustrative of the practice of dancing in classic and barbarous times; while the portraits of famous *danseuses* are ranged around the gilt cornice. Everything else in the room is covered with gold, except some statuettes of Cupids, and the ceiling, which is covered with birds and foliage. The side abutting on the stage is open, so that the *foyer* is a recess rather than a room, and the opposite side is entirely taken up by one sheet of looking-glass. The floor is inclined in the contrary direction to the stage, so that the short-skirted *danseuses* may practise their gyrations and exercise their pliant limbs on an inclined floor, and may watch in the mirror the exact effect they are about to produce upon their admirers in front. On emergencies this space can be utilised to deepen the stage, which will thus gain about 120 feet in extra length. Who shall say that, under republican, no less than Cæsarean France, *danseuses* and opera-goers will not be well housed?"

Should the visitor desire to take up his abode in the immediate neighbourhood of this New Opera House, and should his pocket be sufficiently heavy, the Royal Hôtel is close by, and there we promise him the very best of every sort of comestible that France can supply.

Whilst speaking of the Opera, we are led, by the law of association, to recall an event which, by mere accident, failed against the life of Napoleon I., as he, with Josephine, was being driven to the French Opera, then located in a space now occupied by the Place Richelieu. We must first premise that, during the interval from the battle of Marengo, in June, 1800, Bonaparte was principally engaged in calming the minds of the French people, in diminishing the number of the discontented, and in restoring to the State the factions that had been displaced. To those leaders who renounced their parties he was extremely complaisant, as well as prodigal of favours. Large numbers of persons proscribed he had recalled, and the war of La Vendée had been brought to a conclusion. Some of the

Chouans,* however, who had taken refuge in England, and who despaired of ever being able to resume their social position and property while he in whom was obviously concentrated the powers of the Revolution survived, projected his assassination. A party of these having landed on the French coast, proceeded, as privately as possible, to Paris; but finding very great difficulty in gaining access to the first consul, they devised a scheme of the most destructive description—indeed, it might fairly be characterised as *horrible*, from the utter regardlessness it discloses in reference to human life, whether of guilt or innocence. The original design of these conspirators was to poniard Bonaparte when he visited the Opera; but this being discovered by one of the number, a new project, of more complicated ingenuity, and of far deeper contrivance, was formed. This was the construction of what has since been called the *infernal machine*: it consisted of a barrel of gunpowder, into which was inserted a match, so as to cause an explosion at the very moment desired. This machine was placed in a cart, and drawn into the street called the Rue Nicaise. On the evening of the 24th of December, 1800, a celebrated performance was to be given at the Opera, and at which it was expected that the first consul would be present: and now we will refer to Barry O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," and give the account of this diabolical affair in Napoleon's own words:—

"It was about Christmas-time, and great festivities were going on. I had been greatly occupied with business all the day, and in the evening found myself sleepy and tired. Josephine came down some time after, and insisted that I should go to the theatre. I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lannes and Bessières. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I awoke, experiencing a sensation as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contriver of this plot was a man of the name of St. Regent Imolan, a *religious* man, who has since gone to America and turned priest, and some others. They procured a cart and barrel, resembling those with which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was placed crossways. This was filled with gunpowder, and placed nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass. That which saved me was my wife's carriage being the same in appearance as my own, and there being a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolan did not know which of the carriages I was in, nor was he certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this, he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assure himself of my presence. One of my guards, a great, tall, strong fellow, impatient and angry at seeing a man stopping up the way, and staring into the carriage, rode up and gave him a knock with his great boot, which knocked him down. Before he could get up the carriage had passed a little on. Imolan, probably thrown into confusion by his fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed,

* "The Chouans," says Thiers, "were men whom insurrection had habituated to plunder, and who could not do without it." They were much implicated in the Vendéan war.

ran to the cart and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards, and wounded the rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and wounded about forty or fifty gaping people (*badands*) who were gazing to see me pass. The police collected together all the fragments of the cart and the machine, and invited all the workmen in Paris to come and look at them. The pieces were recognised by several: one said, 'I made this,' another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men who were *Bas Bretons*; but nothing more could be ascertained. Shortly after, the hackney coachmen, and others of that description, gave a great dinner in the Champs Elysées to Cæsar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion; which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time; it was the guardsman who saved it by knocking the fellow down. At this dinner they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cæsar's health. One of them, when he was drunk, said, 'Cæsar, I know the man who attempted to blow the first consul up the other day; in such a street, in such a house (naming them), I saw, on that day, a cart, like a water-cart, coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I had never seen one there before. I observed the man and the horse, and should know them again.' The Minister of the Police was accordingly sent for; the man was interrogated, and brought them to the house which he had mentioned, where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. The master of the house, on being questioned, said that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added that they were *Bas Bretons*, and that one of them had the appearance of being master over the other two. Having now obtained a description of their persons, every search was made for them, and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed."

This is a plain, unvarnished, matter-of-fact account of this *infernal* event; but there are, to our fancy, one or two poetical incidents connected with it; they are these:—Bonaparte had fallen asleep as soon as he entered his carriage, and as the *cortège* was going through the narrow street of Nicaise, *he was dreaming that he was passing the Tagliamento by torchlight, when there was a terrible flood, which lifted up the carriage by its force.* Again; the coachman Cæsar was drunk, and drove furiously, and *imagined the noise was a cannonade in honour of his master.* Thus was Napoleon dreaming poetry, while his coachman was imagining glory, when, but for a miraculous chance, they would have been both blown into eternity.

The party whom it was destined to destroy entered the Opera House unhurt, and was received with the usual demonstrations of welcome. These had not subsided when the box-door was opened. Bonaparte eagerly exclaimed, "Josephine!" being about to inquire where she was; but seeing her, he sat down, merely saying, "The rascals wanted to blow me up." By this time an agitation was observed in the house; groups gathered in the lobbies, and soon the narrow escape of the first consul was known. Then the audience rose

as one man, and the warmest congratulations were expressed. These Bonaparte acknowledged from his box, and soon after returned to the Tuileries.

We will close this chapter with a notice of the invention of the opera, which is attributed to two Florentines, Ottavio Rinucci,* a poet, and Giacomo Corsi, a musician, about the beginning of the 16th century. It began with a lyric spectacle called the "*Amours of Apollo and Circe*," which was first played with success at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was introduced into France by Cardinal Mazarin, minister of Louis XIV. In 1669, letters patent were granted to the Abbé Perrin to establish academies of music in France. In 1671 the *Académie* of Paris was opened, when an opera, called "*Pomona*," was performed. The music was by Gambat, an organist, and the words by Perrin. The first vocalists and musicians of the Grand Opera were taken principally from the cathedrals in Languedoc. In 1762, the privilege was transferred to Lully,† under whose direction, and the poetical co-operation of Quinault, it received the appreciation which it has maintained, and continues to receive at the present day.

CHAPTER VII.

OPERA; DIFFERENT KINDS OF OPERA; OPERA BOUFFE; ITS ORIGIN TRACED; THE CARNIVAL SEASON; A MASKED BALL; CHARACTERS; THE THEATRE IN PARIS; ITS POPULARITY; MODES OF ADMISSION; FAIR AT MONTMARTRE; NEWSPAPER PRIZES OFFERED; ANECDOTE OF FRENCH IGNORANCE; THE CONFERENCE TOCQUEVILLE; THE CHATEAU DES FLEURS.

HAVING in our last chapter dealt with the New Opera House, we will here deal with the opera itself. Recollecting that Italy is emphatically the land of song, we find that there, lyrical performances may be classified under three heads—Opera Seria, Opera Semplice, and Opera Buffa. The character of these three different sorts of entertainment will at once be understood when we say, that such works as "*Norma*," "*Semiramide*," and "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," belong to the first; that the "*Barbieri*" and the "*Nozze*" belong to the second; and that "*Don Pasquale*" and "*L'Ocadel Cairo*" are Opera Buffa. Between an Italian Opera Buffa and the modern French Opéra Bouffe, however, there is no more resemblance than between the shores of the river Thames on the

* Ottavio Rinucci accompanied Mary de Medici to France, and became gentleman of the chamber under Henry IV. His poetry is characterised by elegance, and is much admired. He was born in Florence about 1560, and died in the same city in 1621.

† Jean Baptiste Lully was a page to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV., who had him taught music, in which he acquired such excellence as to be made superintendent of music to that king. He composed a number of operas, and the music of several of Molière's plays. He was a Florentine, and died at Paris in 1687.

Philip Quinault was a French dramatic poet, and is by some considered the first author of French operas. He also produced several tragedies and comedies of considerable merit. He was a member of the French Academy, and received a pension from Louis XIV. He was by birth a Parisian, and died in 1688.

Essex side, and those of the river Hudson on the west side, where the Alleghanies overshadow them with an alpine majesty. The mercurial temperament of the Frenchman, his active eagerness in the pursuit of new delights, has devised no fewer than four kinds of lyrical operatic entertainment. Thus he has his Opéra Comique—an extremely comprehensive term, since it embraces such sparkling musical vaudevilles as the operas of Auber and Adolphe Adam; besides such works as the "*Pré aux Clercs*," which ends almost tragically, and Balfe's "*Puits d'Amour*." Even Meyerbeer's "*Etoile du Nord*" was, we believe, on its first production in Paris, ranked in the *répertoire* of Opéra Comique. This shows how comprehensive is the lively Gaul's ideal of the *comique* in opera.

The kind of opera which is in Italy called the *Seria*, of the "*Norma*" and "*Otello*" type—the simple lyrical tragedy, requiring neither elaborate spectacle nor crowds of half-nude ballet-dancers—has never flourished in France, except as an exotic. There is a pretence of admiration for it; but speaking generally, the people are incompetent to understand it, and in secret really detest pure and unadorned lyrical expression. What they mostly admire is the musical performances of the French Grand Opera—the vast "machine," in which the solo-singing is more or less subordinated to the thunder of the instrumentation, the choruses, the ballets, the processions, the scenic transformations, and the red fire. The *beau idéal* of a French Grand Opera will be found in the "*Prophète*" and the "*Africaine*"—both mere "machines," and manufactured for the Académie Impériale de Musique, by a great German composer, sufficiently shrewd to know that those who live to please must please to live.

Having thus dealt with three of the phases of French opera—the exclusively lyric (which is confined to the Italians), the comic, and the grand—we will now deal with the fourth, the Opéra Bouffe, an excrescence of modern growth, or rather of modern revival.

This species of opera may be defined as a compound of the Italian Opera Buffa and of the Commedia d'Art. To illustrate the existing difference between an Italian Opera Buffa of the "*Don Pasquale*" type, and a Paris Opéra Bouffe of the "*Belle Hélène*" and "*Orphée aux Enfers*" order, it is only necessary to point out, that when these last-mentioned diverting pieces of *diablerie* were first performed on the southern side of the Alps, they were regarded with a kind of horror, nevertheless felt to be amusing, by the Italian public. They have never really become popular in Italy, but in Spain have found greater favour, and for some generations there, have flourished under the name of "*Sainete*" and "*Zarzuela*," as a sort of outrageous operatic farce. The revival of Opéra Bouffe in France, took place scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago. In the earlier novels of Honore de Balzac, written during the Restoration, reference is frequently made to this class of entertainment, as one which respectability rarely patronised; but throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, and the rule of the February republic, a period covering twenty-two years, these interludes were unknown to Paris. The wicked little Temple in the Passage Choiseul, which acquired, under the second empire, such evil fame as "*Les Bouffes Parisiennes*,"

was, under the monarchy of July, the "Théâtre des Jeunes Elèves de M. Comte"—a house where dramas of the most moral description were performed by juvenile actors and actresses, for juvenile audiences. What the Opéra Bouffe is in Paris, is sufficiently well known. Of the lyrical genius of such composers as Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, there is, we believe, no question; but it cannot be denied that their frivolous and sparkling strains have, in some instances, been accompanied with *libretti*, fundamentally of a very questionable, if not an absolutely profligate description.

With the music of Lecocq ringing in our ears, and with the recollection of the "Chorus of the Conspirators," impeding the progress of our pen in its lineal march across our page, we find it asked, "What is an Opéra Bouffe?" The question is easier asked than answered; but as few visitors to Paris will not regale themselves with such a piece of musical recreation, the question may be answered by a reference to the drama of antiquity. To do this is, fortunately, at present, not attended with much difficulty, as the question is exciting attention among the *litterateurs* of daily journalism; and one of them thus illustrates the subject:—

"In order to reply candidly and appreciatively to the question, it is necessary to go back very far indeed in the history of the dramatic art; for it must be premised that the art dramatic and the art lyrical were, in the morning of the drama, one and inseparable. The most popular celebrations of the people of Greece were the Dionysiac or Bacchic festivals, and the ritualistic processions accompanying them, in which the chief actors assumed the guise of fauns and satyrs, and covered themselves with goat-skins, disguising their faces by smearing them with the lees of wine. Under their satyr-like disguise they displayed an unrestrained licentiousness of gesture and language, uttering indecent jests and abusive speeches, in which nobody was spared. In the time of Pisistratus, a man, or an embodied myth, named Thespis, is supposed to have been a famous organiser of these ambulatory extravaganzas, which he conducted from a cart or wain; and he derives an additional claim to celebrity from having had the ingenuity to substitute grotesquely modelled masks for the mere dirty faces formerly assumed by the bacchanals. Out of these classical but normally blackguard ceremonies, that which we term the drama indubitably arose. Even the grandiose name of tragedy has nothing tragic in its derivation, since it is formed from the Greek word *tragos*, a goat, in the skins of which animals the simulated fauns and satyrs draped themselves. The *tragædos* was a singer, whose words accompanied the movements of a chorus of bacchanals, and the term *tragedia* was applied to his performances. In the same manner the *komædos* led the abusive and satirical chants of the revellers in the more riotous and licentious portions of the Dionysiac festivals. Subsequently, at even a lower depth, and among the coarser Romans, we find the *bufo*—the Italian *buffo*, the Spanish *bufa*, and our own buffoon—the toad-like droll, who, while somebody piped or chanted for him, diverted the company with antic gestures, extraordinary contortions, and hideous grimaces. The Greek drama must have possessed some precursor of the *bufo*, since,

as that drama became perfected, it was triply divided into tragedy, comedy, and satiric extravaganza. The entire performance was known as a trilogy, which properly should consist of three parts, tragic, comic, and blackguard; although, in later times, such a tripartite tragedy as the stories of Clytemnestra, of the Eumenides, and of Orestes has been called a trilogy. As for the satiric extravaganza, 'in its form it was burlesque to a wanton degree of extravagance, and its essence was licentiousness, combined with personal vilification.'"

During the Carnival season, we will take the liberty of supposing the reader to be with us in the French capital, and that he has no objection to see what, in common parlance, is called a little *life*. "And what is this life?" In the sublime image of Pindar's Pythian Ode, "*It is but the dream of a shadow*," we reply; but as we have already discoursed a little upon this point in our "Opening Reflections," we will proceed with the gaiety of the Carnival.

The principal attraction of Paris during this season consists in its masked balls; and if the experience of the first of these hilarious assemblages be any guide to success, the promoters of, or speculators in them, are not unlikely to reap a golden harvest. Suppose us, then, by about half-past 12 o'clock, amidst a crowd of several hundreds of people, assembled under the uncertain shelter of the Opéra Comique, and picture to your imagination the miserable spectacle of some postilions de Longjumeau, Roman warriors, and ballet-girls in short petticoats, shivering, notwithstanding their usual vivacity, in the cold, damp air. A heavy mist is falling, the wind blows keenly round the corners of the streets, the glittering pavement is kept clear by numbers of officious policemen, and yet there they remain for nearly an hour—the masquers on one side of the square, and we among the spectators on the three other sides. The scene is deplorable, but it is the weather that makes it so, and we begin to question our sanity in standing there, especially as there are, in the immediate neighbourhood, other places into which we may enter and seat ourselves comfortably. Accordingly we repair to an adjoining *café*, where we find ourselves in the midst of one of the motliest gatherings of human beings imaginable.

The usual *habitues* of this receptacle—old men who evidently spend every evening here playing dominoes with their companions all the year through—find their quiet disturbed by a rush of young swells in evening dress, who are chaperoning young ladies in black, and muffled to the eyes in impenetrable veils of lace, which, with the small mask and fall, completely conceal their "human faces divine," as Milton would say, if they have not an air of the opposite kind. On a closer examination, we arrive at the conclusion that these are mostly strangers, or, at all events, provincials, for no Parisian lady would think of going to a *bal masqué* unless it were with the provision of a private box. Besides these in the *café* there are several costumes. Here is Mephistophiles, whose diabolical dress is far from being in keeping with the very demure expression of his face; yet may there be more under that look than we can penetrate. Here is also a Don César de Bazan, who does not seem to be

possessed of much of the swagger of the character he would represent; he scowls, however, at every one who stares at him, and this may help to make up for the lack of the real quality he evidently is in need of. But it is near 1 o'clock, and a general movement without announces that the doors of the theatre are at last opened.

As it is the first night of a *bal*, the small *foyer* is rapidly filled, so that in a very short time it is even difficult to move. The staircases are lined with plants, a recess is built into the *foyer* to serve for a *bouffet*, and there, peering out from a mass of foliage, is the mischievous face of old Auber, apparently drinking-in a rich enjoyment from the *life* of the scene he loved so well. But how is this? Why is the floor of the theatre still uncovered by guests? nay, even yet unvisited by them, and only workpeople there, nailing down the last planks, covering the benches with velvet, and lighting the chandeliers? Let us enter a private box, and wait till these mechanical operations are completed. We scarcely enter this retreat, however, when the musicians strike up a quadrille tune, the entrances to the floor are opened, and in rushes a motley group, who immediately take their places and plunge into all the licensed extravagances of a popular dance, called the *Can-can*. Here now have we nothing to do but sit, look, laugh, and criticise. We are in the very midst of the wild witchcraft, the rollicking *diablerie* of a certain sort of Parisian *life*, and let us survey it.

The first to take the floor form a party of peasants, the females being represented by men, whose rude antics and violent gesticulations furnish the principal part of the amusement of the night. The female class generally, however, seem very partial to the habiliments of the male sex, for many of them appear as midshipmen in trousers of most unseaman-like tightness, as *toreros* with glittering embroideries, as pages in very abridged trunks, and as Neapolitan fishermen in shirts, but apparently with little else to cover them. These sorts of characters form a very large portion of the assembly. We see that originality among the costumes is not very great; but there is one thing to be remarked—that decency is well observed for a Parisian masked ball. It appears, however, that some parties are refused admission on account of the character of their costumes; they make a noise, but the enjoyment of the scene is not disturbed by them. In conclusion, the activity of the dancers is very great, and every one seems more desperate than another in the determination not only to give amusement, but to be amused.

The theatre in Paris is one of its most important institutions, and occupies much of the attention of its intellectual life. In the 13th century the actors almost entirely belonged to the clerical class; and in 1398, a corporation, entitled the "Brethren of the Passion," established, for dramatic performances, a regular theatre at St. Maur-des-Fossés, near Paris, and performed plays called mysteries or miracles, founded upon events in the New and the Old Testament. These religious players subsequently obtained permission from Charles VI. to perform in Paris, when they engaged for their theatre the hall of the hospital of the Trinity, outside the Porte St. Denis, where they continued to perform till 1539. About 1570, Italian companies visited Paris; but as they excited the jealousy of the Brethren of the

Passion, and as the privileges of these were, by the *Parlement*, always respected, the stay of the Italians was but of short duration. Cardinal Richelieu was a great patron of theatricals; and about 1650, a number of young men, at the head of whom was Molière, formed a company, and erected a theatre, which they named "Le Théâtre Illustre." In 1658, they performed in the Salle des Gardes at the Louvre, before Louis XIV., who being gratified with their performance, assigned them a gallery in the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, to be converted into a theatre. In 1660, they removed to the Théâtre du Palais Royal, built by Cardinal Richelieu, and assumed the title of "La Troupe Royale." Under the two following reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the number of theatres in Paris greatly increased, but a cloud was impending over them.

With the reign of Louis XVI. came the great Revolution, which abolished whatever privileges the French comedians enjoyed, when a great number of small places for theatrical performances sprang up, and reduced the whole to the utmost distress. To improve their condition, Napoleon I., in 1807, suppressed all the theatres in Paris save nine, on a compensation being made to the others. After the restoration of the Bourbons, several new theatres were opened, and the drama encouraged by the government, which gave annually, out of the civil list, a certain sum for the maintenance of theatricals. After the Revolution of 1830 this assistance was continued; and through the reign of Louis Philippe the number of theatres was slightly increased. During that period, however, the dramatic taste of the nation had by no means improved. But the classic drama was, for a time, revived by the genius of Rachel, who brought back to the Théâtre Français, whence they had been banished since the death of Talma, Corneille and Racine. These great names, however, seem again to be *shelved*, no doubt until some other star sheds a new light upon the ever-shifting scene of French dramatic art.*

* The following statistics, although not quite applicable to the French drama as it is, throw a singular light upon some of the conditions of theatrical life and property. It appears, from a report by M. Rondot, that the number of theatres in the eighty-six departments of France was, on the publication of the report, 361, thirty-six of them belonging to the department of the Seine. "Forty itinerant companies do duty for no fewer than 280 theatres, forty-five only being provided with stationary troupes. Three departments of the south have no theatre; viz., Lozere, Basses-Alpes, and Ardèche. The number of actors and actresses in France is variously estimated at from 3,000 to 8,000. Under Louis XIII. there was only one theatre in the capital, for M. Rondot does not reckon as such the booths of Gros René and Gautier-Garguille; under Louis XIV. they increased to five; and under his ill-fated successor they increased to ten, which were in full play. In 1791, all monopolies having been abolished, fifty-one theatres sprang up all at once, but by the year 1807 they had decreased to thirty-four. At this period privileges were re-established, and in the following year only nine were in existence. Paris enjoyed ten theatres from 1810 to 1814, eleven from 1814 to 1819, fourteen from 1819 to 1830, sixteen in 1831, twenty-one in 1832, twenty-three in 1846, twenty-five in 1849, and twenty-three since 1851." The tendency, as we see, is always to increase in point of numbers. "These theatres, in the aggregate," continues the report, "contain 34,000 places, and the nightly average of spectators is calculated at 20,000. Besides theatres, there are 145 places of amusement open in Paris and its vicinity, principally during the summer season—such as Mabilles's, Café Concerts, Guinguettes, &c., frequented by 24,000 persons *per diem*; thus carrying the number of pleasure-seekers in the French capital to 44,000 daily. The *personnel* employed in the Paris theatres is composed of 400 box-keepers, male and female; 750 *employés*, clerks, &c., in the administrations, whose aggregate salaries amount to 740,000 francs; 600 dressmakers, carpenters, scene-shifters, &c., their salaries amounting to 500,000

An enumeration of the theatres in Paris would here be superfluous, as every "Guide-book" has it, but it should be noticed that the Parisian theatres are very well regulated in all that appertains to them. Policemen and guards are not only stationed at all the doors, but preserve order inside the building; and if the visitor has the time, and the indispensable means, we would advise him to go to all the theatres, or as many of them as he can, as there is nowhere that he will, in so short a time, obtain a better knowledge of the manners and character of the French people. To help him as far as we are able in this, we will here introduce the excellent directions of Galignani, which he will do well to keep in remembrance.

"The visitors who await the opening of the doors are arranged in files of two or three abreast; and although the crowd probably consists of several hundreds, but little pressure or inconvenience is felt, and every person is admitted in his turn. Such, indeed, is the ardour for theatrical amusements exhibited by the population of Paris, that a crowd or *queue*, as it is commonly called, may always be found at the door of any popular theatre for several hours before the time of admission. Persons who proceed to theatres in hired cabriolets, or *fiacres*, are required to pay the fare beforehand, to avoid delay at the door. On leaving the theatre, not the smallest confusion takes place. No person is permitted to call his carriage until he is actually waiting for it at the door; and should the owner not step into it at the moment, it is ordered off by the police to make way for another. The pit of French theatres is generally appropriated to men alone, but some of the minor ones admit women. The best place for gentlemen is the *orchestre*, or row of stalls immediately behind the musicians; and next to this is, in general, the more fashionable *balcon*, on the side of the first row of boxes, which last are for the most part small, holding from four to six persons. The best places when with ladies, and when a box is not taken, are the *stalles de balcon*. In many of the theatres a small gallery extends round the front of each tier; these are called the *galeries*; and though good places, and cheaper than the boxes, are not so comfortable. The galleries above, called *amphitheatre*, or *paradis*, are frequented by the lower orders, and are the cheapest places of the house. The French names of places for which the visitor should ask are the following:—*loges*, signifies boxes; *baignoires*, boxes on the pit tier; *de face*, front; *de côté*, side; *parterre*, pit."

In and about the Champs Elysées there are many different descriptions of places of amusement, and among them is the Circus. Equestrian performances were first introduced to Paris by the Messrs. Astley, of London, in the time of the government of the Directory, and their company was succeeded by that of Franconi. This took place under the rule of the first Napoleon. There are, however, several hippodromes in Paris, although they are

frances; 630 musicians in the various orchestras, whose aggregate income is 600,850 francs; 2,043 performers, viz., 1,152 men, and 891 females: of these, 793 are artists, and the remainder choristers and *figurantes*. The emoluments of this numerous *personnel* average, per annum, 3,534,990 francs. The highest salaries are 4,500 francs, and the lowest 25 francs per month. All places of public amusement pay 10 per cent. of their receipts for the maintenance of hospitals and charitable institutions."

all used for different purposes than the one at Olympia, in ancient Greece, and in which kings were proud of the honour of contending for the prizes. Even Alcibiades and Philip of Macedon entered the lists, and both of them were victors. In Franconi's, nothing more than the usually mingled, elegant, and daring feats of "the ring" were performed; but they were extremely popular, as may be judged by our engraving, representing one of those brilliant scenes which are always, more or less, to be witnessed in the places of public amusement in France. This *cirque*, however, is only opened in summer; and as it is now Carnival time, we will take the opportunity of wandering towards Montmartre, not only for the sake of the excellent view which it enables us to obtain of Paris, but on account of a fair which is there being held, and at which we shall, doubtless, see some more of French manners.

Montmartre takes its name from *Mons Martis*, because the Romans had erected upon it a temple to Mars, the god of battles. Its quarries of gypsum, or plaster of Paris, are celebrated, and the structure of the hill is interesting to geologists. But it was of the fair we were about to speak; and as we have just been describing amusements, this one may legitimately be admitted into the category. This is a very curious sight. To watch the manner in which the inhabitants of the seditious quarter are taking their pleasure, may be regarded in the light of an instructive study. Pope says, that "the best study of mankind is man," and here we have him. To look at the booths, the flags, and the finery; to listen to the hubbub of voices and the strong current of laughter that sweeps through the crowd, you would imagine that no thought of politics ever crossed the brains of the thousands who are hard at work, trying to get the utmost amount of enjoyment out of the slenderest materials. But if you mark the pallid, worn faces, you are struck by the morose expression that dwells on most of them, and you cannot help noting the lurking hatred which is cast at any individual whose coat happens to be better than their own. From looks to acts there is but a step. We have heard of French ladies complaining of having been assailed with stones, as well as harsh words, as they drove through the low neighbourhoods on their way home from the races of Vincennes. A lady, well known in the artistic world, once remarked in London on the different expression she observed among the poor classes in England and in France. In the latter she saw little but rancorous hatred—in the former nothing but respect—for those who were more happily blessed with the world's gifts. There must, we fear, be much distress in Montmartre. The people generally are painfully thin and pale; the men have the inevitable pipe hanging from their hairy mouths; the women are, as a rule, far better dressed than their male companions; but the children are more ragged, as well as more wretched-looking, than they generally are in France. The Boulevards Montmartre and Rochechouart are lined on one side of the wide *trottoir*, which here extends along the middle of the road, with booths, such as we have seen in Whitechapel, London. But although the line extends for the better part of a mile, there is but little variety in the contents of these open-air shops. Nine out of ten exhibit crockery and glass ornaments,

which are given as prizes for lotteries of various kinds. The *toupet Hollandais*, bagatelle, a game that sends a marble spinning round a board marked with numbers, and other more or less ingenious methods of tempting people to back their luck and skill against the bank for sums varying from one halfpenny up to half a franc, are driving a roaring trade. My companion, actuated by a commendable thirst for knowledge, makes many experiments, to the admiration of a throng of impecunious gamblers who follow him about from booth to booth.

Looking back upon this scene, and recalling my companion's luck, we may say he was fortunate, as he eventually carried off a number of useless articles, the collective value of which may be put down at two francs. It cost him five for the investment, but then he had the ardour of battle and the glory of conquest, so he did not complain. There was also the eternal *tir au pistolet*, whereat a man with a lively imagination might have had all the excitement of a duel without any of the danger; and there were a few games at which gingerbread was the prize. But these were the exceptions, crockery being evidently the articles most tempting to the Montmartre pockets. At the corners of a very narrow up-hill street were erected Venetian poles, bearing tricolour banners, and having the magic letters "R. F." painted on the shields. It is true that the *République Française* presented a very faded, washed-out, and weather-worn aspect; nevertheless, there stood the words which were such a bugbear to the deputies at Versailles. The flags showed the way up to the Place St. Pierre, where the whole fun of the fair was to be found. The scene was singularly picturesque, immediately backed, as it was, by the famous heights which have beheld so many sanguinary fights. In the centre of the square was a gigantic whirligig, wherein baskets full of laughing and shrieking damsels were raised and lowered in a way which must have imitated the result of a rough day at sea with happy effect. Then there was an equally monstrous *carrousel* of velocipedes, and all round were enormous booths. One gave a realistic notion of what convict life is like in France; in another a lion-tamer showed his prowess; and a circus was exhibited behind a third. A wax-work show was kept by a self-styled "*Barnum Française*," and a bearded woman shared the honours with a phenomenally strong man. So much for a fair at Montmartre.

As a somewhat curious illustration of French manners, and we think we must add ignorance, if not an absolute absence of desire for that kind of knowledge which claims both an interest and a value from its momentarily passing around us, we must observe that, at this time of the year, the newspapers of Paris have each a heading, "*Nos Primes*" (our prizes), in the most conspicuous part of the paper. This intimation or advertisement suggests this thought—that he who would understand the state of France, must study the system upon which its newspaper press is carried on. In this study, the first fact he will notice seems, to us, singularly suggestive. It is this—that the French people must either be bought or bribed to make themselves acquainted with current events, through the medium of a newspaper. We have been told, that no newspaper could exist in France

unless it offered *primes* at the new year. The description of the article or articles offered to tempt readers is various, and much ingenuity seems to be exercised to find something *taking* or attractive. The prizes sometimes consist of books, more or less showy; sometimes of albums, with views or portraits; sometimes of engravings, or pieces of furniture, or rosaries blessed by the pope, or any object deemed of heavenly or earthly value. Clocks seem to be a standing temptation to the Paris *bourgeois*. One journal, for example, thus sets forth its lure:—

“The enormous success obtained by our watch *à remontoir*, has shown that the public taste inclines to this sort of prize, and has induced us to vary the combinations offered to our readers. Any person, therefore, who will subscribe to the — journal for one year, at 41s. (half cash, half in bills at three and six months), may have his choice in the following combinations:—1st, a present, free and forthwith, of a watch, bronze aluminium gilt, four holes in rubies, &c.; or else a small alarm-clock, of Italian-Medici style, in bronze and gilt, &c., trade price, forty francs; or, 2nd, by payment of fifteen francs more, he may get a silver-gilt watch, style Louis XV., eight holes in rubies, &c.; or a handsome clock, copper and gilt, style *Renaissance*, &c., of market value seventy francs to seventy-five francs; or, 3rd, by payment additional of thirty-two francs, he may choose a gold watch, for lady or gentleman, of the value of 100 to 110 francs.”

All this temptation to induce the French people to take in a newspaper!

Now it might be supposed that the journal in question is a small and insignificant paper; but it is nothing of the sort; and advertisements of the same character will be found to be general among its fellows. The *feuilleton*, or novel, and this prize-system, are both characteristic of the French press; and they are amongst the facts which explain the utter helplessness springing from the ill-informed minds of this people.

We have spoken of French ignorance, and we will illustrate it by a case in the Aisne. It is on a charge of slander, and it is worth noting by those who would understand France and its systems as they are. It is thus reported:—

“The commune of Laniscourt, on sharing its allowance of the indemnity for injuries caused by the (Franco-German) war, refused to grant any compensation to M. Parat de Clacy, a legitimist. Upon his demand for explanations, the municipal council answered, that he had shown a want of patriotism at the crisis. M. de Clacy immediately took action against them, and he has just gained a verdict. To the judge’s question as to what they meant by the charge, one municipal councillor replied, ‘I can’t read or write.’

“But whose was the original idea?”

The reply in *patois* was something like, “Every man-Jack of us!” Another said, “We didn’t know we should be brought here, or we shouldn’t have done it.”

Verily, the schoolmaster requires to be sent abroad among the municipal councillors of Aisne! The end of this display of *fine intelligence* was, that the mayor was condemned to fifteen days’ imprisonment and 100 francs fine; the councillors to a like penalty in cash;

and the chief of them to five days' imprisonment. Finally, they were mulcted in 2,000 francs damages to M. de Clacy!

Whatever may be the mental condition of provincial France in the smaller towns of the rural districts, and amongst the rustic portion of the population of these districts themselves, it cannot be denied that the larger towns and cities exhibit, at least, a quickness of intelligence that places them on an equality with the highest in the scale of nations. We have no doubt that *they deem themselves* the highest of the high in this respect; but that is a point upon which there may be some *national* differences of opinion. Be this as it may, however, it may not be generally known that Paris contains an institution, such as we should call a debating society, which exercises no small influence on the minds of a large portion of the community. At the time of the great Revolution, Paris literally swarmed with clubs of this kind, and there are now several similar clubs of more or less importance. Among them is the "Conference Tocqueville," which is the chief of them; and when a new name appears in the atmosphere of politics, it is frequently remarked that its bearer belongs to the "Conference Molé," or "Tocqueville." This meets in the Salle Saint André, a hall alternately devoted to meetings of the Catholic or the Protestant church, and even, sometimes, to a public ball. The Conference Tocqueville is supposed to sit once a week; but when government debates run high at Versailles, it holds extra meetings. The number of members is about 450, who pay forty francs a year each. In general, they belong to the bar, but there is no rule in that respect as to membership; "Student of Politics" is admitted as a qualification. Its system is modelled exactly after that of parliament—*bureau* committees and all. There is a tribune, above which sits M. Savary, himself, at present, a member of the assembly. *Projets de loi* are introduced, referred to committee, reported on at length by the members designated, and the reports are duly printed and read from the tribune. In fact, there is but one difference between the resolutions of the "Conference Tocqueville" and those of the National Assembly—the latter have the force of law, and the former have not. There is a Right, a Left, and Two Centres; an order of the day, and a *procès-verbal*. Nay, a visitor will hear the same names repeated in either house; for the "Conference Tocqueville" also possesses its Broglie, its Victor Lafranc, its Duvergier de Hauranne, and its Casimir Périer—all sons of the celebrated deputies. Two of the leading members of this "Conference" have only recently been raised above its tribune—M. Leon Renault to the Préfecture of Police, and M. E. Hervé to the editor's chair of the "*Journal de Paris*." This, then, shows that the "Conferences" at the Salle Saint André are no subjects for ridicule. Indeed, if they were, they should not be spoken of here. Upon the great assembly of Versailles itself they exercise no light influence. But we have said enough to show another of the many phases of social existence among the ever-seething population of the French capital.

Although we shall again be in the Champs Elysées, we will, now that we are dilating

upon some of the amusements and social characteristics of Parisian life and manners, give a brief description of the Château des Fleurs, so redolent of floral charms in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. We have before remarked, that we think we discern considerable similarities between the modern Parisians and the Athenians in the days of Pericles; and the remark is strengthened by a visit to this *château*. The Greeks adorned their temples, altars, and even the statues of their gods with flowers; they wore crowns of them at their entertainments, and at the celebration of their sacred rites; they strewed them on their tables and their beds; and they even offered to their divinities those which they thought would be most gratefully accepted. Much of this the religion of the French prevents them from doing. Nevertheless, the observer will very readily detect the number of situations in which flowers are placed to heighten the beauty and elegance of every object which they conceive calculated to impart pleasure to the senses. In the Château des Fleurs, those gems of the earth are profusely displayed. They skirt the walks, enliven the shades, and sweeten the groves; at every turn they greet the eye of the visitor; while lights innumerable twinkle among the grass, or shoot, in slender flames, from under vases and tazze filled with plants. Chinese lanterns swing from the trees; whilst sparkling candelabra illumine the ground devoted to the followers of Terpsichore. The company assembled here is usually of a respectable order; and an orchestra delights the ear from an elevated semicircular kiosk. In short, this is one of those resorts which help to enliven life, by chasing away care, and dispensing lightsome enjoyments; and we think that such places of quiet entertainment may be deemed a necessity in a city in which so many sanguinary political changes have occurred, and which, in the minds of thousands, must frequently suggest mournful reflections.

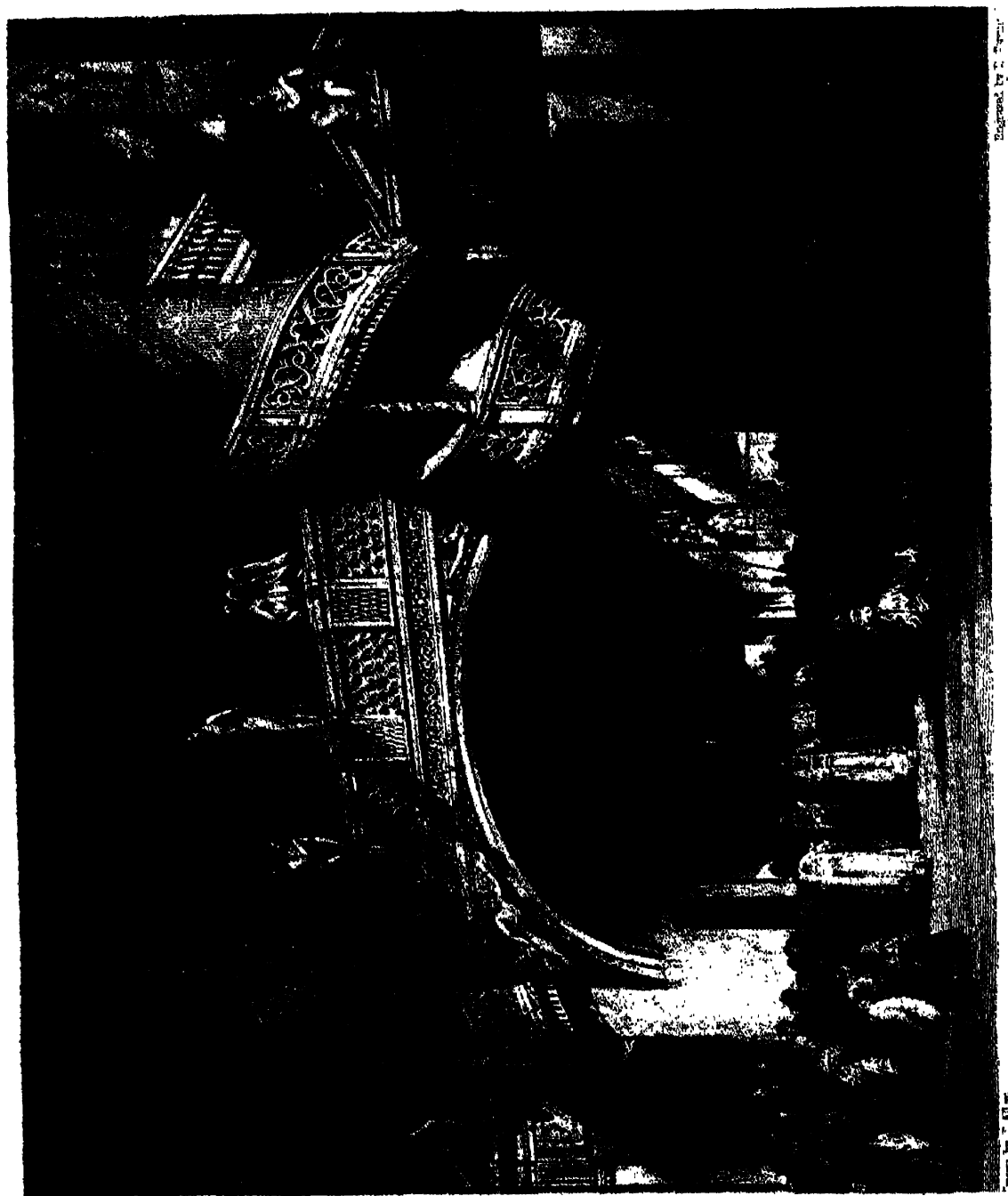
CHAPTER VIII.

STYLES OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE; CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT; CHURCH OF ST. MERRI; GENERAL LAMARQUE; HIS FUNERAL; THE DUKE DE FITZJAMES; INSURRECTION; FIGHTING AT ST. MERRI; THE PANTHEON; CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACHE; LA MADELEINE.

TAKING a comprehensive view of the different styles of architecture displayed in the churches of Paris, it may be observed, that Notre Dame is the grand type of the early pointed style; and, as we have remarked, that, not only from its size, but the elaborate workmanship that is upon it, and the many historical recollections connected with it, it is the church which, there, is the chief of all the others. St. Germain des Prés, of which we have before spoken, is the most valuable specimen of the Romanesque now in Paris; and there are hardly any relics of the early Flamboyant style to be found in any part of the city.

St. Severin belongs to the middle period, from 1400 to 1500 ; as also does St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The style of the *Renaissance des Arts* is finely represented in St. Eustache ; as also in St. Etienne du Mont. To these two we shall return. In the Italian or Palladian style, the earliest is St. Paul et St. Louis, one of the most beautiful structures of the reign of Louis XIII. The style of Louis XIV. is represented by the churches and domes of Val de Grâce and the Invalides ; this latter being, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of that grand period. Under Louis XV., St. Sulpice is the only large specimen of the style which then prevailed. The Panthéon, or Church of St. Geneviève, is a specimen of the style of Louis XVI. ; although, from its associations, this edifice should, perhaps, be considered to belong rather to the period of the first republic. We shall recur to this building in a future page. The Madeleine belongs to the time of the first empire, although the honour of finishing it belongs to Louis Philippe. The paintings, and other decorations, do not enter into the style in which the buildings are architecturally constructed ; but the beauty and splendour of many of these, the originality of their conception, with their masterly execution, cannot escape the admiration of the most negligent observer. There are, no doubt, many visitors who view these works of art as being out of place in a temple dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being ; but we know of no valid reason for excluding devotional subjects, painted by the first masters, from the walls of a temple of worship, any more than we do for excluding beautiful steel engravings of similar or the same subjects from the pages of a Bible. If they are admissible in the one, so should they be in the other. No edifice built by man can be more sacred than the WORD of God, upon which the faith of the Christian is founded.

The church of St. Etienne du Mont, situated behind the Panthéon, exhibits, as our illustration gives evidence, a striking picture of the beautiful. It, with an old tower, and some buildings connected with the college of Henry IV., are all that remain of the once splendid abbey of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. The architecture of the interior is remarkable both for its singularity and its boldness. It is of the Greek and *Renaissance*, with semicircular arches springing at one-third of the height of the pillars, and sustaining the vaulted roof from a gallery skirted with stone balustrades, in which only one person can pass at a time. The screen is tastefully sculptured, and is supported by a low arch, with open-work, spiral staircases rising at its extremities, about thirty feet above the level. These are considered a masterpiece of art. From their being open, the steps appear as if they were suspended in the air, in a sort of basket-work ; whilst the wall, which forms their head, is supported only by one slender column, not more than six inches in diameter. The doors which, on each side, lead to the aisles round the choir, are sculptured to correspond with the screen, and are surmounted by pediments, crowned by vases and full-sized figures in stone. The statues, above the screen, are of plaster, and represent an angel on each side of the Saviour, in the centre. In this church is the tomb of St. Geneviève, round which candles are always burning. Here is a reliquary, in which,



The Church of St. John the Evangelist

it is said, some of the relics of the saint are still to be found; but in what state of preservation we know not. In 1857, the floor of this church was stained with the blood of the Archbishop of Paris, in his assassination by a disgraced priest of the name of Verger.

Not far from this church is that of St. Mèri, an architectural gem, begun in 1520, but not finished till 1612. The western front is an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic. It was in this church, and the adjoining streets, that, in 1832, the troops of Louis Philippe met with a most obstinate resistance from the insurgents. A short time previous there had been a rising in the south; and, on the 1st of June, General Lamarque died in Paris. He had been one of the generals of Napoleon I., who, when on his death-bed, recommended him, on account of many proofs of bravery, to the French government as a worthy recipient of the honour of being included among the marshals of France. He was a distinguished actor in the "Hundred Days;" and when, as a necessity, he had submitted to the restoration of the Bourbons, he nevertheless continued to evince his attachment to the cause in which he had formerly drawn his sword, and for the friends with whom he had then been united. He was always on the popular side, and was, therefore, a great favourite with the people. On all these accounts, it was considered that his funeral would offer a favourable opportunity for a republican demonstration. The various societies of the "Rights of Men" were accordingly summoned to prepare for the occasion; and among many of these both arms and ammunition were distributed.

The house of the general was in the Rue St. Honoré; and he was to be interred in the Pyrenes, the place of his nativity. The arrangements were, therefore, made for a procession to be formed in the Rue St. Honoré, and thence to proceed, by the Boulevards, the Madeleine, the Rue de la Paix, the Château d'Eau (since removed), and the Place de la Bastille, to the bridge of Austerlitz, where the funeral orations were to be delivered, and the ceremonies to terminate; the procession being dissolved, and the body passing on to its place of sepulture. In pursuance of these arrangements, the Rue St. Honoré was thronged by the members of the various societies as soon as day began to dawn. At the hour appointed, the body was placed upon a splendid car, which was covered with tri-coloured flags and *immortelles*. The procession then set out on its march, having at its head Marshal Clausel, General Lafayette, M. Lafitte, and other distinguished members of the "Left" in the House of Assembly.

The government was perfectly aware of this movement, and had made preparations accordingly. As the procession proceeded, numbers of those composing it made such remarks as denoted the hostility of their feelings towards the king. "Down with Louis Philippe!" and "Long live the Republic!" came from the people as it passed along. The hôtel of the Duke de Fitzjames lay in the line of the procession. He was a "*legitimist*," and unthinkingly went on to the balcony to look at the procession as it was passing. He happened, however, to have his hat on, and the people construed this as an intentional

insult to the memory of Lamarque. It is difficult to believe that there was any such intention; but—

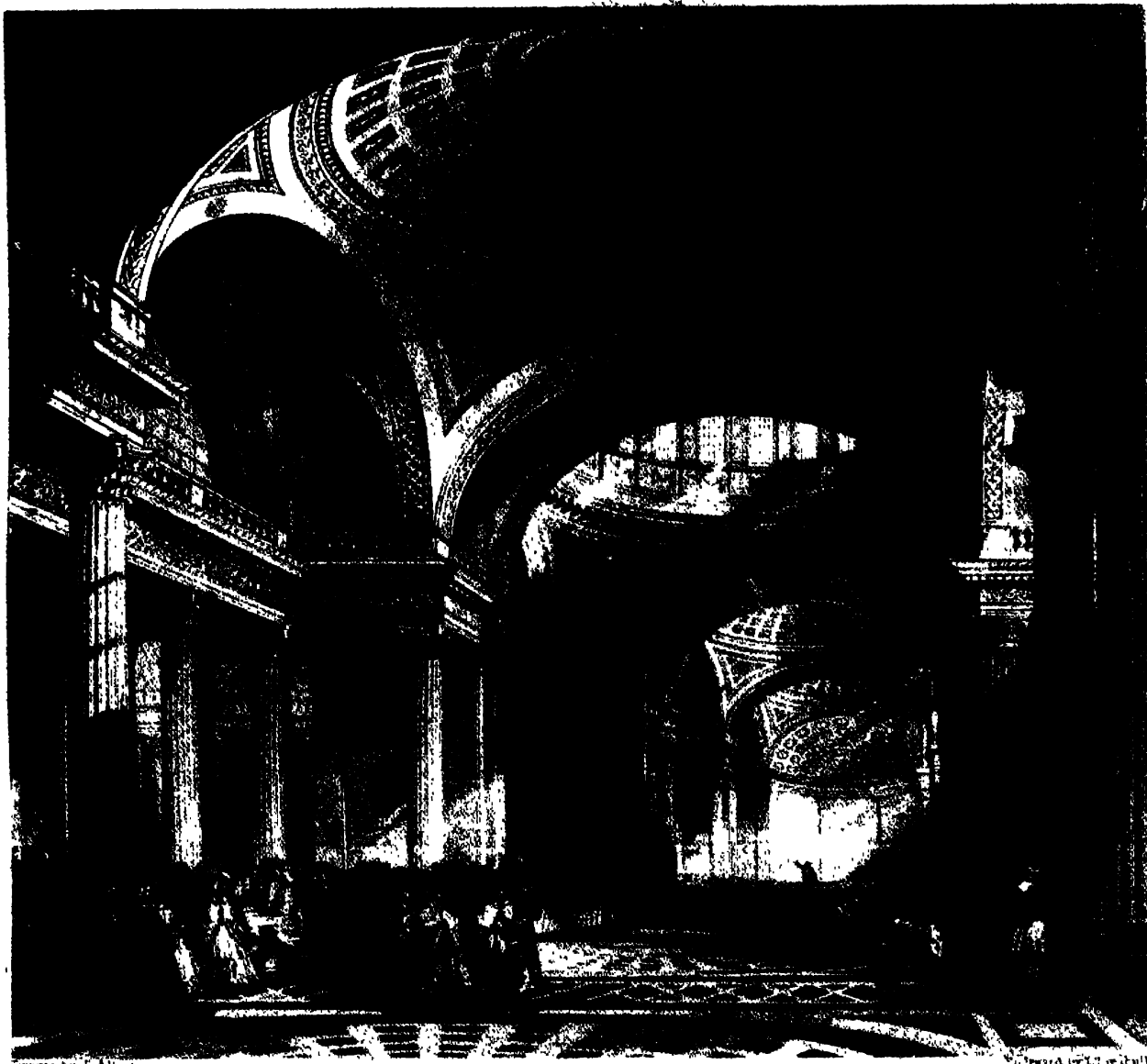
“Rome and her rats were at the point of battle,”

and he was immediately driven in with a volley of stones, which broke every window in his hôtel.

This enlivening incident to a funeral procession passed, the *cortège* wended its way to the corner of the Rue du Temple, where it was joined by 150 scholars of the Polytechnic School. These were hailed with loud huzzas, and “Down with Louis Philippe!” and “Long live the Republic!” were renewed. The bridge of Austerlitz was reached without any other incident of interest taking place. Here the funeral orations were delivered, when the bands struck up the “*Marseillaise*,” and a man appeared with a red flag, which was the signal for a general agitation. At that moment General Lafayette was about to get into his carriage, but he was surrounded, and urged to go to the Hôtel de Ville, and establish a provisional government. A body of dragoons were, at the same time, seen advancing towards the bridge; but their swords were in their cases, and they made no sign of hostility. The cry, however, rose of “The Dragoons! the Dragoons!” mingled with others of, “To the Barricades!” “*Vive la République!*” Reports of fire-arms were also heard, but no one knew whence they came. They were, however, the signal for the fight, and with a yell of fury the crowd rushed upon the troops. These and others that came to their aid were driven before the multitude. Everywhere the populace were successful in their conflicts with the soldiery, and before 10 o’clock at night they were in possession of more than a third of Paris, including the Arsenal, the Galilée, the Château d’Eau, the Marais, and the entire 8th arrondissement. In these parts most of the shops belonging to the armourers had been robbed of their weapons of war.

Marshal Soult, of great military renown, was appointed to meet this crisis, and by the following day he had at his disposal 80,000 men and 120 guns. He placed 30,000 of these on the Boulevards, extending from Porte St. Denis to the Place of the Bastille, and other 30,000 along the quays, from the bridge of Austerlitz to the Pont des Arts, intermingling the National Guards with the troops of the line, to secure the fidelity of the former. The insurgents were thus inclosed and forced to act on the defensive. We are now again at St. Mère, all about which the insurgents are putting in execution their plan of defence. Some are stationed in the upper storeys of all the houses; barricades are thrown up at every accessible point, and the cloister of St. Mère is, from its being a sanctuary of peace, converted into the head-quarters of men of war. Fighting began in some of the streets as early as 7 o’clock in the morning; but no decided effort was made till all the troops had arrived. Then came the tug of strife—

“Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height.”—SHAKESPEARE.



Designed by P. Abbat

Engraved by G. B. Wall

The Pantheon, Paris.

The defences of the insurgents were soon found of little strength against the fire of artillery, and street after street was attacked and carried, but not without considerable loss on the part of the troops. The most difficult point was to take the cloister of St. Mèri, where an overwhelming force of the insurgents was concentrated. Four battalions of the Parisian National Guard were first sent to the attack; but these were soon thrown into confusion by the fire which was kept up on both the barricades and the houses. The consequence was that this detachment broke and fled in dismay, throwing away their arms and accoutrements. The weightiest artillery was then brought forward, and ten minutes were allowed to the insurgents to surrender. That period of time being suffered to expire, a terrific fire was opened upon all the points of the position. Defence now was hopeless, yet for some time longer it was maintained. At length the barricades were overthrown, the houses attacked and carried, and, finally, the cloister taken. Desperate had, on both sides, been the fighting, yet the number of killed and wounded was not so large as might have been expected. Upwards of 400 of the regimental troops of the National Guard were slain and wounded, and nearly the same number of insurgents. Many more of the insurgents were supposed to have been put *hors de combat*, but 93 dead bodies and 291 wounded were carried to the hospitals. There were also about 1,500 made prisoners. The fall of St. Mèri crushed the insurrection, and the throne of Louis Philippe was preserved for some years longer.

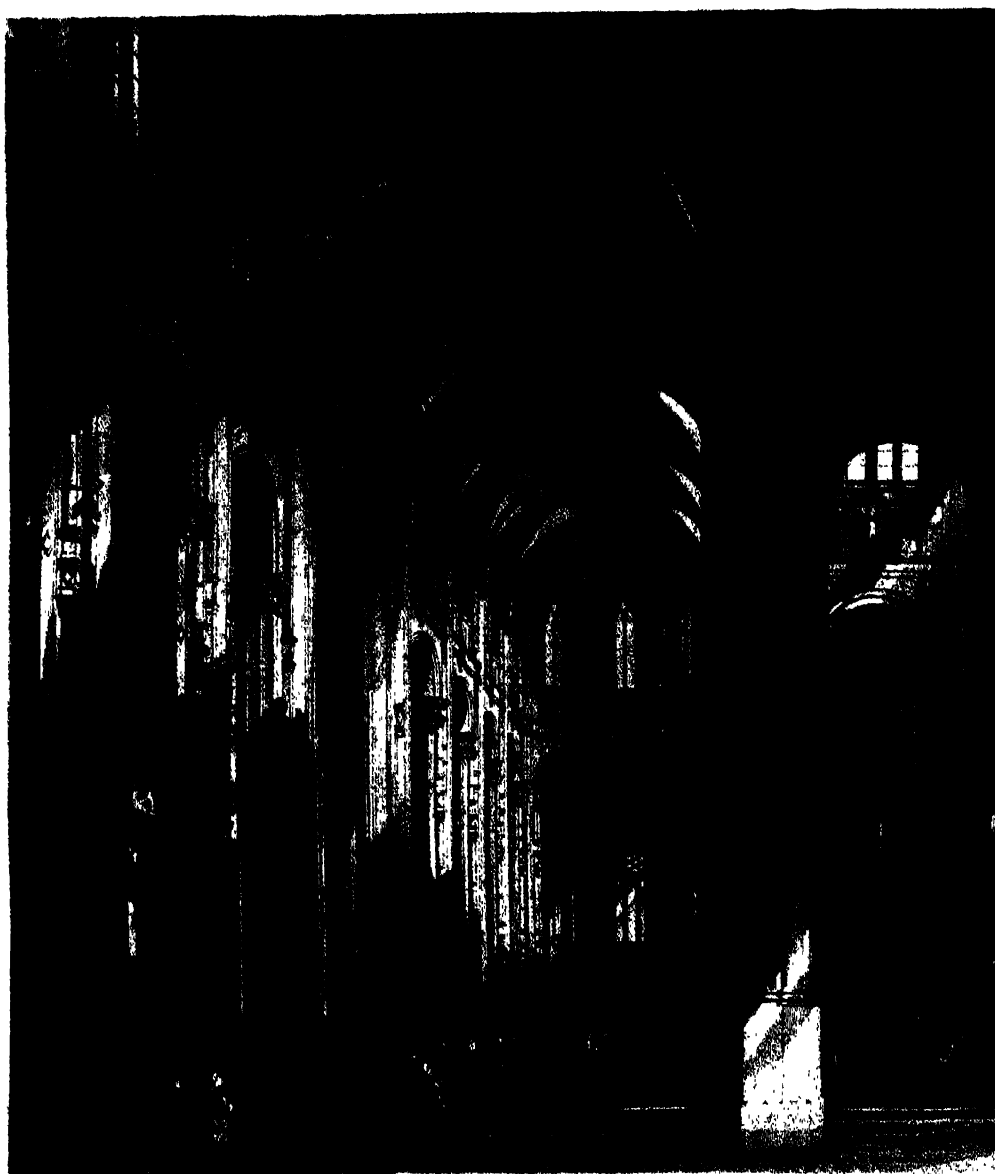
Whilst all this tumult and slaughter were going on, it is interesting to find how King Louis himself was engaged. When the struggle was at its height he left the Tuileries on horseback, accompanied by his sons and officers, to review and give encouragement to the troops. He traversed every quarter of the city, passing through streets where the dead and dying strewed the ground; while the groans of the wounded were echoed from every *café*, and the firing at the barricades and the cloister of St. Mèri was resounding through the capital. The troops he encountered he saluted, and stopped wherever a crowd had assembled. With a calm countenance, he addressed words of comfort to the mounted National Guards whom he met in his way, and "presented himself before silent and suspicious groups, as if resolved, by his calm demeanour, to defy their savage hostility. To the officers of his suite, who urged him to be more cautious, he replied—"Fear nothing; I have a stout cuirass in my five sons." This speech, although by a French king, does not rise to the *grand*. Such a cuirass would have availed him little against a well-directed ounce of lead. He seems, however, to have, on this occasion, acted with self-possession and without fear, for a report was, on the next day, circulated that, during his progress, a body of insurgents within reach of him, and ready to fire at him, were deterred from so doing as much by the confidence indicated by his own bearing as by a sense of their own danger.

Not a great way from the church of St. Mèri, and hard by that of St. Etienne du Mont, is the Panthéon, or church of St. Geneviève, which dates from the reign of Louis XV., who in 1764 laid its first stone. It is a fine building, and has been known by various

names which have been given it by different governments as they rose into power. One of the signs which strikes us of the inconstant character of the French nation, is the frequent change of names that have taken place in reference to many of their streets and public buildings. In 1851, this Panthéon was opened for public worship as Sainte Genoviève, the relics of the saint being enshrined behind the altar. On the triangular front of the exterior, appears, in gold letters, the inscription—“*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*” In the centre rises a dome nearly 63 feet in diameter, supported within and adorned without with Greek columns. The exterior height of this striking object is 282 feet, from the top of which a magnificent view of Paris may be obtained. Among the remains of celebrated men in the crypt, are those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau. By a decree of September 21, 1793, the body of Marat was interred here; but in July, 1794, it was torn from its tomb by the populace, and thrown into the sewer in the Rue Montmartre. It is also said, that the remains of the two first, Voltaire and Rousseau, were secretly removed from the crypt at the Restoration. Mirabeau's remains were likewise removed. How sudden and how fickle are the fancies of the French!

The following particulars respecting this structure will, in some measure, enable the reader to realise the splendour which French idealism takes in adorning the temples of the Catholic religion. The number of columns in and about the entire edifice is 258, and the breadth of each limb is 105 feet. “The construction of three stone cupolas, one within the other, each independent, is a curious feature of this edifice, highly interesting to the scientific visitor. The plan of the church approximates to a Greek cross, 302 feet in length, by 255 transverse. The external walls of the limbs are perfectly plain, with the exception of a frieze and cornice. A Corinthian colonnade runs all along the walls of the interior; over the entablature is a gallery, giving access to the semicircular windows of the building. The vaulted ceilings are richly sculptured, and are 80 feet from the pavement. The dome, 66 feet in diameter at the gallery, and rising over the centre of the cross, was originally sustained within by arcaded supports, which, from the imperfect manner of their erection, threatened, soon after being finished, to bring down the superstructure. They were, therefore, replaced by solid piles of masonry. On these piers are bronze tablets, now concealed behind a new wainscoting, engraved with the names of those who fell in the Revolution of 1830, in gold letters.”

Here, then, do we recognise the ingenuity, labour, and art employed to erect a temple of worship in which, according to Catholic ideas, the Supreme Being is to be suitably adored. But this is not all. “The painting of the dome is by Gros, who received 100,000 francs for its execution, and was created a baron on the occasion of Charles X. visiting the church. It is a fine composition, extending over a superficies of 3,721 square feet.” To convey some idea of this piece of art, we may say that, on “the lower part are four groups, connected by figures of angels and other emblems, each of which represents a monarch of France, who by the lustre of his reign, or the influence of his age, formed an



Opp. p. 125

Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons

Church of St. Eustache, Paris

epoch in the history of the country. Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII., are the monarchs so designated. They render homage to St. Geneviève, who descends towards them in clouds. In the heavenly regions are seen Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII., and Madame Elizabeth. A glory at the loftiest point indicates the presence of the Deity. The pendants of the dome are covered with allegorical paintings, by Gérard, representing Glory embracing Napoleon I., France, Justice, and Death." So far, so good; but without irreverence, let us ask the reader whether this painting, for which the artist was created a baron, discovers most, a reverence for God or for the French kings, French glory or national vanity? Since the foundation of this building it has cost upwards of 30,000,000 of francs, and the visitor should not only see the vaults, but ascend the dome, which, being the loftiest building in Paris, affords a magnificent view. The Place Cambrai, the Place du Panthéon, and adjoining streets, were the most formidable strongholds of the insurgents of June, 1848, on this side of the Seine. For two successive days the troops and National Guard were resolutely repelled, until the artillery was brought to bear on the barricades. The Panthéon was filled with insurgents, and it was here they took up their quarters on this side of the river.

The churches of Paris are very numerous, and there are few of them that do not offer some point of attraction to the stranger. The arts employed in their embellishment are usually effective; but we think, after seeing several of them, it may, with some, be open to doubt, whether so much decorative materialism really affects the mind in such a manner as to direct it upwards to the Fountain of all Good. Speaking for ourselves, we think not. In our own case, we found ourselves more frequently lost in admiration of the skill of the artists who produced such works, than in meditation on the attributes of Him who created the artists. This might arise from a deficiency in our own idiosyncrasy or mental constitution; but whether or not, we speak truly. The great defect in these churches, as religious edifices, seems to us to be, their having so much that is beautiful and tangible to be seen, that it prevents the mind from realising the presence of the intangible *Unseen*. In a Paris church we do not realise the lofty, solemn idea of being in a "hallowed fane." We do not feel ourselves in a sacred place, but in a beautiful building, adorned with gaily-coloured frescoes, fine statuary, and rich carving, artistically set-off with the well-disposed accessories of paint and gold. This is what we feel; and it is in the midst of reflections of this kind that we enter the church of St. Eustache, on the Place of the Halles Centrales, and find them strengthened by what we here behold. This, after Notre Dame, is the largest church in Paris. Here would be architectural grandeur and solemnity without the pictures, the statuary, the paint, and the gilt. With these the solemnity is lost, and gaiety usurps its place. But this is characteristic of the people among whom we are sojourning. "Away with serious thoughts," seems to be the grand text, upon which the manner in which their lives are passed is a striking comment. Many persons of celebrity are interred in this church, among whom may be mentioned the great

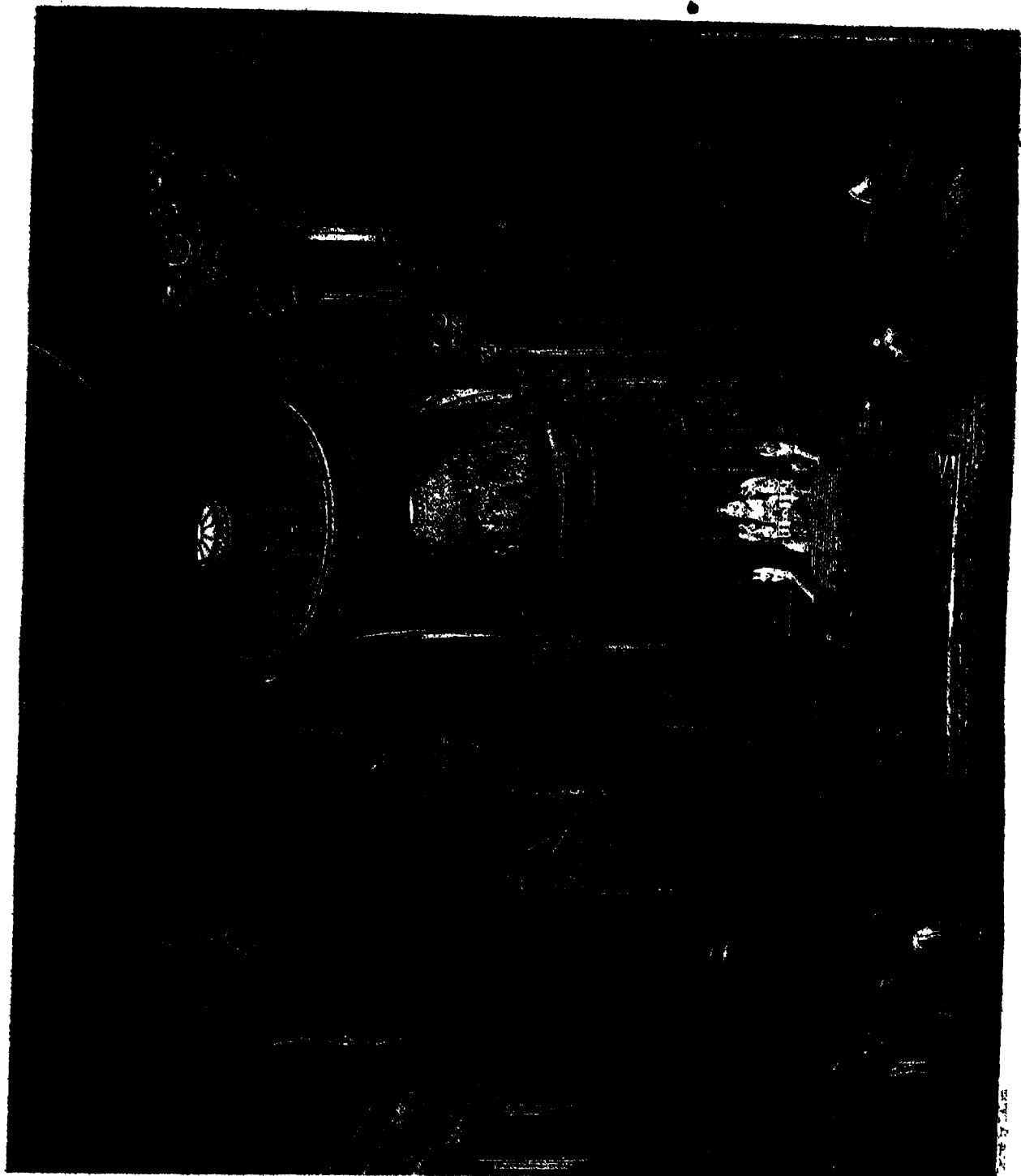
Colbert, whose mausoleum of black marble is one of the most striking works of art within its walls.

Only naming the churches of St. Gervais, St. Paulet, St. Louis, the Sarbonne, Val de Grace, St. Roch, St. Sulpice, we come to La Madeleine, which may be considered as the foremost, both in beauty and position, among the modern churches, which, as a whole, are quite equal to those of older date in splendour of decoration and symmetry of proportion. To be fashionable among the French you must be fine, and La Madeleine is one of the finest and most fashionable churches in Paris. It is a Greek parallelogram, exteriorly surrounded with Corinthian columns, with thirty-four statues of saints in the arcades formed between these columns. Each of its fronts is ornamented with eight columns, with a height of seventy-two feet. It was commenced in 1764, under the reign of Louis XV., and was not finished till 1842, under Louis Philippe. Its interior is magnificent, and its organ *draws* immensely when high mass is performed. Not far from La Madeleine is La Chapelle Expiatoire, raised to the memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in the Rue d'Anjou and the Rue d'Arcade. The churches of La Trinité and St. Augustin—the former opposite the Chaussée d'Antin, and the latter on the Boulevard Malesherbes—are also extremely beautiful, and only recently finished. In short, all the churches in Paris have something attractive to show, either in or about them; and he who has time to spare while sojourning in this fair city, should see them all, and then, perhaps, he will have some idea as to how much the Roman church has done, and is still doing, for art, as compared to what she has done, or is doing, for literature or education in letters.

CHAPTER IX.

COLUMNS; THE VENDÔME COLUMN; OBELISK OF LUXOR; MEMORIALS OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE; THE CHAMPS ELYSEES; SIR W. SCOTT; ATMOSPHERE OF PARIS; PALACE OF INDUSTRY; EXHIBITION OF 1855; CHAMP DE MARS; FETE DE LA FEDERATION; INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1867; THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

FULLY to enumerate and describe all the places, fountains, public statues, triumphal arches, columns and monuments of Paris, would alone form the pages of a goodly-sized volume; but there are several of these so conspicuous, that they cannot be passed over without notice. Among the columns is the one of July, standing in the Place de la Bastille, marking the site where that ancient abode of misery stood, and inaugurated in 1840. The names of the heroes of July appear upon it in gold letters. The column Vendôme is in the centre of a square of the same name, and was inaugurated in 1810. It is made of the cannon captured from the Austrians in 1805, as the Achilles, in Hyde Park, London, is of the cannon captured by the British in the Iberian peninsula. At the



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top of the Vendôme column was a statue of the first Napoleon in his robes, with a sceptre in his hand. This, in 1863, replaced the former statue of the Little Corporal, which is, or was afterwards, in the Place de Courbovoic. But what was the policy which suggested this change to the astute brain of the late emperor? Was it that the people might lose the recollection of the soldier in admiration of the sovereign? or that they might forget the humble origin of the ruler, from whom he himself inherited the fancied right of his name to the dominion he possessed? Answer who can.*

Here is another column; with a history more wonderful than that of all the columns in Paris put together. It is the obelisk of Luxor, covered with hieroglyphics celebrating the labours and virtues of Ramases and Sesostris, two famous monarchs of Egypt. In Thebes it was an ornament to the palace of kings, and now it marks the spot where a king was guillotined. The first blood shed in the Revolution of July, 1789, was in this place; and the first in the sickening list of victims who suffered on the scaffold here was Louis XVI. Here, too, perished his queen, Marie Antoinette; the young enthusiast, Charlotte Corday; the courageous Madame Roland, whose last words were addressed to a plaster statue of Liberty, occupying the site of the demolished bronze statue of Louis XV. "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Here, too, fell Louis Philippe, the father of the subsequent sovereign of that name; Lavoisier, who solicited a few days only to finish some experiments, in which he was then engaged, for the instruction of mankind; but who received for reply, that "the republic had no need of chemists." Here, also, suffered Camille Desmoulins and Danton, who desired his terrific head to be shown to the people. Other tools of Robespierre paid the sanguinary penalty, until it came to his own turn, with that of his monster colleagues, to expiate their crimes on this Place of Blood. But let us seek relief from such painful recollections in more agreeable thoughts.

The neighbourhood of the Place de la Concorde, in which the "obelisk" stands, is thick with objects of interest and scenes of beauty. To the north is the Ministry of Marine; to the south, the Pont de la Concorde; to the east, the gardens of the Tuileries; and to the west, the Champs Elysées. To the north and south of the obelisk are fountains, which are always throwing up their showery sprays in summer; whilst, at each of the four corners of the Place, there are a couple of statues, representing what were, before the late

* During the reign of the Commune, about the close of the late Franco-German war, the Vendôme column was dragged to the ground. The Communal staff rode round the place; their band struck up the "*Marseillaise*;" a few frantic madmen threw up their caps; but the world, filled with indignation, comforted itself with the thought that the Commune was falling with the column. The outrage committed was, indeed, atrocious; but it was not irreparable. The bronzes of Austerlitz remained where they had fallen, and the assembly decided their speedy restoration to their former height; but this has not yet been done. It was easy instantly to denounce the brutality and malignity of the desperate insurgents; easy instantly to resolve to rebuild the column. But deeds had now been done, the infamy of which was so deep and appalling, that the utter ruin of the perpetrators seemed but poor consolation. The overthrow of a pillar is but a trifling matter, compared with Paris wrapped in fire and smoke, the Tuileries entirely burnt, the Louvre threatened with destruction, and other fine buildings already destroyed.

war, eight of the principal towns of the empire—Lyons, Marseilles, Lille, Bordeaux, Nantes, Strasburg, Brest, and Rouen. Altogether the scene is enchanting, especially towards night, when illumined by the lamps of the Champs Elysées, becoming smaller and smaller, until they almost disappear in the distance by the Arc de Triomphe, when the lights of the bridges are reflected in the Seine, and when the Rue Royale and La Madeleine may be seen looming in the shadowy distance, by the gleams of the constantly-passing carriage-lamps.

The Champs Elysées, we are told, were formerly covered with small detached houses and gardens, meadows, and arable land. In 1616, the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, having purchased a portion of the ground, caused four rows of trees to be planted, so as to form three alleys, which were closed at the extremities by iron gates. This promenade received the name of the Cours la Reine, and extends along the banks of the Seine, from which it is separated by the high road leading to Versailles. On the other side it was divided by ditches from a plain, with which a communication was formed by a small stone bridge. In 1670, this plain, which extended to the village Du Roule, was, by order of Colbert, planted with trees, forming several walks, interspersed with grass-plots. The new promenade was, at first, called the Grand Cours, but, shortly after, it was named the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. So far, there is not much to entitle it to the idea of its being an Elysium; but Madame Pompadour subsequently became the proprietress of the Palais de l'Elysée. Napoleon caused the plantation of Colbert to be removed. In the same year, the ground was replanted, new alleys and circles were formed, and *cafés* and *restaurants* erected. From 1777 to 1780, a sequestered avenue in the neighbourhood received the name of the Alley of the Widows, from its being, in afternoons, filled with carriages of rich widows in mourning, who being, by custom, excluded from the public walks, were wont to assemble here to evince the mutual sympathy of their sorrows. In 1815, the English, during the occupation of Paris, formed their camp here, and we, even now, look in vain for the glories of Virgil's Elysium. Here is no *purple light*, no crystal Eridanus, unless the distant Seine be such. Nor do we see the meadows ever green, the rills ever full, or the banks and hillocks soft with downy moss. But these would be out of place so close in the vicinity of a great city, the inhabitants of which are, apparently, most delighted with such scenes as they are witnessed in paintings. The Champs Elysées seems to be the Hyde Park of fashionable Parisian life. The carriages are light and elegant; but the horses do not appear so good as they are in England. They lack both the form and the step; they are also deficient in muscular development. The liveries of the servants are showy; and, on the whole, if the aggregate *turn-out* wants the massiveness of England, it has the lightness of France.

In 1818, the destruction occasioned by the occupation of the British soldiery in the Champs Elysées was repaired, and young trees planted in the place of the old ones. During the occupation, however, the scenes in and about Paris must, to a reflective mind, have been

remarkably impressive. The transitions of political power, from one side to another, were so rapid and great, that at no period of history might it be said with more truth, that no man knew what the morrow would bring forth.* At that period the late Sir Walter Scott was in the French capital, and standing in the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées, he says, "Here I am, at length, in Paris, and under circumstances how different from what I dared to have anticipated! That is the palace of Louis le Grand; but how long have his descendants been banished from its halls, and under what auspices do they now again possess them! This superb esplanade† takes its name from his luxurious and feeble descendants; and here, upon the very spot where I now stand, the most virtuous of the Bourbon race expiated, by a violent death inflicted by his own subjects, and in view of his own palace, the ambition and follies of his predecessors. There is an awful solemnity in the reflection, how few of those who contributed to this deed of injustice and atrocity now look upon the light, and behold the progress of retribution! The glimmering lights that shine among the alleys and parterres of the Champs Elysées, indicate none of the usual vigils common in a metropolis. They are the watch-fires of our English camp, and in the capital of France, where an English drum has not been heard since 1436, when the troops of Henry VI. were expelled from Paris. During the space of nearly four centuries, there has scarcely occurred a single crisis which rendered it probable for a moment that Paris should be again entered by the English as conquerors; but least of all could such a consummation have been expected at the conclusion of a war in which France so long predominated as arbitress of the continent, and which had periods when Britain seemed to continue the conflict only in honourable despair."

The magnificence of the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées, which is not far from the Tuileries and the Louvre, is almost beyond description. It is crowded with palaces, public buildings, and monuments, comprehending within its circuit extended promenades and ornamented gardens, for both exercise and pleasure. Much of the beauty of Paris,

* Could the fable of the Seven Sleepers have been realised in Paris, what a scene of astonishment would have been prepared for those who, falling asleep in 1813, awakened from their torpor in 1815! He who had seen the pope place the crown on the head of Napoleon, and the proud house of Austria compelled to embrace his alliance; Prussia bent to the dust beneath his footstool; England excluded from each connection of commerce or alliance; Russia overcome and submissive; while Italy, Germany, and the greater part of Spain were divided as appanages among his brothers and allies—what would have been the surprise of the waking moment which should have shown him the Prussian cannon turned upon the bridges of Paris, and the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with the representatives of almost all the other nations of Europe, feasting in the capital of France, with the general and minister of England, supported by a force which made resistance equally frantic and hopeless! The revolution of ages must have appeared to him to have been accomplished within the space of little more than twenty-four months.—SCOTT.

Whatever humiliation there might have been to the French in the above conditions to which they had to submit in 1815, it was, to some extent, softened by the consideration that it was not to an enemy composed of one, but of several nations, by which they had been beaten. In 1871, when the Prussians entered Paris, the conditions were so very different, that the national vanity must have felt wounded in an almost inconceivable degree.

† The Place de la Concorde, which had been called l'Place Louis XV.

however, must, we think, be attributed to the hyaline transparency of its atmosphere. This arises from the Parisians using wood for fuel, and that frequently in the shape of charcoal, but always sparingly, and in stoves, instead of, as in England, sea-coal burnt in open chimneys. Seen from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St. Geneviève, Paris exhibits a distinct mass of houses, steeples, and towers, without a cloud hanging over them. It has nothing of the dusky canopy of London, and of course, in our opinion, lacks that sombre majesty of appearance which something of the *dark*, more or less, imparts to every scene, whether produced by nature or art.

In the Champs Elysées, the visitor will not fail to observe the Palace of Industry, begun in 1852, and finished in 1855. It partially arose out of the example set by England in her Exhibition of 1851, and was inaugurated by an exhibition of the manufactures of all nations, decreed by the late emperor on the 8th of March, 1853. The plan of the building is a vast rectangle, with two projecting central and four corner pavilions. The central pavilion fronts the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, and contains the principal entrance. This consists of a lofty arch of 45 feet span, and 60 feet from the ground to the key-stone. It is flanked with coupled Corinthian columns above, which rise as an attic surmounted by a magnificent group, representing France in the act of awarding laurels to Art and Manufacture. The rest of the ornaments are all, more or less, in keeping with the design of the building, and before the eastern entrance *was* an equestrian bronze statue of Napoleon III. The Universal Exhibition displayed here in 1855 was visited by the late Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, the King of Portugal, and other distinguished personages. This Exhibition was, in the November of that year, closed with imposing ceremonies. Let us glance at them a moment, and hear something of the anticipated results from a national display of the arts and industries of different parts of the globe. The late emperor and empress were, on this occasion, present, and in going to the palace they were escorted by squadrons of the Cent-gardes and the Cuirassiers. When the preliminary ceremonial had been settled, Prince Napoleon read the report of the commissioners, and the emperor delivered a short speech, intended as much for the general ear of Europe as for that of those in his immediate presence.

Such an exhibition, "held whilst a serious war (the Crimean) was being carried on, was," said his majesty, "a grand spectacle." The union in Paris, at that period, "of the most distinguished men in art, science, and industry, from every quarter of the universe, was due [he was induced to believe] to the general conviction that the war threatened only those who had provoked it." In the sight, however, of "so many marvels placed before them, the first impression was a desire for peace;" for "peace alone could, in truth, develop still further those remarkable products of human intelligence." All "should desire, therefore, as he did, that peace should be prompt and durable." In the meantime, "let France be great in the arts of peace, as in the arts of war. Let them be strong in union, and put their trust in God, in order to triumph over the difficulties of the present and the chances of the

future." At the close of this address the medals were distributed, and the Exhibition declared to be closed.

Whilst upon the subject of exhibitions, there was another opened in Paris in 1867. This was the "International," which, on the 3rd of April of that year, was opened by the emperor and empress in person. On this occasion there was no imperial speech delivered; but its results were said to have been satisfactory. It was held on the Champ de Mars, an immense oblong space between the Military School (*Ecole Militaire*) and the Seine. The historical associations of this space of ground are not few. It was formerly bordered, on its east and west sides, by ditches and embankments, which, in 1790, were formed by the population of Paris, of both sexes and all ranks, for the celebrated *Fête de la Fédération*, which occurred on the 14th of July, when an altar, called *L'Autel de la Patrie*, was erected in the centre, and Louis XVI., seated in a superb amphitheatre in front of the Military School, made oath to maintain the constitution. The reader who, in these "piping times of peace," goes to exhibitions of industry and arts, and finds all connected with them conducted in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, can hardly be expected to realise, to the fulness of its height, such a *fête* as that which the "Federation" once presented in the days of the great Revolution. But let him imagine himself in the Champs de Mars at the time stated, and let him picture the vast site encompassed by steps of green turf rising one above another, and occupied by 400,000 spectators. Let him picture an altar constructed according to the manner of the ancients, and the king, queen, and family, with the members of the National Assembly and the municipality, gathered around it; then let him extend his vision, and embrace the federates of the departments ranged under their banners; the deputies of the army in their ranks, and under their colours; the Bishop of Autun on the altar in pontifical robes; 400 priests in white surplices, and decorated with floating, tricoloured cinctures, advancing to the four corners of the altar—and then let him hear, if he can, the mass celebrated amidst the braying of trumpets, and other military musical instruments, a blessing pronounced upon the oriflamme, and eighty-three banners, and he will have realised the principal features of the *fête* of the federates of 1790. What occurred afterwards to the principal actors in this scene he need not recall, especially while he may still be lingering in the Champs de Mars.

Returning to the International Exhibition, the building occupied the centre of the Champs de Mars, a sandy plain on which the army of Paris holds its ordinary reviews. It covered an area of thirty-seven and a-half acres, and was encompassed by a garden planted with trees and shrubs, and adorned with fountains and statuary, without which no garden would be complete in the opinion of a Parisian. The cost of the building and the grounds was £500,000, exclusive of the sums paid by foreign nations. The expenses of the departments, as a matter of course, were borne by the several countries represented in the Exhibition. Those occupied by Great Britain cost upwards of £150,000; those by Russia and Italy, £80,000; Austria and Prussia cost nearly as much; Belgium, £60,000; and the

United States, £40,000. These are enormous sums ; but the object was not only a great, but a worthy one.

The plan of the building was an irregular oval, disposed interiorly in concentric circles, encompassing a garden in the centre. There was, first, the innermost gallery, which was devoted to art ; second, the materials belonging to the liberal arts, including printing, books, &c. ; third, furniture, and such objects necessary to the habitations of mankind ; fourth, clothes, including robes, armour, &c. ; fifth, the raw products of extractive industry ; sixth, machinery, and the processes of industrial arts and manufactures ; seventh, articles of food, raw and prepared, including *restaurants* (French, English, Spanish, Italian, and German), and showing the cookery of different nations. This was the outer ring, which formed a lofty arcade or boulevard, artificially lighted at night till 10 o'clock, and resorted to as a general promenade, brilliantly supplied with *cafés* and shops of various descriptions. The grounds connected with the building were, perhaps, the most attractive part of the Exhibition. This arose from the miscellaneous character of the structures by which much of their space was occupied. Here, for example, was a Chinese pagoda, and there a Turkish kiosk ; here a Hindoo temple, and there a house of Pompeii ; here an English cottage *ornée*, and there the Russian kremlin. Beside these were Grecian temples, a lighthouse, with all its working apparatus, an American school-house, the palace of the Bey of Tunis, an Egyptian temple, a painted glass chapel, and a Russian village of pine ; so that it almost appeared as if all the nations of the earth had here, by some singular chance, assembled, and had brought with them the arts, manners, customs, temples, and habitations of the countries to which they severally belonged. The instruction to be obtained from such an exhibition is beyond belief. The peculiarities incident to the modes of life practised by many nations were here caught, by their being tangibly exposed to the view ; whilst manufactures of every description were being carried on in the portion allotted to the operative arts. In a few months from its opening, this vast assemblage of the natural and artificial productions of countries and nations was dispersed. By the end of October, 1867, the Exhibition had closed, the building had been taken down, and the Champs de Mars restored to its original condition of a soldiers' drilling-ground.

Returning from the Champs de Mars to the Champs Elysées, the visitor will proceed to the Triumphal Arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile, along the Avenue of the Bois, until he comes to the Port Dauphine. He will then continue onward, making some slight turns, till he arrives at the borders of the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne, a place replete with a multitude of attractions. Galignani thus speaks of it :—"Everything that art and taste combined could imagine, to charm the eye with picturesque scenery, has been concentrated upon this spot. At the southern extremity, opposite the islands, two beautiful cascades pour their waters into the lake below. Winding paths, emerging from the cool fir-groves sprinkled around, intersect the rich turf which clothes the banks down to the water's edge. From the balcony of an elegant kiosk, situate on a promontory which terminates the



Champ des Mars, Paris

SHOWED EXHIBITION DE 1867 A MILITARY SCHOOL



The Cascades, Bois de Boulogne

PARIS

smaller island, an enchanting view is obtained, on a fine summer's day, of the gay scene around. The rich equipages enlivening the carriage road that winds round the lake; the crowds of persons of all ranks enjoying the cool shade on the benches, or sauntering along the gravel-walks; children frolicking about in the height of merriment and glee, and the boats flying to and fro with their white canvas awnings, form a maze of puzzle and animation most pleasing to the eye." It is unnecessary to quote more of Galigni's description, which, as a matter of course, makes the charms of the Bois a great deal more delightful than they are likely to prove to any stranger in the land, especially should the scenery chance to be visited on a wet day. To enjoy the park thoroughly, the best way is to make oneself well acquainted with its topography, when it will be easy to direct one's steps to the objects which to each will prove the most interesting. Its most romantic object is, perhaps, the Croix Catalan, a pyramid erected by Philippe le Bel, to commemorate the murder of a celebrated troubadour named Arnold de Catalan, whom he had invited to Paris from the court of Beatrix of Savoy.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE; THE LATE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS; A TURN IN THE STREETS; ANOTHER TURN; NEW BOULEVARDS; HOTEL DE VILLE; THE HOTEL OF THE INVALIDES; PALACES; THE LUXEMBOURG; THE PALAIS ROYAL; CLOSING REMARKS ON PARIS.

TAKING a walk down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, we will pass the Palace of Industry, now a place for exhibitions, and very shortly arrive at the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, which is one of the most magnificent architectural objects in Paris. It was begun in 1806, and was erected at an enormous cost; but glory must be paid for, either with lives or lucre, and, in some instances, with both. This "Arc" commemorates the first Napoleon's triumph over Russia, and his alliance with the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, his conquest of Austria, and his union with the House of Hapsburg. From under it, a grand view of the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries, and the Tour Saint Jacques in the distance, is obtained. From its top, Paris, and the whole of the basin in which she reposes, may be seen for a trifling gratuity. The walls on the inside of the arch are inscribed with the names of the principal battles of the republic, as well as of the first empire—brief annals of blood and glory. On the ancient sites of the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, there are other triumphal arches, celebrating the victories of Louis XIV.; but these are much inferior to the Arc de l'Etoile.

An incident, connected with the late emperor and empress, is worth recalling in relation to this locality. On the 28th of April, 1855, the emperor was riding in the Bois de

Boulogne, followed by his aides-de-camp, Count Edgar Ney and Lieutenant-Colonel Valabregues. His majesty had arrived just opposite the pleasure-garden of the Château de Fleurs, when a man stepped out of the footpath, and, leaning his arm against a lamp-post to steady his aim, fired a pistol at him. Colonel Ney spurred his horse, and rushed at the man; but, seeing the movement, the latter darted on one side, and discharged another pistol at the emperor. The ball is said to have touched his hat; but his person escaped unhurt. Two men dressed like operatives, but who were really police agents, seized the fellow just after he had discharged the second pistol. He resisted violently, and had to be struck several times before he could be secured and taken to the Conciergerie. By that time many people had assembled, and warmly cheered the emperor. His majesty bowed, and—having despatched a messenger to assure the empress of his safety—pursued his ride. A few yards beyond the Arc de Triomphe, he met Eugénie, who sobbed and wept convulsively when she was assured of his safety. His majesty rode to the Tuileries by the side of the empress's carriage, cheered and congratulated by the thousands whom the report "that the life of the emperor had been attempted," had drawn to the Boulevards. In the evening their majesties went to the Opera Comique, where they were warmly received.

From the Napoleon "Arc," no fewer than twelve avenues, or Boulevards, branch off towards the capital, in different directions; but, in connection with Paris, there are of these, at present, about sixty altogether. Their extent, and the plan upon which they are laid out, are among the most wonderful things even in this city, where wonders are by no means few. They are all well worthy of praise, as they are the results of peace. That the reader may form an idea of what Paris is like, we will briefly describe the course of her leading arteries, although the pulling-down and building-up revolution which has passed over her, must, within the compass of a few years, have greatly metamorphosed her. There is, first, the Rue Lafayette, which runs from La Petite Villette, beyond the Northern Railway Station, to the New Opera House, a length of nearly four miles. Let the visitor, therefore, on the day after his arrival, commence his first walk in New Paris, at the Northern Station, and proceed, as direct as the crow flies, to the New Opera, fronting the Rue de la Paix and the Great Boulevards, and at almost every step his admiration will be excited by the capital of the second empire. He will acknowledge to himself, even although he may be a "perfidious" and prejudiced son of Albion, that if the Napoleonic dynasties were great in war, they were also great in peace. He will cross the famous Boulevard Magenta, extending eastward to where the Château d'Eau was; and passing successively the church of Saint Vincent de Paul, which he must look into; the Montholon gardens, literally alive with smiling nurses and laughing children, in the Square Montholon; and so onward, traversing several streets, until he bursts upon the fashionable side of the Chaussée d'Antin, where he will be literally dazzled with splendour. On his right he will see the beautiful new church of the Trinity, which he must also enter; and when he again emerges into the open air, he may enjoy awhile the freshness of the

trees and the sweetness of the flowers, with which the square that fronts it is adorned. To his left he will obtain a glimpse of the Boulevard des Capucines, and the New Vaudeville Theatre, which, if not too tender of conscience, he may visit in the evening; while, facing him, he will see the New Opera House, depicted in our artist's illustration in far happier lines than can be done by the lines of our pen. This will suffice for one *turn*.

The next *turn* must be taken on another day, and the starting-point should be from La Madeleine. After looking at the flowers (if in season) displayed under the shade of this classic structure, his first touch of wonder will be felt at the sight of the array of palaces which form the Boulevard Malesherbes, and which stretch as far as the Parc Monceaux. At about half-way he will see the beautiful church of St. Augustin, where the boulevard becomes a square, and is, east and west, traversed by another new boulevard equally spacious and handsome. From the Parc Monceaux there are, in all directions, lines of boulevards, presenting a truly beautiful appearance; although, from the white limestone of which the houses are built, it becomes painful to the eye, in the heat of summer, to gaze upon them. In short, everywhere in this direction are boulevards of palaces, the residences of the rich, whose lives are mostly devoted to Vacuna and Venus, the goddesses of idleness and pleasure. Returning from the Triumphal Arch (already described) to La Madeleine, by the Champs Elysées, a succession of splendid mansions is seen on the south side; and behind them lies a new town, and a boulevard connecting the Champs Elysées with the Place du Roi de Rome and the Pont de Jena, and the site of the Exhibition. Everywhere there is change, effected mostly, by order, by the late M. Haussman, who was the prefect of the Seine. Rows of the quiet and sombre houses of the old *noblesse*, in the vicinity of the Panthéon, have been destroyed by a boulevard; the Quartier Latin, celebrated in revolutionary days, has been pierced by a boulevard; all the humble and venerable, in antiquated stone and mortar, have given place to the boulevard; so that old Paris will, in a short time, have been entirely swept from the face of the earth, and nothing be left of her to recall her *grand* past, in the presence of the new boulevards occupying her site. The Boulevard Prince Eugène has been driven through the quarter of the working-men; and another divides Paris from the Strasburg Station to the Luxembourg. But before the late war, there were signs of these improvements being brought to an end. The *corps législatif* seemed to have taken alarm at the debt which M. Haussman was imposing upon Paris, and insisted on a Bill, which provided that, whenever he spent more than £1,200 on an undertaking, he should obtain the previous authorisation of the legislature. This, to all appearance, was a necessary interference; for, according to the speakers on a new loan then brought into the French chamber, the empire had spent, on an average, £12,000,000 a year, since 1852, in excess of the revenue; so that the total budget of France could not be considered less than £120,000,000 a year. At this rate, the empire had cost France £168,000,000 already, and, in fifty years, two-thirds of her income would have been mortgaged to the debt!

Speaking of M. Haussman reminds us of the Hôtel de Ville, the palace assigned by the government to be the head-quarters of the prefecture of the Seine. This building was begun in 1532, and finished at the commencement of the 17th century. In the first Revolution it was the scene of many stirring events, therefore is often mentioned in the history of that period. It was embellished with forty-six statues of eminent Frenchmen, or such as have played a prominent part in French history. It is one of many characteristics of the Parisians worth noticing with praise—that they do not forget their distinguished men, as the English are prone to do, and are by no means king-worshippers. They properly consider that the greatness of a nation is not so well represented by Money as by Mind. It is the peasant Burns that says in one of his most manly songs—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp;
The man’s the gold for a’ that.”

The Hôtel de Ville was a magnificent structure, but it no longer exists. During the reign of the Commune it was destroyed by fire, about the close of the war with Germany. The additions of 1842 to this municipal palace cost £640,000; and some of the saloons were the most gorgeous in Paris—perhaps in the world. Here, in the days gone by, the prefect of the Seine was wont to entertain his 7,000 guests in the great gallery, with its gold Corinthian columns and 3,000 wax-lights, the whole suite of rooms measuring more than 1,000 yards in length. In and about the building were some 500 statues of French celebrities, from Charlemagne to Louis XIV. in a full-bottomed wig. Painting, gilding, carving, glass, and velvet here had done their utmost; and as a specimen of magnificence in the modern French taste, the furniture and decorations of the Hôtel de Ville were unrivalled. The building, however, was far from depending altogether on its sumptuous upholstery. Not only was the architecture worthy of all praise, and the art of much of the decoration as intrinsic as its gold, but here had been enacted many famous as well as infamous scenes in the history of Paris. Here the first Commune held its sanguinary sittings; here Robespierre took refuge with his partisans, and was found by the soldiers with his broken jaw; the “citizen king” was presented here to the people by Lafayette from a central window; here the soldiers were quartered in 1848; and here, in 1871, was the stronghold of the last Commune, less bloody in its life, but more desperate in its death, than the first.

The number of buildings which go by the name of hôtels in Paris is very large, and many of them are old as well as new. Formerly, it was the custom in London, as well as in Paris, to designate the houses of the nobility by the name of inn or hotel; as, for example, Lincoln’s-inn, Gray’s-inn, Clifford’s-inn, and Furnival’s-inn, which are still in existence in London, although now adapted to other purposes than as residences for the great. These inns, however, were originally the abodes of the Lords Lincoln, Gray, Clifford, and Furnival. The practice of so naming houses in England has fallen into desuetude; but it still exists in France, where the principal houses of the gentry and nobility, as well as of

some of the public buildings, are called *hôtels*. Their numbers, as we have said, are large; and many of them are not only utilised for the benefit of the public, as repositories of instruction, art, and science (as the *Hôtel de Cluny*), but some are occupied by the ministers of State, and others form the dwellings of private personages.

Our illustration of the Grand Hôtel and Boulevards shows one of the finest public *hôtels* in Paris, situate, as we have already said, in the immediate vicinity of the New Opera House, and exhibiting the usual characteristics of Parisian taste in magnitude and splendour.

Besides these sorts of *hôtels*, there is the *Hôtel des Invalides*, which, according to our notions, hardly suggests a home for wounded soldiers. This, however, is a kind of Chelsea Hospital, built in 1671 by Louis XIV., restored by Napoleon I., and afterwards by Napoleon III. It gives a refuge to about 3,000 old and wounded soldiers, has a library of 20,000 volumes, and a church called Saint Louis, in which are hung the flags taken from different nations in the wars of the first Napoleon. In the vaults of this small church lie the remains of Turenne, Jourdan, Bertrand, Bugeaud, Duroc, Grouchy, and Duperrier. A staircase in white marble leads to the entrance of the crypt, in which is the tomb of the leader and maker of most of these generals—a shrine at which the military aspirants of the French nation ardently pay their devotions. The sarcophagus is placed on a block of green granite, and the gallery round it is adorned with twelve colossal figures in red marble, presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. This is a great resort of the French on Mondays and Thursdays; and the devout enthusiasm with which they gaze on the tomb of their departed emperor (Napoleon I.), is a strong indication of the powerful hold which the recollection of his deeds still have on the minds of the French people. Their national vanity has been so much flattered and fostered by even the questionable glory of many of his achievements, that, especially among the common people, his memory is cherished as that of one who was a sort of saviour rather than a destroyer of his species—a real benefactor, and the very *beau idéal* of all that was humanly *grand* in their imaginations. Whether this be a proof of their ignorance or intelligence we will leave it to their own legislators to decide; but in Great Britain there is no such worship of the renowned dead, however much they may have been respected while living. To be sure, such a sentiment would serve no end whatever in Great Britain, where the natural strength of character is such as to require no glorification of defunct dust to stimulate its resolves to any enterprise that it may deem just or necessary, whether naval, military, or commercial. How few are the soldiers and sailors, the merchants and mechanics, the peers and the ploughboys, who gape and gaze on holidays round the tombs of Wellington or Nelson! Neither of these were emperors, to be sure, but they were both commanders of men, the former beating the best generals of the French out of the Iberian peninsula, and then beating their emperor himself on the plains of Waterloo. Everybody who has heard of Aboukir and Trafalgar, we suppose, has heard of Nelson; yet nobody in Britain, at least, calls him “Great;” nobody says Wellington “the Great;” and everybody who knows anything of English history, knows that the epithet *Great* was prefixed to Britain merely to

designate the enlargement of her territory when England and Scotland became united. She is not called "Great" on account of the notable characters she may have produced, or the deeds she may have performed; nor do her people call themselves "the great nation;" nor their army "the great army;" nor their navy "the great navy;" nor anything they possess "great," although they have done, and do, many things that might well justify the application to them of the laudatory designation. But where greatness is real and universally acknowledged, what need of blowing one's own horn! * Let us, however, have a look at some of the Parisian palaces.

The lofty nomenclature which the French adopt and apply to their public buildings, has induced them to give some of their edifices certain designations, without, apparently, considering whether they are appropriate. For example, what the British call a Court of Justice, they call a Palace of Justice, with which we find no fault, as it is in keeping with the law of the grand, so characteristic of the people. When an Englishman speaks of palaces, however, the idea of their being the residences of royalty immediately suggests itself; although the English are, in this respect, beginning to imitate their neighbours, seeing that some London journalists speak of the "Palace" at Westminster, and the Crystal "Palace," although the one refers to the Houses of Parliament, and the other to an exhibition, into which any person may generally obtain admission by payment of a shilling. It does not matter who the person is, or what he may be, if he pays his admission money he may enter this palace; and what is more, he may sit down in it, aye, and eat and drink in it, provided he *pays* for that of which he partakes. Facts of this description are apt, in some minds, as we feel it in our own, to detract somewhat from the ideal splendour with which our imagination has been in the habit of investing the *surroundings* of a palace. In our estimation, when public buildings become shows, to see the interior of which a small coin must be paid, they should no longer be called palaces. A less ambitious designation would suit them better, seeing that a shilling can purchase the sight of what they have to show; but although, as Juliet says, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," perhaps a "Crystal Palace," by any other name, might not *draw* so well. Mirrors, paint, glass, and gold artistically displayed, now make palaces anywhere, from those in which the pennyworth of absinthian poison is vended, up to the palatial residences of the French *noblesse*.

It appears to us that, precisely in proportion to the age of the public buildings in Paris,

* In 1855, when Queen Victoria visited Paris, she made it a point to see the Hôtel des Invalides, and the *Moniteur* newspaper thus speaks of this visit:—"The queen arrived at dusk, followed by a numerous staff, surrounded by the veterans of our old wars, who flocked together on her passage as she advanced, with noble self-recollection, towards the last home of him who was the most constant adversary of England! What a spectacle! How many reminiscences, and what contrasts were suggested! But when, amid the glare of the torches, the glitter of the uniforms, and the sound of the organ playing 'God save the Queen!' her majesty was conducted by the emperor to the chapel, where lie the remains of Napoleon, the effect was thrilling and immense, the emotion profound! Then the thought struck every one that it was not a simple homage at the tomb of a great man, but a solemn act, attesting that the rivalries of the past were forgotten, and that the union between the two nations, then and thenceforth, received a most impressive consecration."



Engraved by F. H. H. H.

Drawn by T. Allen

University - Front of the University of Toronto

is the historical interest which attaches to them. The present Palace of the Luxembourg was built by Marie de Medicis, about 250 years ago, after the model of the Palace de Pitti at Florence, the usual residence of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. It is remarkable for the beauty of its proportions, and the solidity and strength with which it is built; but if anything could indicate the inconstant character of the French mind, it would be the number of names which this unfortunate building has borne during its comparatively brief existence. Windsor Castle has still been known as such, whatever may have been the changes in the dynasties that have filled the English throne; and St. James's and Kensington Palaces would retain their appellations whatever might be the vicissitudes of British sovereigns; but the Luxembourg has been "everything by turns, and nothing long." It has been the *Palais d'Orleans*, the *Palais du Directoire*, the *Palais du Consulat*, the *Palais du Sénat Conservateur*, the *Palais de la Chamber des Pairs*, and in the revolutionary period was a prison, and suffered every sort of degradation. Other buildings have had their cognominal changes in Paris, but this palace has been known by more *aliases* than any other of which we are aware. The gardens attached to it are very fine, and much frequented. The interior is sumptuous, and richly ornamented with works of art in painting and sculpture. Its museum is set aside for the productions of living artists, which are here kept for ten years after the death of the artists themselves, when they are taken to the Louvre, where they become a part of the national collection. Such is one of the useful objects to which it is now devoted: but we must not forget that it was within the walls of this palace that the first Napoleon and Josephine passed the happiest days of their married life. Then, however, he had neither become a consul, an emperor, nor a military despot; neither had she yet dreamt of the separation which was to deprive her of a husband, banish her from a throne, and place a daughter of the House of Hapsburg in the position from which her cruel destiny was to force her. In the *boudoir* of Marie de Medicis, which our illustration represents, we can easily realise the costliness with which some of its chambers were arranged and adorned. The furniture and the architecture are of the 16th century, but the panels of the ceiling and the walls are covered with fine paintings, executed during the occupancy of the Duchess de Montpensier. They are by Philip de Champagne and Nicholas Poussin; but the grand design in the centre of the ceiling is by Rubens. Connected with these paintings there is an eventful history. During the degradation of the Luxembourg, in the Reign of Terror, some members of the government removed them from their gilded frames, and had them carried to the Louvre, where they lay concealed till more peaceful times, when they were restored to their present, which was their former, position.

We have described most of the principal palaces in Paris, with the exception of the Palais Royal, which faces the Louvre, and adjoins the Place des Victoires. Given by Louis XIV. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, it passed from him to the regent duke. Here, but not in the existing edifice, the regent and his daughter held their incredible orgies; here lived his grandson Egalité, who rebuilt the palace after a fire, and relieved his

embarrassments by erecting the ranges of shops. The Palais Royal gardens were the nursery of the first Revolution: they were the favourite resort of Camille Desmoulins, and the other mob orators, who did not yet sit in the Convention; and in them was unfurled, on the 13th of July, 1789, that tricolour flag which was to prove even a deadlier symbol than the red and white roses plucked once for England's woe, in her own Temple gardens, in London. At the Palais Royal, Egalité hatched the plots which ended in his execution, when it was disposed of by lottery, to be bought back, repaired and beautified, by the Orleans family after the Restoration, and inhabited by them till the second death of the monarchy, in 1830, removed them to the Tuileries. In 1848 the palace was plundered, and the interior destroyed by the mob, who, at the same time, burnt Louis Philippe's fine library. The Palais was turned into a barrack; but when the new republic developed into an empire, it naturally changed back again into a palace. The emperor made it over to his uncle Jerome, who left it to Prince Napoleon, by whom it was fitted up in sumptuous style. The great staircase and its balustrades, and the Galerie des Fêtes, were fine in art and in general effect; but it suffered in the reign of the Commune. Nothing, however, that may then have been destroyed can be half so great a loss as the library which went in 1848.

In this chapter we have dilated on many of the principal objects to be seen in Paris; and he who examines them in detail may be said to know something of the French capital. There are still, however, many other places, buildings, and sights that will well reward the attention of the visitor. Besides what we have mentioned, there are the Bourse—a noble building; the *abattoirs*, cemeteries, especially Père la Chaise, of which we give a representation; the Jardin des Plantes, the Halle aux Vins, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the Mint, the Musée d'Artillerie, the Bibliothèque du Roi, the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Palais de la Legion d'Honneur, and to those who may like it, the Morgue. They should also seek out those houses and streets which, by the improvements of modern taste, have not yet been entirely obliterated from local recollection, and which are connected with the births or deaths of distinguished individuals, or are the scenes of memorable historical events. This is always a pleasant employment of time, as it stimulates the imagination to reproduce, in its own way, either the works or employments of the men they recall, or the pictures of the scenes which occurred upon them, as history has painted them to the mind's eye. There is much within the walls of Paris yet to see, although here unrecorded, for who can recount with sufficient fulness the sights therein? We have dwelt upon the more handsome and prominent public structures, gardens, and spots which every one who visits this capital makes it a point to examine; but there is an *inner* Paris, which requires not only time to perceive, but philosophy, thought, and judgment properly to weigh and describe. Outwardly, the attractions presented to the stranger are inconceivably varied, exciting, and enjoyable, and they are mostly, in the highest degree, elegant and intellectual. The places of amusement are almost as countless as the tastes to be gratified. Theatres, gardens, and promenades are numerous; fountains play and sparkle among an abundance of flowers,

whilst the trees of the Boulevards refresh and adorn the sides of the water-sprinkled streets. The charms of architectural art combine with the beauties of nature to make Paris the most delightful of cities for artificial life. There is little, if anything, about it to remind us of the rudeness, the roughness, or the wildness of nature: she is like a bride arrayed in white for the marriage ceremony, although all unloving, in her heart, of the bridegroom who has decked her at so much cost.

CHAPTER XI.

ENVIRONS OF PARIS; ROYAL RESIDENCES; ARCUEIL; ARGENTEUIL; AUTEUIL; BOIS DE BOULOGNE; PALACE OF ST. CLOUD; PLAYGROUND OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL; THE SENATE AND NAPOLEON III.; CHARLES X.; PARK OF ST. CLOUD; CHANTILLY; THE GREAT CONDE; THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN; HIS CAPTURE; VINCENNES; TRIAL AND DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

THE capital of a great country like France, and the residence of her kings and emperors, may be expected to have, in its vicinity, other palaces besides such as lie even immediately within the lines of her modern fortifications. The object of this is, perhaps, as much for the pleasure and benefit of change of place and air, as for the display of wealth and grandeur. But whatever it be for, there are more royal residences in the neighbourhood of Paris than there are in the neighbourhood of the capitals of most other countries. There is certainly a far larger number than there is either in or about the neighbourhood of London. For this it is not easy to assign a reason, unless it be to supply the imaginary wants of the French mind, which is always in search of change of some sort, no matter what it may cost, or whether it may be beneficial. Besides palaces, there are, in the vicinity of the French capital, no end of magnificent mansions, castles, and churches, remarkable either for their own architectural beauties, or for the treasures of sculpture and art which they contain. There are also extensive forests, chases, and rural promenades; tasteful gardens, shady groves, with delightful streams and pieces of water for the recreative enjoyments of walking, fishing, or boating. Some of these we will now visit, leaving it to the *guides des voyageurs* to be more particular in their topographical information and details than we can possibly be. At the conclusion of these observations, we find ourselves among the stone quarries and clay-pits of Arcueil. The aqueduct of this place helps to supply the capital with water, and crosses the valley of the same name, where are the Roman remains of two arches, which it is supposed formed portions of an ancient aqueduct built to convey water to the Palais des Thermes. One of these arches possesses a certain architectural and artistic interest, inasmuch as it is in a severe and noble style, whilst its cornice is supported by two caryatides, one habited as a Roman warrior, the other a female, with her arms crossed over her bosom. Fifteen hundred winters have swept,

with biting blasts, over the forms of these remains, yet there they stand, suggestive monuments of the times when Roman civilisation was labouring to graft itself upon Gaulic barbarism. How fragile is man, yet how enduring his works! In Arcueil, science, philosophy, and poetry have been represented by Berthollet, Laplace, and Godelle, a poet of the 16th century, in whose house the first tragedies written in the French language were performed.

Speaking of poetry and tragedy, we naturally think of Abelard, Heloise, and the village of Argenteuil. Here stood the priory to which the unfortunate lady-love of Abelard, the pretty daughter of Fulbert, the rich canon, retired, in 1120, till he had prepared for her the Paraclete, or "the Comforter." If to love be poetry, the lives of these unhappy creatures showed that they had deeply drank of the bitterest portions of the poetical cup; and their troubled career of blighted affection, darkened hope, and rueful disappointment, is, from beginning to end, a tragic recital of sorrowful endurance. Pope, and other poets, have immortalised these lovers; and Paris, always fanciful, has bought the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete, and with them erected a Gothic monument to their memory in the Père la Chaise. Strange honour for two who loved *not wisely*, though *too well*! But it is Paris that pays it; therefore, why wonder!

Not quite three miles from Notre Dame, to the west, stands the village of Auteuil, at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, famous for having been the retreat of many men eminent in philosophy, science, and general literature. It is also famous for its having been the cattle dépôt during the siege of the capital in the late Franco-German war. It is the former fact, however, which gives a genuine celebrity to this place—which stirs the heart, warms the imagination, and conjures up in the mind a whole host of recollections of the men who have distilled wisdom and sweet thoughts for us and our posterity for ages yet to come. It is the Molières and Racines, the Dantes and the Tassos, the Shakspeares and the Miltons, the Burns and the Scotts, who give to airy nothings a habitation and a name. Homer may have been blind and poor; but he has thrown more lustre round Greece than have the deeds of all her distinguished warriors put together. It is the pen which confers upon a nation the noblest and most enduring glory, as its effusions are the great attractions which prompt cultivated minds to visit those haunts and homes where it has been well used for the inspiration, the pleasure, and the benefit of mankind. At Auteuil resided Boileau, Molière, Racine, Lafontaine, Franklin,* Helvetius, Condorcet,

* This was Benjamin Franklin, the American printer and philosopher. In 1778, he arrived in France as minister plenipotentiary from America, and signed a treaty offensive and defensive with that power, and which was the occasion of a war between England and France. In 1783, he signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognising the independence of the United States; and, in 1785, returned to America, where he was triumphantly welcomed, and chosen president of the supreme council. It was on this occasion that he received the following tribute of admiration from an American even still more distinguished than himself in the annals of his country:—

"Mount Vernon, September 25th, 1785.

"DEAR SIR,—Amid the public gratulations on your safe return to America, after a long absence, and the



Palace of Mount Cloud

THE PALACE OF MOUNT CLOUD

Count Romford, and others; and it is, at least partly, on this account that the intelligent, if not the literary, pilgrim should enter within its precincts; and whilst, perhaps, repeopling his brain with some of the characters of the French dramatists, he may wander at will in the Bois de Boulogne, as we are now about to do again, after this tribute to such of the illustrious dead of those countries which, by their literary and scientific renown, have been rendered famous amongst the civilised nations of the earth.

The Bois de Boulogne, we have already observed, is one of the most charming promenades in the vicinity of Paris. Of this we will speak for a few moments, as we hardly did it sufficient justice before. To the ordinary attributes of a park, it adds the attractions of a carriage drive for the *beau monde*; whilst the less opulent enjoy the shade of its bowers, without the ostentation of either horse or equipage. How have we enjoyed a walk in its woods, although we could not sail on its waters! Hyde Park will not compare with it; no, not even with the additional of the Serpentine and Kensington Gardens. It extends to the towns called Passy, Auteuil, Boulogne, and Neuilly; and, from time immemorial, has been distinguished as a locality for settling affairs of honour. Thousands of Parisians and foreigners have, upon this spot, sacrificed themselves to appease the wrath that was within them, by shedding, in deadly conflict, for wounded honour, the last drops of their blood. Here, for many years, Até quenched her thirst with the life-drops of honourable men. But times are changed, and the Bois de Boulogne is not now so celebrated for affairs of this kind. While walking among its arbours, however, we cannot forget how the French felled what trees it had to make palisades for barriers in Paris, to impede the advance of the allied army in 1814. Nor can we forget how Wellington established his camp in the beautiful Bois. What Parisian can forgive this! What Frenchman regard an Englishman with eyes of affection! And, oh! desecrating and insulting Duke of British Iron, why didst thou hew down the verdant groves of this luxuriant haunt of the Dryads and Naiads, and build with them huts laid out in streets named after others in "merry England!" What cruelty was this, to construct an English camp both *of*, and *in*, the Bois de Boulogne, and give to its streets the very names of those that were in England! Such conduct was monstrous, and can never be forgotten, even though the adverse results of the Franco-German war did bring another foe within the shadowy precincts of its lovely woods and waters.

Leaving the Bois, we wend our way towards the spot where erst stood the palace of St. Cloud, around which such a multitude of *parti-coloured* memories float, that they fill the mind with an almost countless heap of pictures of the past. Here is where it stood before it was struck by that fatal shell which reduced it to a mass of ruins, and with that view

many eminent services you had rendered it—for which, as a benefited person, I feel the obligation—permit an individual to join the public voice in expressing his sense of them; and to assure you that, as no one entertains more respect for your character, so none can salute you with more sincerity or with greater pleasure than I do on the occasion.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Franklin was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1706, and died in 1790.

was thrown from the city of Paris itself. Let us recall some of the incidents in its past history.

The palace of St. Cloud is situate about five miles to the west of Paris, and was, in 1855, the abode of Queen Victoria of England, during her visit to that city. She occupied the apartments of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who took great delight in St. Cloud, often visited it, and enlarged it by the addition of several buildings. The first Napoleon was also extremely partial to it. In 1815, it became the head-quarters of Blucher, who execrated everything French, and would have blown-up the bridge of Jena, across the Seine, had he been allowed. The interior was richly adorned with paintings and sculptures. It was the favourite residence of the late emperor and his empress, and also of the prince imperial, who, during the grand Exhibition, held there his youthful court.

St. Cloud was originally named after the grandson of Clovis I., a hermit, who eventually was canonised, and who erected a religious house upon the site afterwards occupied as a palace. It then became gradually a resort of pilgrims and crusaders, and also of other wayfarers during the Middle Ages. It has been said that the *château*, which ultimately became a royal residence, was built, in 1658, by Louis XIV.; but the *château* itself was a favourite retreat of royalty as far back as the time of Catharine de Medicis. She would hold her court there when wearied of the splendours of the Louvre or of Fontainebleau; and her son, Henry III., both lived and died there. It was at St. Cloud, too, that Henry IV. was first hailed as king. In the reign of Louis XIV. the *château* was bestowed on his brother, the Duke of Orleans, whose duchess, the daughter of the first Charles of England, died within its walls in 1670. In 1749, a later Duke of Orleans, known in history as "Egalité," was born at St. Cloud; and from him the *château* was purchased, in 1785, by Marie Antoinette. For the few years immediately before the outbreak of the first Revolution, she made this her favourite residence, as less fantastic than "Le Petit Trianon," and less sumptuous than Versailles. Here, too, in 1790, she summoned Mirabeau to the secret conference which immediately preceded his leadership of the National Assembly. A few years later the Empress Josephine reigned at St. Cloud; and it was from St. Cloud that she set forth to meet Napoleon at Fontainebleau, only a few weeks before her divorce. Sad must have been the memories of St. Cloud (where she had spent her childhood) to the daughter of Marie Antoinette, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, on her return thither at the Restoration. It was from the windows of this palace that, in 1830, the Duchess de Berri descried, through a telescope, the red flag of the Revolution floating on the top of the Tuileries; and it was from it that Charles X. took his departure on his abdication. Eighteen years later, the king (Louis Philippe), whom that same Revolution had seated on the throne of France, was glad to find a temporary resting-place at St. Cloud, in the interval between his escape from the Tuileries and his reaching the sea-coast, along with his queen and other members of his family. More recently, the grandson of the Empress Josephine, for nearly twenty years, made St. Cloud his favourite

residence; and when, little more than three years before its destruction, he drove out thither from Paris, with the Czar of Russia as his guest, it is possible that some of those present may have remembered how Peter the Great had been entertained there by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, the splendour of whose *fêtes* at this palace is still traditionally celebrated by French writers.

After the demolition of the palace, a German soldier thus described the condition of the prince imperial's playground:—"My present residence is as romantic as anybody could desire. I am sitting in a French tent, erected in the prince imperial's playground, behind the burnt palace of St. Cloud. Imperial mattresses serve for a bed, and silk sofa and chair cushions for pillows. For blankets we use various things—Turkey carpets, and other articles from the palace. We also make use of the splendid tea and coffee services, of Sèvres porcelain, or *Alfèride*; the imperial plate, glasses, and bottles—on all which, and innumerable other objects, the inevitable "N.," with the crown above it, is inscribed. The prince's playground is a large grass-plot, with a miniature railway in the middle, with tunnel, bridges, and a station, where soldiers arrived, and whence they were despatched. Of course, these artificial contrivances are now ruined, only the foundation of the station and a few fragments of the carriages remaining. There are likewise some remains of a gymnastic apparatus, which the soldiers burn up in making their soup or coffee. In the centre of the ground is a large flagstaff, on which the princely flag used to be hoisted, announcing to the Parisians when the 'child of France' condescended to play. The place is bordered, on two sides, with limes; the third affords a prospect of the now destroyed palace; and the fourth is occupied by antique figures, which have become the butt for the humour of our troops. Compassionating their nakedness, they made requisitions in the neighbourhood, in order to provide clothing. An Apollo is provided with a chimney-pot hat, with a black and white cockade, and a black coat with white buttons. The neighbouring Juno was furnished, by the good-humoured soldiers, with a red crinoline and a quilted dress. Such is war!"

It was under the influence of news which had already arrived in Paris of the invasion of French territory by the Prussians, that the senate, on the 17th of July, 1870, proceeded to St. Cloud to rouse the emperor, Napoleon III., to deeds of war. It was on that occasion that M. Rouher, the president, delivered the speech in which he said that there was a monarchical combination at work against the *prestige* and security of France. Therefore, said he, "Let the emperor resume, with just pride and a noble confidence, the command of his increased legions of Magenta and Solferino; and let him lead to the battle-field the *élite* of this great nation." As things turned out, however, it would have been much better if the *élite* of the great nation had stayed at home, and reserved, for another time, a trial of their strength. The confidence of success in the mind of the president, however, was so great, that he spoke of victory as if she were present with her laurel crown, rather than at a distance from those so desirous of receiving her favours.

"If the hour of peril has arrived," said he, "that of victory is also near. Soon the country, in its gratitude, will decree to its children the honours of triumph; soon, when Germany is freed from the domination which oppresses her, and peace is restored to Europe by the glory of her arms, your majesty, who two months since received for yourself and your dynasty a new force from the national will, will again devote yourself to that grand work of ameliorations and reforms, the realisation of which—France knows that the genius of the emperor guarantees the fact—will experience no other delay than the time which you will employ in gaining the victory."

Notwithstanding this magniloquent address, the emperor quietly replied, that "We are entering on a serious struggle, and the country will require the co-operation of all its children." In this he not only showed that he saw further, but more truly, into the conditions of the two countries in dispute than the senators did; and though the walls of St. Cloud, at the close of his brief reply, rung with "*Vive l'Empereur ! Vive l'Impératrice ! Vive le Prince Impérial !*" his mind was, nevertheless, agitated by painful doubts, as it was soon afterwards destined to be by painful realisations.

It was in St. Cloud that the *coup-d'état* of the 18th Brumaire (10th November, 1799), which brought Bonaparte to the head of the government, was effected. The capitulation of Paris was signed here in 1815; and here, also, in 1830, Charles X. signed the famous decrees which caused the Revolution of July, and received the first news of it. The town lies on the side of a hill, and is considered one of the healthiest places in the neighbourhood of Paris.

The park of St. Cloud is one of the most delightful resorts in the neighbourhood of the capital. It is about ten or twelve miles in circumference, and on one of its finest spots has a column known as the Lantern of Diogenes, or, as others call it, Demosthenes, and erected by command of the first Napoleon. A spiral staircase leads to its top, whence a varied and magnificent view of Paris and the surrounding country is obtained. Always accessible to the public, this park is, in permissible weather, almost continually alive with pleasure-seekers, more especially on the first and third Sundays of each month, and during the *fête* of St. Cloud, which lasted seven days in the beginning of September. One of these Jules Janin thus describes:—"The Parisians have arrived, and have already spread themselves under the elms; the cries were never more joyous, the groves never more thronged; the road is filled, the steamboat brings each hour its lovely cargo of young men and girls. Listen! the music is beginning. It is the ball, always the ball which gives the signal. Before long, and when the shades of night are really fallen, a thousand lights of all colours will invade the park of St. Cloud. The bird, awoke amidst the foliage, and thinking it is day, will commence his morning hymn, soon interrupted by the sound of the morning watch, recalling the dragoons of the neighbouring barracks. Still later a brilliant firework will burst in the heated air. Without fireworks there can be no good *fête* for the Parisian. The country is at peace; he is engaged in making his fortune; he asks nothing but to live and die in this happy calm—but to die a long time hence; and yet gunpowder always pleases him; he

loves its blaze; he loves its noise, its smell, and even its smoke; he looks at the powder burning; he enjoys it with all his heart; *he dreams the rest*, while singing Beranger's songs."

With a day to spare, and the deeds of the "great" Condé in your mind, a flying visit may be paid to Chantilly, where there is the best racing-course in France, but where the *château* must be, with the intellectual, the principal object of attraction: we will, therefore, not waste time upon the stables, nor the training establishments, which we believe are excellent, and always open to the inspection of the stranger; but proceed at once to this seat of the Condés, and see where Louis XIV. was *fêted* by his warrior kinsman. The present structure dates from 1484; but its principal part, with many of its works of art, were destroyed at the Revolution. What remained was converted into a prison, and subsequently into barracks. Thus palaces, like princes, have their existence frequently filled up with strange vicissitudes. The great Condé himself had the fair blue skies of his fortunes sometimes darkened with clouds; but he was not the only Bourbon destined to such a fate. At the Restoration, in 1814, the *château* was restored to the House of Condé, and it has undergone repairs and embellishments since; but we understand it is not equal to what it was. The bedroom of Condé, and the Galerie des Batailles, adorned with eleven pictures representing the conflicts in which he was engaged, are likely to interest the visitor; but there is something offensive to find a man *himself* displaying, upon the walls of *his own house*, a series of large paintings of the battles in which *he* was the victor. This is more particularly the case when all the *glory* is shown, and none of the *shame*—if there be shame in a reverse or a defeat. Among all these battles one looks in vain for the attempt on Lerida, where even the great Condé was discomfited. There are so many victories shown, we should think that a representation of a single defeat, especially if painted from the design he might have given, would have detracted little from this species of his own self-worship.

The seat of the great Condé recalls the fate of the grandson—of him of the days of Louis XVI.—in March, 1804. He was supposed to be implicated in the Cadoudal and Pichegru conspiracy against the first consul, Bonaparte. Acting upon that supposition, the consul held a state council, and, according to M. Thiers, was greatly embittered against the Bourbons. "These Bourbons," said he, "fancy that they may shed my blood like some vile animal, and yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. * * * I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal." Pursuing this design, an officer was despatched to Strasburg to make inquiries respecting the Duke d'Enghien. This functionary assumed a disguise which enabled him to obtain admission into the household of his royal highness, and there he learned, that though he was, on the whole, pursuing a quiet life, he went to the theatre at Strasburg, and joined hunting parties, and was sometimes absent ten or twelve days together. The report of this *detective* reached Bonaparte from Ettenheim on the 10th of March, and he at once came to the conclusion that he must be in communication with the emigrants, and, therefore,

could not be otherwise than connected with the Cadoudal conspirators. This opinion he immediately communicated to the council of state; and on no other evidence, he himself drew up an order for the arrest of the duke, and laid it before the council. Alarm seized Lebrun at the effect such a step must produce upon Europe, and Cambacérès strongly opposed it. This, however, proved unavailing, and the council supported the first consul when the order for the arrest of the duke was issued.

The various phases of this story now become exceedingly interesting; and as we are on our way to the castle of Vincennes, we will continue it until we arrive there.

Colonels Ordener and Caulaincourt were entrusted with putting the arrest in execution, the latter performing his part with deep sorrow, from his being, by blood, related to the ex-royal family. The former was to conduct the arrest, while Caulaincourt was to go to Baden, with a letter to its grand-duke, explaining why it was that a violation of his territory was about to take place. A force of 300 dragoons, four pieces of light cannon, several brigades of *gendarmes*, and some *pontoniers*, with three days' provisions, and a considerable sum of money, was supplied to Ordener, who immediately proceeded to Schelestadt, on the Rhine. Such were the preparations for the capture of the duke. They suggest the reflection that the first consul was determined to make sure of his prey.

Arrived at the Rhine, the dragoons crossed it on the 15th of March, and surrounded the small town of Ettenheim before any steps could be taken to prevent them. A detachment proceeded to the residence of the Duke d'Enghien, who at once, perceiving the uselessness of resistance, surrendered. No papers implicating him in any way were found, and there was nothing whatever discovered to justify the step which had been taken, even if the right of jurisdiction had not been violated in taking it. The duke was removed to Strasburg, and a courier despatched with the intelligence of his arrest to Paris. This appears to have given great delight to the anxious mind of the first consul; for, on receiving it, he exclaimed—"The royalists are incorrigible; they must be intimidated!" Is not this something very like a modification of the exultant expression of Shakspeare's Richard III. in regard to the capture of his quondam friend?—

"Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham!"

Now in his power, the consul sent orders that the captive should be taken to Paris, "to be tried before a military court, on the charge of having sought to excite to civil war, and of having borne arms against France." It is hardly necessary to say that the order was as promptly obeyed as it was given.

At that period Bonaparte was, with Josephine, staying at Malmaison, her favourite residence, and where she died.* She, with her usual goodness and humanity, entreated

* Both the house and grounds of this abode are now nearly destroyed. What remains of them were purchased by the late emperor from Queen Christina. It escaped the shell and shot of both the Prussians and the Communists in 1870-'71. The tombs of Josephine, and of her daughter Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III., are in the parish church of Bueil, where there is a monument erected to their memory.

him in vain not further to pursue his plans of vengeance against the Bourbons. He, however, refused to yield to her remonstrances; and when weary of them, he exclaimed—"You are a woman, and know nothing about politics; your proper part is to hold your tongue."

"Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent."—SHAKESPEARE.

The duke was brought to Paris about noon on the 20th of March, and Murat, the governor of the capital, and the military commandant of the district, should have assembled the commission which was to try him. He, however, expressed reluctance to such a measure, when the first consul signed with his own hand all the necessary orders, and gave them to Savary to execute. He took them to Murat to have them countersigned, and then went to Vincennes, where the trial was to take place. These orders, says Thiers, were very full and precise. "They provided for the formation of the commission, named the colonels who were to be members, appointed General Hullin president, and enjoined its immediate assemblage, that all might be settled in the course of the night—the execution being to take place immediately, if, as was not doubted, the verdict should be one of guilty." We have now, ourselves, arrived at Vincennes, and shall endeavour briefly to describe it.

About three miles to the east of Paris is Vincennes—the Bois de Boulogne of this quarter—celebrated for a *chateau* and forest from the days of Louis le Jeune. The foundation of the present building was laid in 1337, by Philippe de Valois, and was completed by his successors. It has been the death-place of some celebrated characters. Here Henry V. of England died in 1422, and Charles IX. in 1574; Cardinal Mazarin in 1661; and, in 1777, it became the prison of the celebrated Mirabeau. After the Revolution of 1830, Prince Polignac and some of the ministers of Charles X. were, for a short space of time, here confined. The donjon is the most interesting portion of the building now standing, and is well worthy of the attention of the antiquary. The chapel, called La Sainte Chapelle, is a fine building of the 16th century, and is one of the latest specimens of pointed architecture remaining in France. It is curious as an imitation and adaptation of the discordant parts of preceding styles. The interior is light, and remarkable for its stained-glass windows, having the letter H. and the crescent, the devices of Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers, thereby informing us of the period of their execution. The castle has been diverted from its original uses, and now answers the threefold purposes of a fortress, barracks, and an arsenal. In its neighbourhood are some pretty lakes and islands; whilst a race-course has been made amongst its woods.

Such is Vincennes, at the distance of about a mile beyond the faubourg St. Antoine, Paris. It had long been used as a State prison; and when the duke was brought to it, M. Harel, the governor, was ordered to prepare a room for him, and to dig a grave in the court. This shows that sentence of death had already been determined upon. M. Harel said that a grave could not very easily be dug there, as the court was paved. He was then

told to find another place. Ultimately the ditch was fixed upon, and, at the foot of the rampart in that place, the grave was prepared.

The duke arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening, "dying of cold and hunger," says M. Harel; "but he was by no means melancholy." As his room was not yet ready, the governor received him in his own, where he sat down to table, and invited M. Harel to partake of the refreshments placed before him. He asked repeatedly what they wanted with him? What they were going to do with him? But we are told that, although in this state of uncertainty, these questions did not proceed from any disturbance within. He was perfectly tranquil, retiring to bed after his repast, shortly to be called and conducted to the council-chamber. His judges were already there, and the accusation was read to him. The charges were unsustained by witnesses, and he was undefended by counsel. He was condemned wholly upon his own answers to the questions put to him.

"In these answers," says General Hullin, the president, "he indignantly repelled the assertion of having been directly or indirectly engaged in any conspiracy against the life of the first consul; but admitted having borne arms against France; saying, with a courage and resolution that forbade us, even for his own sake, to make him vary on that point, 'that he had maintained the rights of his family, and that a Condé could never re-enter France without his arms in his hand. His birth, his opinions,' he said, 'rendered him for ever the enemy of the government.'" This was enough. He was found guilty, and condemned to death. By torches he was lighted to the ditch; and, being refused the presence of a priest, he prayed for himself. He then cut off the locks of his hair, which, with a watch and ring, he delivered, and desired that they might be forwarded to the Princess de Rohan and his father. Feeling that he had now settled his affairs in this world, he turned to the soldiers drawn up ready to execute the sentence passed upon him. He himself gave the signal to fire by exclaiming—"I die for my king and for France!" Seven bullets pierced his body, and he instantly fell dead. His corpse, dressed as it was, was thrown into the grave dug in the ditch, and covered with the mould!

CHAPTER XII.

ENVIRONS CONTINUED; COMPIEGNE; THE PALACE; ITS INTERIOR; ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE; ST. DENIS; CHURCH OF ST. DENIS; ITS EXTERIOR; ITS INTERIOR; FRENCH LEGISLATIVE DECREES; FETE OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE 10TH AUGUST; INSCRIPTIONS ON ST. DENIS.

AWAY again from the capital. We have been whirled to Compiègne, where, from the earliest period of French history, there has been a royal residence, which the late emperor, Napoleon III., in summer occasionally occupied. Here the Archduchess Maria

Louisa was received by the first Napoleon, who, for that event, had it fitted up with great splendour. He erected the grand gallery, above 100 feet long, 40 broad, and 30 high, with a vaulted roof, supported on each side by twenty fluted marble columns, richly gilt. The ceiling is divided into twelve compartments, filled with allegorical painted figures representing his principal victories, with the name of each inscribed above it. What a Potosi for artists France must be! Every event that can flatter individual or national vanity receives embodiment in colour or clay. This is to be applauded, as it improves the taste, and must have a tendency to elevate the genius of a people, where the works are so distributed as to be easily within the reach of their observation; but the self-glorification of her notable men is so great, that it must occasionally bring the smile of ridicule upon the lip of the foreigner. "All is vanity," says Solomon; but France is really the vanity of vanities. Every man is not only a wonder *in* himself, but a wonder *to* himself. If he is a soldier, he has the qualities for a marshal; if a public speaker, those of a Mirabeau, whose own great vanity was the type of that in the mass of his countrymen. The eloquence of this man, however, was as unquestionable as was the military genius of the first Napoleon. On one occasion, when he was describing in detail all the high qualities requisite for a great minister of France in a time of crisis—merits which the orator evidently considered to be united in himself—"All this is true," a friend replied; "but you have omitted one of his qualifications." "No, surely; what do you mean?" "Should he not, also," added the same sarcastic questioner, "be pitted with the small-pox?" thus identifying the picture as the portrait of the painter. The witty questioner was Talleyrand. Returning to Compiègne, we must recall the fact, that it was here that the Maid of Orleans was made prisoner in 1430; and although the *château* is one of the most elegant in France, it was, during the revolutionary period, converted into a school.

Having travelled from Paris to Compiègne, the tourist will naturally expect to see something that will, in some degree, recompense him for his journey. Accordingly we appeal to the pages of Galignani, where is set forth the following description of the palace and its appendages.

This splendid abode is situated on the Place du Château, a spacious square, surrounded with alleys of lime-trees. It was built by Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The entrance is through a Doric portico, connecting two lateral wings, which, with the main body, enclose the Cour d'Honneur. The Grand Vestibule, a long Doric gallery adorned with marble busts of Roman emperors, leads, by the Escalier d'Honneur, a fine double-branched staircase, to the Salles des Gardes and Salon des Huissiers, where a hunting scene, under Louis XV., forms the subject of a large painting by Audry. There are two other paintings of hounds, by Desportes. The Salle à Manger, an Ionic hall, opening into the garden, leads to the Salon des Aides-de-Camp, containing three large maps of Compiègne and the adjoining forest, painted on canvas. The Salon de Famille, where the imperial family met in the evening, gives access to the Salon du Conseil, a splendid room, with a Gobelin

carpet and Beauvais furniture. The walls are adorned with three fine pieces of Gobelines tapestry, representing sacrifices to Pallas, Flora, and Ceres, from originals painted, in 1787, by Suvée. Next follows the late emperor's bedroom, with a splendid gilt bedstead and canopy; the furniture red damask, and the ceiling painted in compartments, by Girodet.

Having given sufficient time to the inspection of these apartments, the visitor will pass into the library, a spacious room, with carved and gilt book-cases, and its ceiling painted in compartments by Girodet; the centre one representing Mercury, Pallas, and Apollo. In the Salon des Dames d'Honneur are a couple of large paintings by Langlois, representing the battle of Navarino and the landing of the French at Algiers, in 1830. Next follows the empress's bed-chamber, a most gorgeous apartment. The ceiling and panels, by Girodet, represent the evening star and the seasons. The bedstead is graced with two gilt cornucopiæ; two large angels, likewise gilt, hold the curtains, which descend from a rich canopy adorned with ostrich feathers; the furniture is also gilt, and covered with rich damask. Adjoining is a bath and *cabinet de toilette*, very richly furnished. Next follows the Salon de Réception of the empress, in keeping with the other rooms, all being supplied with costly Gobelines carpets. From this, the Salon d'Attente opens into the Petit Salon, having War, Departure, Victory, and Return painted in the coves. Now follow three plain rooms, formerly inhabited by Madame Adelaide, sister to King Louis Philippe. With very little change, the furniture is still the same that was used by her.

We now descend a stair which takes us to the Salle du Spectacle, with three tiers of galleries, and capable of containing 800 persons. It is richly painted and gilt. The *suite* behind the rooms of the empress, comprises a private dining-room, and the Galerie de Don Quichotte, with thirty-one paintings by Coypel (father and son), representing the most striking scenes in the work by Cervantes. There are eight paintings more of the same, by Natoire, in the adjoining ante chamber. The visitor now enters the Grande Galerie des Batailles, built by Napoleon I. The vaulted ceiling, supported by twenty Corinthian columns, illustrates, in twelve allegorical compartments, by Girodet, the victories of Wagram, Austerlitz, &c. It is 100 feet by 40, and 30 feet in height. The next room has two paintings by Girodet, taken from the "*Atala*" of Chateaubriand; and the following, called the Antique Chapelle, is adorned with fine Gobelines tapestry, representing High Mass, Leo X., and the defeat of Maxentius, copied from the Vatican at Rome. The present chapel, adjoining, is of the Doric and Ionic orders; the Creator, Faith, and Hope are in the windows, executed in stained glass. Other apartments, vying, it is said, in splendour with those described, are distributed in other portions of this magnificent palace.

The town of Compiègne possesses, besides its palace, some other edifices worth examining. These are the Hôtel de Ville, a Gothic structure, built about the close of the 14th century, the Church of St. James, with its remarkable tower, and the front of the

Church St. Antoine. These, with the palace, will repay a visit to Compiègne, at which, it is said, even Clovis the Great, and the real founder of the French monarchy, had a seat. This sovereign was converted to Christianity by his wife Clotilde; and by dint of victories and murders—for he does not seem to have been very particular as to the means he employed to advance his interests—he united under his sway all the countries between the Rhine, the Rhône, the ocean, and the Pyrenees. Yet he obtained the title of Most Christian King, which, till the year 1848, was retained by the monarchs of France.

Although Compiègne is, by the Parisians, set down as being in the environs of their city, it does not, in our opinion, enter within the boundaries of this category. However, as our ideas of things may be somewhat contracted, from their insularity, we must be content with distances as they are in this respect. But there is another palace, at not a third of the distance of Compiègne from Paris, which the visitor must endeavour not to overlook. It is, however, more interesting for its historical associations than for its grandeur in either architectural display or ideal art. The place to which we allude is St. Germain-en-Laye, where, on the terrace, “in the pavilion of Henry IV.,” there is a *café* and *hôtel*, as represented in our engraving.

The favourite residence of Charles V. (surnamed *le Sage*, the Wise), of France, was the Hôtel de St. Paul, on the banks of the Seine; but taking a liking to the neighbourhood of St. Germain, he built a *château* there. This structure was subsequently enlarged by Francis I., Henry II., and Henry IV. The Gothic *château* of Francis, including the old donjon, was encased in a brick exterior by Mansard, for Louis XIV.; but its appearance was not such as to impart to it the character of what is supposed to be a kingly residence. Louis, therefore, did not like it, and he left it, making as an excuse, that the view from its windows embraced the church of St. Denis, which was the burial-place of his race. This probably reminded the monarch, too often, that even the lives of kings must have an earthly end—a sentiment rarely accompanied with pleasing associations in the minds of worldly, ambitious men. The pavilion (now the *restaurant*) stands at the end of the terrace, and is all that remains of the palace built by Henry IV. It was in this building that Louis XIV. was born.

The late emperor, Napoleon III., set about restoring the old *château*, which had passed from a palace into a military prison, and from that into utter neglect. He decided on converting it into a “Museum of Non-historic, Gaulish, and Romano-Gaulish Antiquities.” This has, to a certain extent, been done accordingly; but the alterations are not nearly finished. The year 1880 is the period assigned for its completion. Meanwhile we are informed that, “in the apartments laid open, are now arranged plans and surveys made by Napoleon III., in aid of his researches for his ‘Life of Cæsar,’ of the sites of Bibracté, Alyse, Laumes, Uxellodunum, Avaricum, Cæsar’s camps; also coins, arms, swords, found by his excavations; models of catapults, Roman galley, &c. On the upper storey are placed the products of caves, &c., in the south of France, department Dordogne; flint instruments,

carved bones, reindeer horns, &c.; the collection of flints formed by M. Boucher de Perthes at Abbeville; models on scale of the Celtic monuments of Brittany, and other parts of France, with objects dug up from beneath them. The Gaulish and Celtic antiquities of the Louvre, and other government museums, have been transferred hither, with the collection of northern antiquities presented by the King of Denmark." To those who may have a predilection for the study of such antiquities as are here specified, the museum at St. Germain-en-Laye offers a fair opportunity for this purpose. James II. of England, after being forced to abdicate in favour of William III., Prince of Orange, found a refuge in France, and had the *château* of St. Germain assigned him for a residence by Louis XIV.

We have said that the sight of the church of St. Denis, from the windows of St. Germain, helped to drive Louis XIV. from that *château* as a residence; and as the distance is not great between the two localities, we will proceed thither, and contemplate this burial-place of kings.

The town of St. Denis is six miles north of Paris, and contains about 25,000 inhabitants, composed principally of workpeople. The town itself has no interest to the traveller whatever, but its abbey church is an edifice of great celebrity. It originated in a Benedictine abbey, which, in very early times, was founded here on account of a tradition that it was the spot where the sainted Denis himself was buried. Respecting its history, Galignani has the following:—

"A chapel was founded here, in honour of St. Denis, about A.D. 250, in which Dagobert, son of Chilperic, was buried in 580, being the first prince known to have been interred within its walls. Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis in 613, and Pepin, father of Charlemagne, commenced a new church, which was finished by his son, and consecrated in 775. Of this edifice nothing now remains except the foundations of the crypt. Suger, abbot of the monastery during the reign of Louis VII., demolished the church, and built a more majestic one in 1144, of which the porch and two towers remain. The rest of the building, as it now stands, was constructed by St. Louis and his successor, between 1250 and 1281. The kings and princes of France were interred here down to the breaking-out of the great Revolution; but in pursuance of a decree of the Convention in 1793, their remains were disinterred, and thrown into two large trenches, opposite the northern porch. In 1795 the lead was stripped from the roof, and a decree passed to raze the building to the ground; but, happily for the arts, a resolution so Gothic was not carried into effect. The church, neglected for several years, was falling into ruins, when Napoleon I. ordered it to be repaired, as well as the vault of the Bourbons, as a place of sepulture for his own dynasty. The *oriflamme*, in ancient times the sacred banner of France, was kept at this abbey; and no church in the kingdom was so rich in relics and sacred ornaments. All these were dispersed at the Revolution of 1789, and the monuments of the kings were removed to the Musée des Monuments Français, at the convent of the Petits Augustins, now the School of the Fine Arts, where they were preserved, to be restored at a future period to their original places."

After this, Napoleon I. restored divine worship in the church, and laid out large sums in repairing it. On the 13th of January, 1817, the royal remains that had been ejected from it were disinterred and brought back to the vaults of the crypt, where, with great solemnity, they were re-deposited. Louis Philippe did much to improve the church; and under the rule of Napoleon III., MM. Lessus and Viollet le Duc, two of the best Gothic architects in France, brought it to the condition in which it now appears.

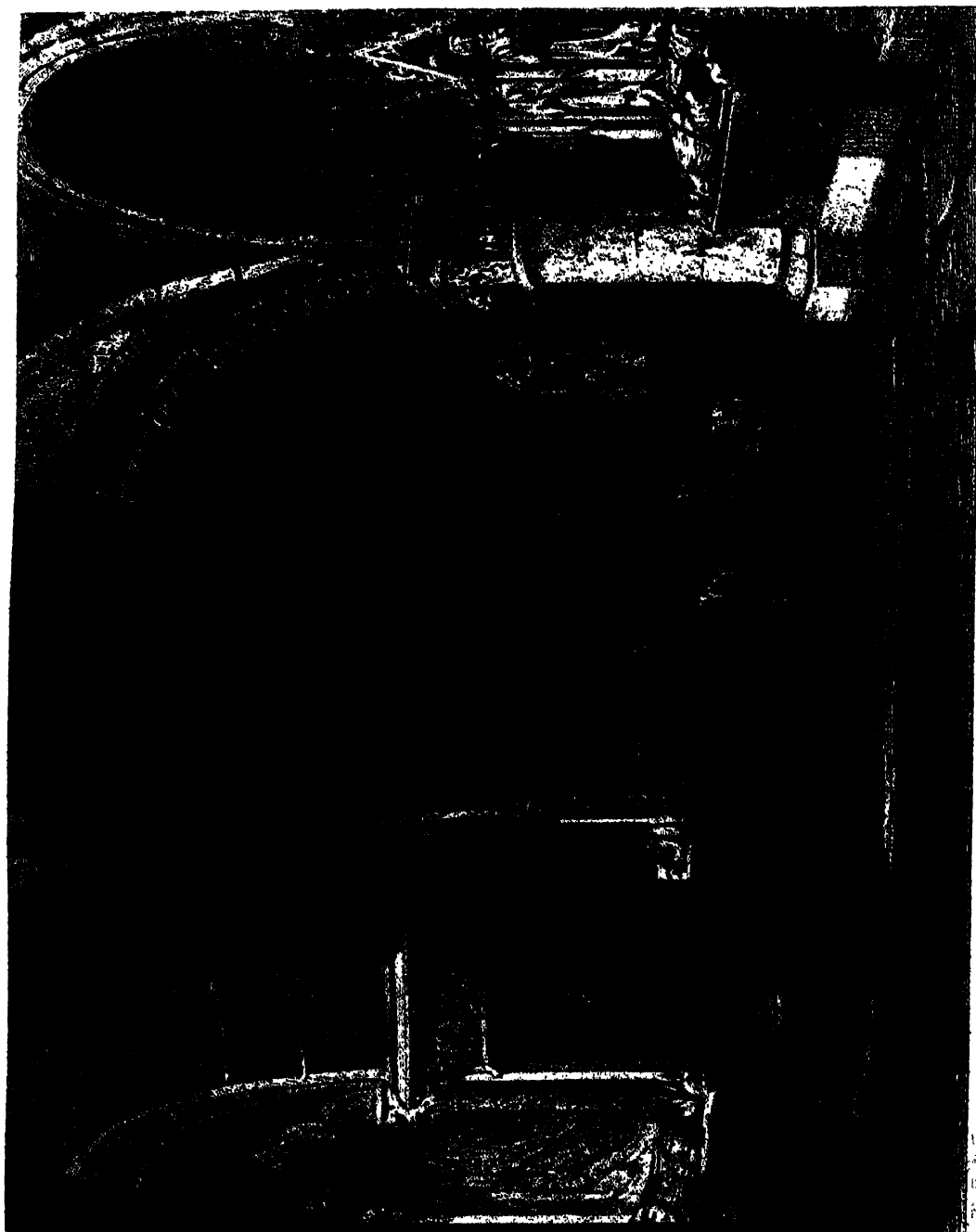
This church is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of the architecture of its period existing in France. The wall and the turrets in which the buttresses terminate are crowned with battlements. Three portals with retiring arches, adorned with the figures of saints, and supported by clustered pillars, give access to the interior, which it is vain adequately to describe. The tympana of the arches contain singular-looking, ancient high-reliefs, having reference to passages of Scripture. Above the entrances are double and treble windows, partly walled up, and over the central one a circular rose-window was transformed into the dial-plate of a clock. On each side, and immediately under the battlements, are four bas-reliefs and saints. Both on the right and left entrances are curious medallions of stone; those on the right representing the labours peculiar to each month of the year; those on the left the signs of the zodiac. Even the gates of the principal entrance to this church are adorned with tracery and medallions of cast-iron, containing interesting bas-reliefs. Those on the left side are—1. "The Kiss of Judas." 2. "Christ before Pilate." 3. "Christ bearing his Cross." 4. "The Crucifixion." On the right side there are—1. "The Entombment." 2. "The Resurrection." 3. "Christ and the Two Disciples at Emmaus." 4. "The Ascension." On entering the edifice we find it cruciform, consisting of a nave and two aisles, with lateral chapels. "Magnificent!" is the word which best describes the *coup d'œil* this church presents on entering within its walls. The transepts completely separate the nave from the choir, and the length is 354 feet, with a breadth of 90 between the transepts, and a height of vaulting of 80 feet. Both nave, choir, and transepts have a light triform gallery and clerestory windows, the groinings springing from clustered capitals.

It appears that the earliest burials of the kings of France at St. Denis dates from the time of St. Louis, who reigned from A.D. 1226 to 1270. From this period till the sanguinary and sacrilegious days of the Revolution of 1789, most of the sovereigns of France found their last resting-places here. The first interred were Philippe and Louis, brothers of the saint; and the last who found places in the royal vault, were the Duc de Berri and Louis XVIII. Charles X. and Louis Philippe died in exile, the former finding a temporary resting-place at Goritz, in Venetian Lombardy, and the other at Weybridge in England. Beneath the choir is the crypt or subterranean church, in which the desecrated tombs were placed previous to their removal to their former places in the upper church.

"Of the 167 monuments replaced in St. Denis," says the compiler of the latest edition of Murray's Hand-book, "several belonged to other edifices; and many, those even of the

very early kings of France, were mere cenotaphs, erected by St. Louis: such were those of the Merovingian and Carlovingian sovereigns. All the royal monuments stood originally in the church, or in its chapels; but on the rearrangement during the present century, most of them were placed in the crypt, and from which they are now removed. It will, therefore, be impossible to point out where they will ultimately be placed. The monument of Dagobert, with its curious bas-relief, representing St. Denis rescuing the body of the Carlovingian king from hell, which stands under a handsome Gothic canopy on the right of the high altar, was erected by St. Louis. The monuments on each side of the entrance to the modern imperial sepulchral vault, of Clovis, Charles Martel, Carloman, Eudes, Fredegunda, and Bertha, are mere cenotaphs, erected in 1263, also by order of St. Louis. In the right transept stands the monument of Francis I., and Claude of France, one of the magnificent tombs of the *Renaissance*, begun in 1550, from the designs of Philibert Delorme; the recumbent figures on it are those of the king, his wife, and children. In a handsome vase, covered with sculpture, was preserved the heart of the monarch until the Vandals of the Revolution desecrated it. Nearer the high altar are the recumbent figures of the Charleses—Charles VII. and his wife, and painted statues of Charles V. and his consort. In the left transept are the monuments of Louis XII. and his queen, Anno of Brittany, erected in 1591 by Paolo Ponzio; and near it that of Henry II. and Catharine de Medicis, by Germain Pilon. On the right of the lateral entrance of the church are several figures of sovereigns of the Valois race, and, on the left, of sundry royal personages. In an adjoining chapel is the kneeling figure of Marie Antoinette.”

Recalling the period of 1793, when the Jacobin Convention was in power, its leaders talked of having recourse to their ordinary resource when assailed by difficulties. This was the utter extermination of their opponents. The obstinate royalism of the Vendéans was exciting their wrath to the utmost, and, on the 1st of August, what they threatened was embodied in a decree of the Convention, for exterminating the Vendée, the remains of the Bourbon family, and the foreigners. To carry out this decree effectually, orders were given to prepare such means as were necessary, and unscrupulous commanders were appointed to perform the duty imposed upon them. In appealing to history, we can hardly repress a smile now at the nature of the decrees which the French legislators of the Convention of that period issued, one after another, with a rapidity that, at the least, does not show them to have been guilty of wasting time in deliberate debate upon the wisdom of their measures. They imposed new rigours upon such persons as they suspected entertained different political opinions from those which they held; and, on the same day (the 1st of August), adopted another decree, in which the English government was denounced, and held up to the detestation of all peoples, at the same time proclaiming William Pitt the enemy of the whole of the human race. Another decree ordered, that all foreigners domiciled in France since the 14th of July, 1789, should be immediately placed under arrest. Another decree of the same day, declared that all the Bourbons who



Front of the Pump or the Light of the Pump

remained in France should be transported, except those who were under the sword of the law; meaning the prisoners in the Temple and the Duke of Orleans, who was confined at Marseilles. It was also determined that Marie Antoinette should be brought to the scaffold; and orders were given to transfer the Duke of Orleans to Paris, where a similar fate awaited him. Here was precipitation—the usual result of unreasoning wrath. But this same decree-producing month of August* brought forth another—namely, that the royal tombs at St. Denis should be destroyed. This was to celebrate the anniversary of the 10th of August; for which, amidst alarms and fears, preparations were being made. This *fête* was arranged by David, the founder of the classical school of painting; and the great works of the sister art of sculpture, the products of different ages, were to be destroyed, to heighten what we must designate the folly of a day of republican pleasure. It is worth while reviewing the work of David's genius on this occasion.

The proceedings of the *fête* commenced at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of August; at which hour, those who were to form part of the procession assembled in the Place of the Bastille. A great fountain had been constructed there, which was called the Fountain of Regeneration. Now, considering how the Revolution was carried on—the detestable immoralities and sanguinary crimes by which it was characterised—in our opinion, the Fountain of Degeneration would have been a more appropriate title for this work of art. However, let us see the character of its construction, and what was done in presence of it.

“In the middle of an extensive basin, a colossal statue of Nature poured out streams of water from her numerous breasts. Around this basin were assembled the Convention, the envoys of the primary assemblies (from whom eighty-six were chosen to represent the eighty-six departments), the popular societies, and all the armed sections. As soon as the sun's rays had gilded the tops of the buildings, they welcomed its appearance by singing a hymn to the air of the ‘*Marseillaise*.’ The president of the Convention then took a cup, filled it with the water of *regeneration*, which, in the first place, he poured on the ground, and then drank himself, and passed the cup on to the representatives, or deans (as they were termed) of the eighty-six departments, who drank in succession. The procession then formed, and marched along the Boulevards.”

So far, it is evident that David had borrowed some hints from the festivals of the Greeks to Delos, in honour of Diana and Apollo. Solemn deputations, known by the name of *Theorice*, were, on these occasions, charged with bearing incense from the other gods, and brought with them choruses to sing at the festival. As water purifies the body, the Greeks, from analogy, believed it capable of purifying the soul; and hence, we suppose, M. David's Fountain of Regeneration. To proceed.

* According to the “Hand-book,” it was on the 31st July that Barrère proposed to the Convention the destruction of the royal tombs, in celebration of the anniversary of the 10th of August. “And of the coffins of our old tyrants, let us make bullets to hurl at our enemies!”

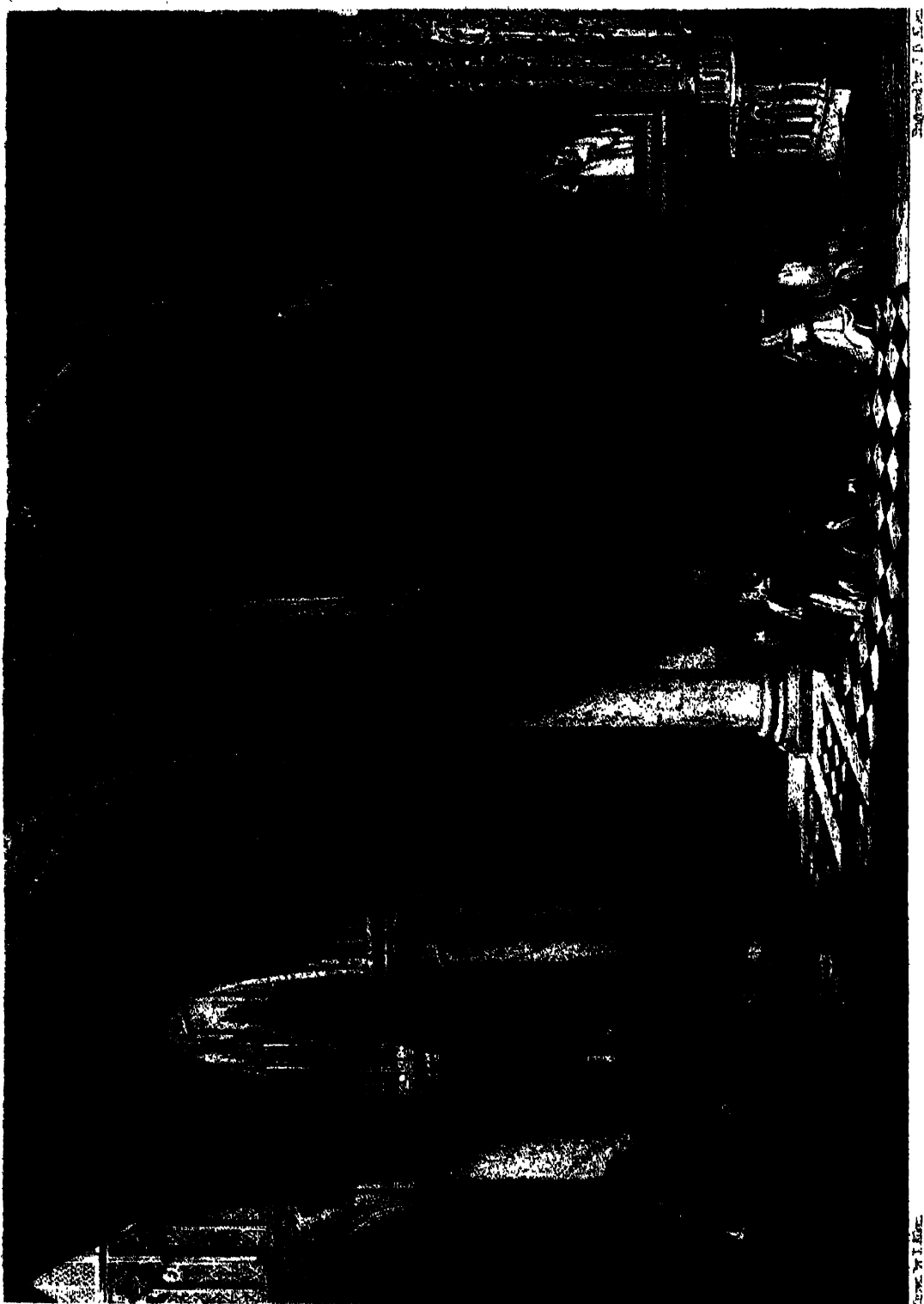
In the procession, "first went the popular societies carrying a banner, on which was figured the eye of watchfulness. They were followed by the National Convention, each member of which carried a bunch of ears of wheat in his hand. Eight of them, marching in the centre of the national representatives, carried on an ark the act of the constitution and the rights of man. The deans of the departments formed a chain round the Convention, holding together by a tricoloured band, and carrying in their hands branches of olives, as a sign of the reconciliation of the provinces with Paris; and a pike, which each was to contribute to the formation of the national bundle of the eighty-six departments. Next march groups of people carrying the implements used in the different manufactures. In the midst of them, an old man and his aged wife, seated on a plough, were drawn by their young sons. It was followed by a war chariot, containing the cinerary urn of the soldiers who had died for their country. Last of all came *dung-carts filled with figures of sceptres, crowns, coats-of-arms, and other ensigns of the times of royalty*, all made of inflammable materials."

This seems rather a detraction from the imitative classicality of the processional display. The odour of the *dung-carts* is scarcely in keeping with the Fountain of Regeneration; but—

"As the procession passed the Boulevard Poissonnière, the president of the Convention presented a branch of laurel to the heroines of the 5th and 6th of October, who were there seated on their cannons. At the Place de la Revolution (now the Place de la Concorde), the carts containing the ensigns of royalty and nobility were burnt, and the statue of Liberty was unveiled.* This ceremony was announced by peals of artillery; and thousands of small birds, with ribbons attached to them, were suddenly set at liberty, and flew up into the air.

"From the Place de la Revolution, the procession pursued its march to the Champ de Mars, halting on its way to salute a colossal statue, representing the French people treading Federalism under foot. On approaching the Champ de Mars, the procession divided itself into two columns, which ranged themselves round the altar of the country. The top of the altar was occupied by the president of the Convention and the eighty-six deans, while the members of the Convention, and the rest of the envoys of the primary assemblies, occupied the steps. The groups of the people approached one after another, to depose on the altar the products of their different manufactures and of the earth.

* Previous to the erection of this statue of Liberty, there was here a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XV.; and at the four angles of its pedestal were marble statues, representing Peace, Prudence, Justice, and Strength. The statue was destroyed on the 11th of August, 1792, and melted down into cannon and republican two-sous pieces, while a large plaster figure of Liberty was placed on the pedestal, in front of which was erected the guillotine, and the place called Place de la Revolution. By a decree of 1800, it assumed the name of Place de la Concorde; both figure and pedestal were removed, and the model of a column was erected in wood, covered with painted canvas. Figures representing the departments surrounded the base. The wars of the empire interposed to prevent the completion of this work of art.



Lady's boudoir, Abbey Church, 1864

The president then took the written votes by which the envoys of the departments adopted a new constitution, and placed them on the altar. New discharges of artillery attended the ceremony, and the people, with loud shouts, swore to observe and defend the constitution. The eighty-six deans then delivered their pikes to the president, who bound them together in a bundle (the Roman *fascis*), which, with the act of the constitution, he handed over to the care of the deputies of the primary assemblies, exhorting them, at the same time, to unite all their forces round the ark of the new alliance. After this ceremony had been completed, one part of the procession accompanied the cinerary urn to a temple destined to receive it, while the others carried the ark of the constitution to a place where it was to be left till the morrow. The rest of the day was filled up with a representation of the siege and bombardment of Lille. So ended the third grand festival of the French Revolution."

It was, then, to celebrate the above anniversary that the tombs of St. Denis were violated; and whatever grandeur and glory there might be connected with the processional exhibition, surely the destruction of the sculptured sepulchres of the French kings, could not, in the slightest degree, either enhance the one or increase the other. On either side of the central windows of the church are Latin inscriptions, of which the following are translations:—

1. "In honour of the church which fostered and raised him, Suger laboured to decorate (this) church. And thou, oh! martyr St. Denis, who enjoyest Paradise, pray that he may enjoy it with thee. The thousand one hundred and fortieth year was the year of the Word in which it was consecrated."

2. "A single tempestuous day destroyed this church, where the ashes of kings had reposed for ten centuries. But Napoleon, while re-establishing order in every branch of the State, restored this church to God, to the kings, and the grave. The work was again suspended, for he himself fell; but it was Philip who completed what had been commenced."

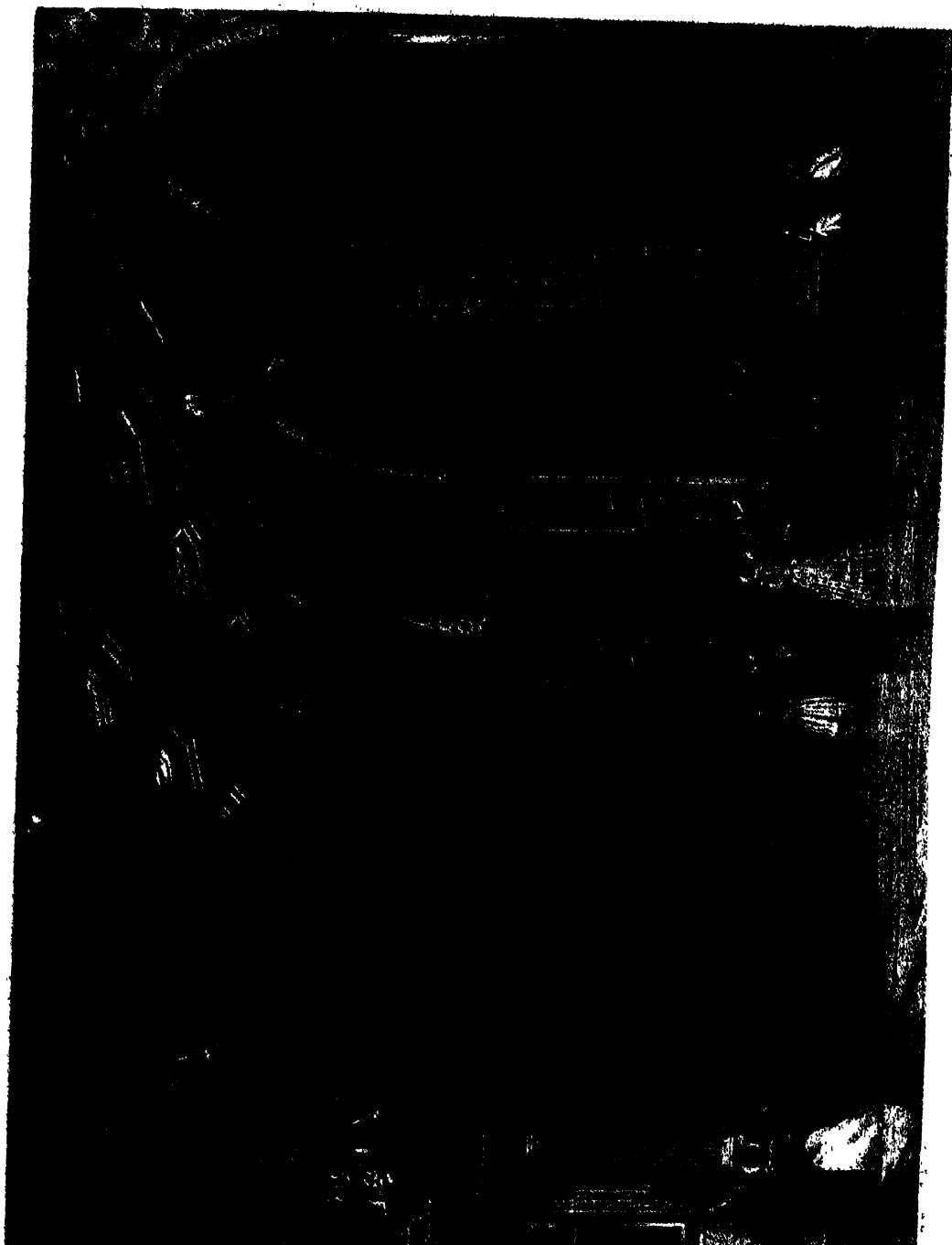
CHAPTER XIII.

ENVIRONS CONTINUED; ESSONNE; ERMENVILLE; NAPOLEON I.; JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU; MALMAISON; OUTSIDE OF PARIS; FONTAINEBLEAU; HISTORY OF ITS PALACE; ITS INTERIOR; MARIE ANTOINETTE; MURDER OF MONALDESCHINI; CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN; THE ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON I.; HIS FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS; THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU; POPE PIUS VII.; HIS DETENTION AT FONTAINEBLEAU; HIS LIBERATION; MARIA LOUISA AND HER SON; SEPARATION OF FRIENDS; DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

THERE is a village called Cour de France, which we notice, not on account of anything remarkable to be seen in it, but on account of a circumstance connected with a somewhat extraordinary man. It lies between Villajuif and Essonne, on the road to Fontaine-

bleau, and about twelve miles from Paris. This is the place where Napoleon was first informed that the allies had entered the capital of his empire. On the 30th March, 1814, nearly alone, he had left his army and reached Sens. On the same night he arrived at the post-house of Cour de France, in a wretched cabriolet drawn by post-horses. How was the mighty fallen! In the greatest anxiety he was pacing backwards and forwards on the high-road, when he was met by a general, who informed him of the capitulation of Marmont, and the occupation of Paris by the allies. He returned to the post-house, whence, in about another hour, he was on his way to Fontainebleau. This is a little incident in the life of this extraordinary man, whose history, faithfully and minutely written, would, we think, form a strangely-mingled compound of small and great events. As a whole, however, his career was like the strain of an epic poem, grand, though darkened with painful episodes, and disfigured by trifling scenes unworthy of his great intellectual power. His mind was of the highest order, but, in our opinion, not so capable of appreciating the beautiful as the grand. Nor did he care much even for woman, and nothing for play. Politics, however, was his adoration. "*Je n'aime pas beaucoup les femmes, ni le jeu ; enfin rien ; je suis tout à fait une être politique,*" was one of his remarks to M. Gallois. Towards the close of his days, on the lonely rock in the Atlantic, he was sufficiently miserable; but even then his mind evinced its lingering love of the grand; his studies almost wholly consisting of French tragedy, the *Odyssey* and the Bible.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose writings greatly helped to precipitate the Revolution, died in a dependency of the Château of Ermonville, a village about twenty-eight miles to the north-east of Paris. The grounds contiguous to the *château* were originally a marsh, but being converted by M. de Girardin into a garden, and the pleasure-grounds laid out in the English style, they were much admired, and attracted many visitors to see them. When Rousseau became so poor that he was forced to quit Paris, M. de Girardin invited him to Ermonville, where, in the May of 1778, he arrived; but he died in the following July, and was buried in an island in the great park, called Ile des Peupliers. The National Assembly, however, having decreed him the honours of the Panthéon, his remains were removed to Paris, with great pomp, in the October of 1794, notwithstanding the remonstrances of M. de Girardin—Rousseau's bones, we suppose, by this time having become national property, and, therefore, worthy of *national* recognition and possession. At the entrance leading from the road to the *château*, stands a pavilion in which the sentimental enthusiast lived. In the "Isle" where his remains first found a resting-place, his tomb bore, and may still bear, two inscriptions; the one chosen by Rousseau being—"*Vitam impendere vero*" ("To stake one's life for the truth"); the other—"*Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité*" ("Here rests the man of nature and truth"). This is all very flattering, and in perfect keeping with the French character: but was the "mouldering clay" worthy of so much honour? If we are to think with Napoleon I., it certainly was not; for he said to Stanislas Girardin—"*C'était un méchant homme, ce Rousseau. Sans lui la France n'avait pas eu de Révolution.*" But are we to



Gallery of Henry 2nd. Fontenay Abbey

take this as the real opinion of the emperor; for if there would have been no Revolution without Rousseau, there would, in all probability, have been no Emperor Napoleon in France. The "*méchant homme*" might, therefore, have been pronounced as a joke, with a smile which meant it to be taken in a sense opposite to that which its reality conveys.

There are numerous spots and places which enter into the category of the environs of Paris of great interest, from the events with which they were connected during the triumphant period of the first empire, or the destructive period of the Revolution which preceded it; but it would require much time to see them all, as well as to say all that might be said about them. Malmaison, however, is a *château* which every one interested in the history of the first Napoleon should make a point of seeing, from the recollections which it brings, on the wings of memory, of the *grand* days of the past. It was the favourite residence of Bonaparte and Josephine. Its architecture is indifferent; but it was within its walls that many of the great schemes of Napoleon I. were discussed and determined by his councillors. Even the most important projects were, with the utmost privacy, formed here. But, Ichabod! its glory is departed. After the Restoration it was sold, together with the estate connected with it, divided into lots. What remained of it was purchased by Napoleon III. from Queen Christina, and it escaped the shot and shell of both the Prussians and the Communists in 1870-'71. In one of its chambers Josephine gave up her spirit on the 13th of May, 1814; and within one year and a "little month" afterwards, her "Achille," as she was wont to call her Napoleon, retired there on the 23rd of June, 1815, the day after his second abdication, and left it on the 29th. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A lady who, thirty-five years ago, passed "six weeks on the Loire," and published a volume of her adventures, says—"Fortunately there is but little philosophy to reconcile the traveller to not seeing his road before him on going out of Paris: the more general complaint is, that it is seen too clearly; for never capital was less fortunate in its suburbs and immediate environs; and one long, dull, straight line, always behind what the eye can reach, soon informs those who are entering upon it, of the monotony and tedium they have to encounter before they attain the end." This complaint is as applicable at the present day as it was when it was made, provided the traveller makes his journey otherwise than by railway; but if he adopts this mode of conveyance, he is, in a very short space of time, out of sight of Paris; and without knowing whether he has traversed a level, an open, a mountainous, or a country varied with wood, water, hill and dale, he finds himself in the presence of one of the most ancient and venerable residences of the kings of France.

The town of Fontainebleau stands in the middle of a forest of the same name, many of its population being occupied with timber and stone-cutting. It is the Château Royal, however, which is the great object of attraction here. The first notice of this building is in the 12th century, in the reign of Louis VII.; and the chapel of St. Saturnin, on the ground floor, opening on the Cour Ovale, is said to have been constructed in his reign; but it is to Francis I. that the glory of the present fabric is ascribed. Here Charles V. of Spain was,

in 1539, entertained by that monarch; and here Henrietta Maria found a refuge when the misfortunes of her husband, Charles I. of England, was becoming desperate: here Louis XIV. signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and here Napoleon I. kept Pope Pius VII. a prisoner, notwithstanding that the head of the Roman church had, in 1804, repaired to Paris, and in the cathedral of Notre Dame crowned him emperor. But Napoleon had no great fear of popes; his conscience was not of a troublesome kind, either politically, morally, or religiously. He would as soon depose a king, murder a duke, or imprison a pope, as take a cup of coffee, if either opposed his will, or stood in the way of his ambition. When the quarrel waxed high between him and this very Pope Pius VII., he wrote him from Dresden, that "he must not take him for a Louis le Débonnaire; that his (the pope's) anathemas would never make his soldiers drop their muskets; that if provoked too far, he could separate the Romish church from the greater part of Europe, and establish a more rational form of worship than that of which the pope was the head, and that such a thing was easy in the actual state of people's minds." Pius, being by no means of an accommodating disposition, was forced to endure much from French imperialism; but, on the whole, he stood his ground manfully, and even refused to sanction Napoleon's separation from Josephine. After the abdication of the emperor he went to Rome, where he spent the remainder of his days in improving the civil institutions of his dominions.

The palace of Fontainebleau had been neglected till Louis Philippe undertook its repair, and he beautified it much. Large sums were expended upon it, until it assumed something like what it was in the splendid period of the past. The apartments of Louis Philippe were those which Napoleon I. inhabited; and of their general magnificence, some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving of his saloon.

One of the most striking galleries in the *château* is named after Francis I., adorned in the *Renaissance* style, and supplying some excellent specimens of Italian art. This sovereign was essentially the friend of art and letters; and, considering the period in which he lived, and the wars in which he was engaged, has great merit for the efforts he made to enlighten his people. His taste, however, was open to the reproach of licentiousness, which exhibited itself so broadly in the paintings at Fontainebleau, that Anne of Austria, in 1653, when she became regent, was forced to have many of them obliterated. One of the finest halls in the palace, however, is the gallery of Henry II., which has recently undergone renovation. "Murray" tells us that the paintings have been renovated with as much care as possible; that the ceiling is gorgeous and elaborate with ornaments, and that the walls are of consistent richness. Everywhere appears the crescent of Diana of Poitiers, and her initial D. linked with the H. of her royal lover. The chimney-piece, glittering with *fleur-de-lis*, and resplendent with marbles, was the work of the sculptor Rondelet.

What may be considered as the late empress's room at Fontainebleau, was fitted up for Marie Antoinette by Louis XVI.; and the metal bolts are said to have been the work of his own royal hands. Gazing on the splendour of this apartment, the fate of that beautiful,

high-spirited, though unfortunate princess, irresistibly takes possession of the mind. Here she was surrounded with everything that could minister to pride, pleasure, or vanity; here she was guarded, courted, esteemed, loved, praised, and idolised, till the fatal year of 1789 brought the fury of the public against her. Throughout the whole of the appalling scenes of that terrible period—from the 6th of October till she died by the guillotine in 1793—she evinced the highest fortitude, resolution, and self-possession. But we have already spoken sufficiently of her.

Louis XIII. having been born in Fontainebleau, there is a saloon which bears his name, and which is also fitted-up with great splendour; but there is another apartment, now subdivided into other apartments, called the Gallery of the Stags, which, were it shown, would, perhaps, be of more interest to the historical student, from its having been the scene of the unjustifiable murder of Monaldeschini, the Italian chamberlain of Christina of Sweden, in 1650. This gentleman was subjected to a sort of mock trial for having revealed some secrets of Christina, who acted herself as judge on the occasion. The manner of the murder is thus related in the Guide-book:—"She sent for a priest to confess him before she gave orders for his murder, which was perpetrated in the confessor's presence. Monaldeschini seems not to have been free from suspicions of his mistress; for he wore, under his dress, a coat of mail, which turned the first thrusts of the sword of the assassin." Notwithstanding the perpetration of this monstrous crime in one of the king's palaces, the French court took no notice of it beyond a mere kind of displeasure at its atrocity. Christina continued to reside in the palace for a couple of years after it.

It was here, in Fontainebleau, after much doubt, hesitation, and irresolution in his conduct, that the great Napoleon, on the 11th of April, 1814, executed the instrument by which he formally renounced, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy. "Even after signing this document," says Mr. Lockhart, in his charming miniature history of Bonaparte, "and delivering it to Caulaincourt, he made a last effort to rouse the spirits of the chief officers still around his person. They, as the marshals had done on the 4th, heard his appeals in silence; and Caulaincourt, though repeatedly commanded to give him back the act of abdication, refused to do so. It is generally believed that, during the night which ensued, Napoleon's meditations were, once more, like those of the falling Macbeth:—

" 'There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.'

"Whether the story, very circumstantially told, of his having swallowed poison on that night be true, we have no means of deciding. It is certain that he underwent a violent paroxysm of illness, sunk into a death-like stupor, and awoke in extreme feebleness, lassitude, and dejection; in which condition several days were passed."

A few days after this, the news came to Fontainebleau that the Count d'Artois

(afterwards Charles X.) had entered Paris as the lieutenant of his brother, Louis XVIII., which must have convinced the emperor that his game was, for the present at least, played out. Mr. Lockhart's narrative of the parting scene between him and his imperial guard is so touching, that we shall be excused for recalling it, whilst overlooking, in our mind's eye, the very spot where it took place.

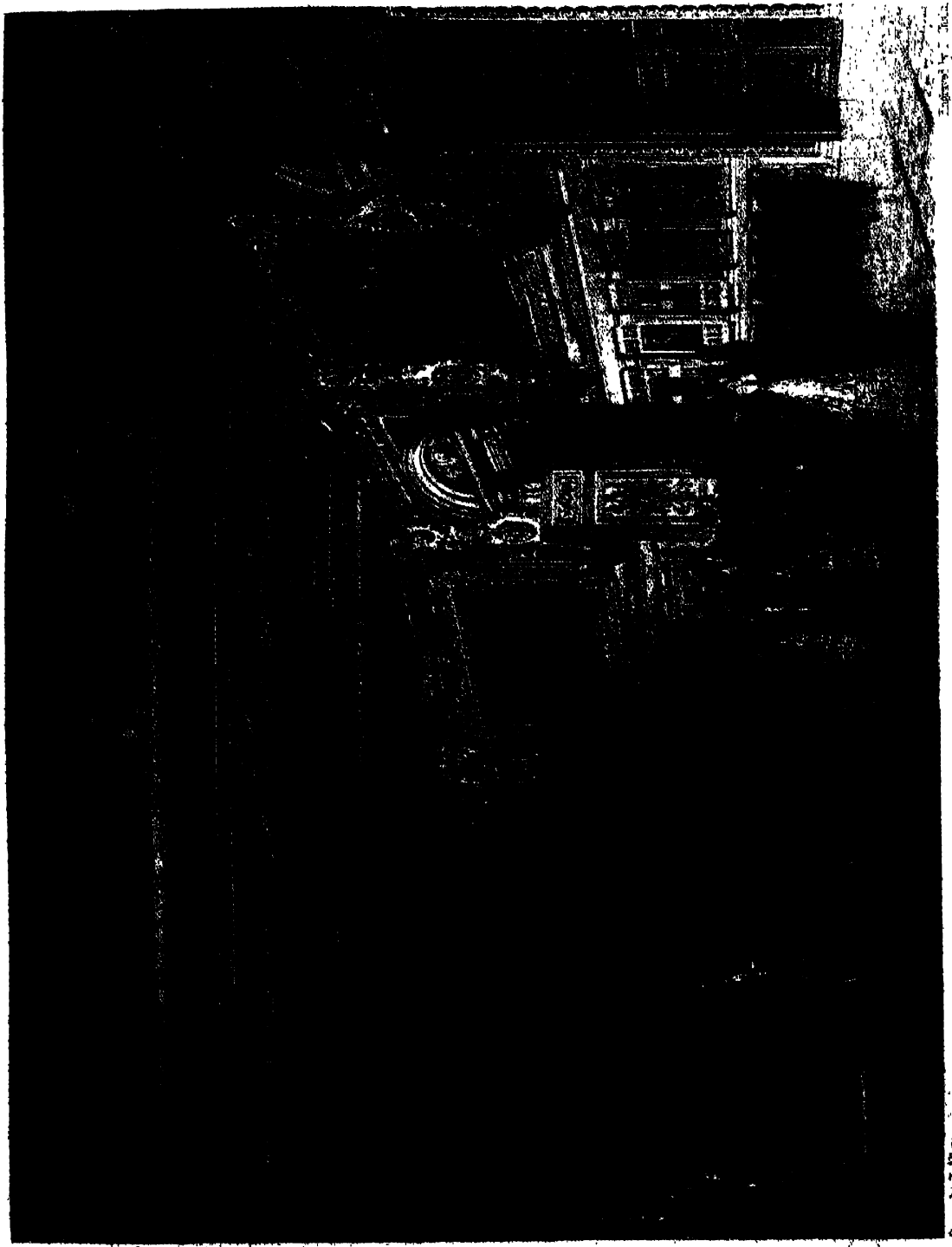
"It was on the 20th of April that Napoleon once more called his officers about him, and signified that they were summoned to receive his last adieus. Several of the marshals, and others who had, some time before, sworn fealty to the king, were present. 'Louis,' said he, 'has talents and means; he is old and infirm, and will not, I think, choose to give a bad name to his reign. If he is wise he will occupy my bed, and only change the sheets. But he must treat the army well, and take care not to look back on the past, or his time will be brief. For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you; you have another government; and it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me.'

"He now desired that the relics of his imperial guard might be drawn up in the courtyard of the castle. He advanced to them on horseback; and tears dropped from his eyes as he dismounted in their midst. 'All Europe,' said Napoleon, 'has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might, with my soldiers, have maintained a civil war for years; but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate; I shall always be happy while I know you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honour. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. [Was this to be an imitation of Cæsar, in his "Commentaries?"] I cannot embrace you all,' he continued, taking the commanding officer in his arms; 'but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children! farewell, my brave companions! Surround me once more—farewell!'

"Amidst the silent, but profound grief of these brave men, submitting, like himself, to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainebleau."

The forest of Fontainebleau occupies a space of about 40,000 English acres, and is remarkable for the many scenes of sylvan beauty which it presents. In summer it is the constant resort of artists, attracted to it for the purpose of studying nature in her choicest woodland recesses. The "Cross of the Grand Huntsman," in the form of an obelisk, may be seen at a spot where four roads meet. It takes its name from a spectral black huntsman supposed to haunt the forest, and who, according to the legend, appeared to Henry IV. shortly before he was assassinated by Ravallac.

On his return to Paris, the historical traveller will, doubtless, be able to recall more of the events than we have yet named, connected with the abdication which, on the 6th of



Library of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.

Drawn by T. Brown.

April, 1814, Napoleon I. signed at Fontainebleau. Among the foremost of these was the liberation of the pope, who was ordered, by the provisional government, to be conducted from Provence (where he still was) to the Italian frontier with the greatest respect. His health had, in some degree, been affected by his long confinement, and his bodily strength was greatly reduced, so that he performed his journey with little speed. On the 23rd of May he reached the environs of Rome; and, on the day following, entered that city. Connected with this event, there are two circumstances worth recalling—viz., a piece of treachery on the part of Joachim Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, and an act of magnanimity on the part of Pius VII.

There had been some divisions, among the former subjects of the pope, as to the propriety of his restoration; and a numerous body of the leading nobles had put their signatures to a memorial addressed to the allied sovereigns, praying that the Roman States might be put under secular government, and incorporated with some of the ancient sovereignties. With the presentation of this document Murat was entrusted; but he, in place of bearing it to its proper destination, put it into the hands of the pope, whom he went to meet shortly after his holiness had crossed the frontiers. When the pontiff received it, and understood the purport of the document, he never looked at the signatures it bore, but threw it into the fire. This was generous: but something similar, though under different circumstances, had been done before by both the Emperors Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte. The act, however, on the part of Pius, becoming known, produced its proper effect. His return was generally hailed as a happy event; and he resumed his position at the Vatican with satisfaction.

While at Fontainebleau, the pope occupied his apartments for nineteen months without once going out. This was, no doubt, designed to mark his situation as a prisoner; for he had carriages at his service if he desired to make use of them. His couch was wont to be shown in his bed-chamber, as well as the little table upon which he took his repasts. His apartments were those of the queen-mother, so called from their having formerly been assigned to the queens-dowager. They were remarkable for containing splendid specimens of Gobelins tapestry. M. Simond, in his "Ancient and Modern Helvetia," says—"His prison was comfortable enough, and sufficiently spacious for a walk from one end of the suite of apartments to another: it looks over a large piece of water, and a beautiful garden beyond. The pope gave daily, from a window, his benediction to the gold and silver fish below; and a few good Catholics on the high-road, a quarter of a mile off, partook of it occasionally." In reference to Napoleon's treatment of the pope, the same writer says—"Bonaparte treated the Roman pontiff alternately with great respect and much insolence oppressing him at one time with his visits, and, at another time, remaining months without seeing him. One day, after an angry conversation, which went the length of threats on his part, he tried what soothing would do to obtain his purpose: '*Tragedia*,' observed the old man, calmly, '*poi Commedia!*'"

Whilst it thus fared with the pope, at the fall of Napoleon, we naturally reflect upon how it fared with those who were closely allied to him. What became of his Empress Maria Lousia, and his son the young Napoleon, who were at Blois when the abdication was signed? What happened to them then? Their court at once forsook them! All left the empress except her chamberlain, who, like Griffith to Queen Katharine, remained, and on the 9th of April accompanied her to Orleans. Oh! what contemptible creatures are most of the hangers about courts! Now—

“Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
May she hang her head and perish.”

At Orleans she met most of the members of Napoleon's family, who, a few days after the abdication was signed, quitted France. Madame la Mère and the Cardinal Fesch went to Rome; Louis, the ex-king of Holland; Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia; and Joseph, the ex-king of Spain, to Switzerland. Here was a scattering of kings! The empress had a strong desire to join her husband, Napoleon; but instead of proceeding to Fontainebleau, she was persuaded to go to Rambouillet, where her father and the Emperor of Russia met her. By them she was induced to make Vienna her residence till better order among the domains of royalty was established. Accordingly, she set out for that city, taking with her young Napoleon, then about three years of age. She never again beheld her husband. By the 2nd of May, when she was crossing the Rhine, he was on his way to the island of Elba. But where is Josephine in the midst of all this confusion and trouble? She has gone to Malmaison by desire of the Emperor of Russia, who treats her with the greatest respect. She, however, is stricken down with grief—a grief from which she never rallies; and on the 29th of May she expires, with—

“Island of Elba”

on her lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENVIRONS CONTINUED; A LAW CASE; CARNIVAL SCENES; CHRISTMAS-BOXES; MARLY; MONTMORENCY; NEUILLY; PASSY; POISSY; RAMBOUILLET; SEVRES; ST. CYR; MEUDON; DREUX; SEPULTURE OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY; WISHES OF NAPOLEON I. AND LOUIS PHILIPPE; VERSAILLES; ITS HISTORY; EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE PALACE; WORKS OF ART; FOUNTAINS AND PARK; THE GERMAN SOLDIERS IN VERSAILLES; LOUIS XIV. AT HOME; IN HIS OLD AGE; HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL; BUSTS, STATUES, ETC., OF HIM AT VERSAILLES.

WE open this chapter with an illustration of the “law's delay” in Paris, and in the hope of its serving the moral purpose of cautioning the tourist to beware of judiciary courts in every country, not excepting his own; but to be especially so respecting

them in Paris. The case appeared among the reports of a morning newspaper, about the time of the opening of the New Opera House.

"On the 30th of May, at 7 o'clock in the evening, Madame Caroline Witt saw crouched upon her baby's chest an ape, which made faces at her, and then scratched her baby! She dragged him off, and then dragged his master before the Justiciary Court. Now here is a list of Madame Witt's proceedings for damages:—May 31st, *procès-verbal*, drawn up by the police-inspector; June 1st, examination of baby by five doctors in succession; 8th, formal complaint by mother; 11th, formal reference of complaint to police-inspector; 12th, reply of police-inspector; 15th, despatch by the court to prefecture of police; 18th, despatch by the court of *procès-verbal*, and complaint to superior officer of police; July 2nd, formal complaint of mother; 3rd, noted by the court; 10th, despatches by the court all round with the second complaint; 14th, note of police-inspector No. 1, forwarding the views of police-inspector No. 2; 22nd, citation to M. Cadot, owner of the monkey, on the part of justice, before the tribunal of simple police at Charenton; 28th August, citation of M. Cadot, owner as aforesaid, to pay £1,200 damage to baby; Sept. 3, judgment given, condemning owner of monkey to 10f. fine, 150f. for medical attendance, and 50f. (£2) a year pension to baby for life. Against this decision Madame Witt appealed, but it was allowed to remain."

At the season of the Carnival and Christmas, it is worth while for the stranger in Paris to devote a few hours specially to marking the lively, and, if we were inclined to be cynical, might say the frivolous, turn which the minds of her inhabitants take at that time of the year. Then are the shops of the confectioners particularly busy. Visiting two of the most notable of these, we are asked to choose between the rival advantages of a gigantic walnut and a liliputian travelling trunk, viewed in the light of receptacles for *bonbons*. We would choose both, as the quickest way out of the difficulty, did we not dread the impending courteous invitation of the young lady who serves us to *passer à la caisse*, and pay a sum for two sweetmeat boxes that would keep a large family, in England, for at least a month. Notwithstanding this great drawback to perfect enjoyment, we cannot deny the amusement it gives. The ingenuity displayed is also great. To call Siraudin's, in Rue de la Paix, a confectioner's, seems a misnomer. You know that sweeties are sold there, but you don't see them. On opening the glass doors, you might easily fancy yourself in a jeweller's, or in a china-shop; at a Japanese warehouse, or a cabinet of curiosities—anywhere, in short, rather than at a confectioner's, such as the name is understood in London or New York. At a Paris *confiseur's* such as Siraudin's, the sweets are kept discreetly concealed, and only the cases are exposed to view. The shells are rubbed, polished, decorated, and transformed to the last point of perfection; but the fish are not put in until the last moment. We confess to having been startled at the variety of the *bonbonnières* on show up-stairs. They exhibited an amount of invention that would, directed into a different channel, suffice to regenerate the French army, and to bore a submarine tunnel from Dover

to Calais within six months. The object of the inventors seems to be, to convert the most unlikely structures into receptacles for *bonbons*. You admire a little statuette of "La Fille de Madame Angot;" the attendant takes off the young lady's head, and you find the body filled with sweetmeats. You put your feet on an embroidered stool, and lean against a worked cushion; you take up a pair of top-boots, and examine a pretty clock—a real clock, that marks the hour as correctly as any in a foreign hotel—all these articles have similar contents. They are concealed in the heart of a *bouquet*, beneath the petals of a giant pansy, or within a kitchen filter—an idealised filter, covered with white satin, on which roses have been painted with a cunning hand. The most popular novelty of the year seems to be an imitation of Japanese work, in the form of caskets; the drawers, lined with silk, *capitoné*, are, of course, filled with *bonbons*; but their ultimate destination is to preserve jewellery; for these *bonbonnières* are provided with locks as serviceable as such articles of luxury generally are abroad. At Boissier's shop, on the Boulevard des Capucines, whose Alhambra-like ornamentation shines and glistens, on a dark night, like the transformation scene of a pantomime, the same wonderful variety of design and taste in decoration are perceptible. Here they have every character in the "Fille de Madame Angot," finished as elaborately as the costumes of Wörth; and there are dolls dressed up like the personages in "*Jeanne d'Arc*:" the theatre plays as great a part in the *bonbonnières* as in every other institution in France. *Jeux de quilles* (in plain English, games of skittles), *musettes*, or bagpipes, such as they use in Brittany, but made of white satin, are among the novelties to be seen. We cannot, however, profess to exercise any critical judgment in such matters, and can only marvel at the amount of ingenuity that is here expended on the toys of the hour.

At night the boulevard stalls are ablaze with light, and a ceaseless crowd of people throng round them. This is one of the sights peculiar to Paris, having its origin in the universal custom of *étrennes* (gifts—Christmas-boxes). The amount of money spent in presents at this time reaches the fabulous. Let it be remembered that every one in Paris nearly lives to the extremest limit his fortune will allow, and we cannot help marvelling where all the money for this extra expenditure comes from. You will constantly see, especially at this time of year, working-men go to their business in cabs, and each little milliner's apprentice dressed as though she had upon her shoulders all the credit of Paris fashion to support. The number of *restaurants*, and their high prices, always astonish the stranger; but much more marvellous it is to see the lengthy bills paid, without a murmur, by small tradesmen, who evidently intend "the theatre" afterwards. The handsome jewellery and fine dresses displayed, may be accounted for by recollecting how many strangers are always in Paris; but every shopkeeper will tell you that his best customers are Parisian, and it is known they are not wealthy. Perhaps an explanation of the mystery is in the fact, that all, or almost all, have two prices—one for the stranger within their gates, and another for the native; phenomena also exhibited in Swiss cities. Both

prices are liable to a very great deal of bargaining ; but the stranger will rarely beat down an article to the sum at which Parisians commence. This fact should be remembered. Great shops there are, world-famous, in which one can scarcely say there are any real prices fixed. According to the look of the person who enters, his accent, dress, and so on, more or less will be asked. At the New Year's stalls this system rules unblushingly. The innocence of an English child makes him a most admirable subject for a practice which we should call cheating. The cat which swallows a mouse, the goat half as big as life, the sailor who takes his hat off when punched in the stomach—a touching lesson of meekness—are sold to the French boy for so much, and to the English boy beside him for 50 per cent. more. Parisians think, very conscientiously, that the foreigner should pay for a sight of their unrivalled show. Very bright and very stirring it is, indeed ; but fair dealing, in the long run, pays better than flaring candles and tinfoil, as French people will discover more and more rapidly from day to day. The glamour of Paris is wearing off. Its wholesale and export trade increases ; but the value of things sold from hand to hand has a yearly decrease. So, at least, we are told by those we are bound to believe. But the environs are, at present, claiming our attention.

There are several places in the vicinity of which we can do little more than write the name ; such as Marly ; Montmorency, where Rousseau lived, and where he composed his "*Nouvelle Heloise* ;" Neuilly, where Henry IV., with his queen, got a ducking in the water ; Passy ; Poissy, famous for its Catholic and Protestant "College," in 1564 ; Rambouillet, in the palace of which Francis I. died in 1547 ; Sèvres, noted for its porcelain manufacture ; St. Cyr, celebrated for its military school ; and Meudon, for its *château* and park. Every one of these places, and numerous others which we cannot mention, have something historically, or otherwise memorable, associated with them ; and are, therefore, interesting, as enabling the traveller more vividly to realise their particular scenes when he meets with them in such literary works as may be passing under his perusal. While on the spot, a reference to the guide-books will be valuable in assisting his recollection ; but they do little more than simply notify, without the slightest details upon events.

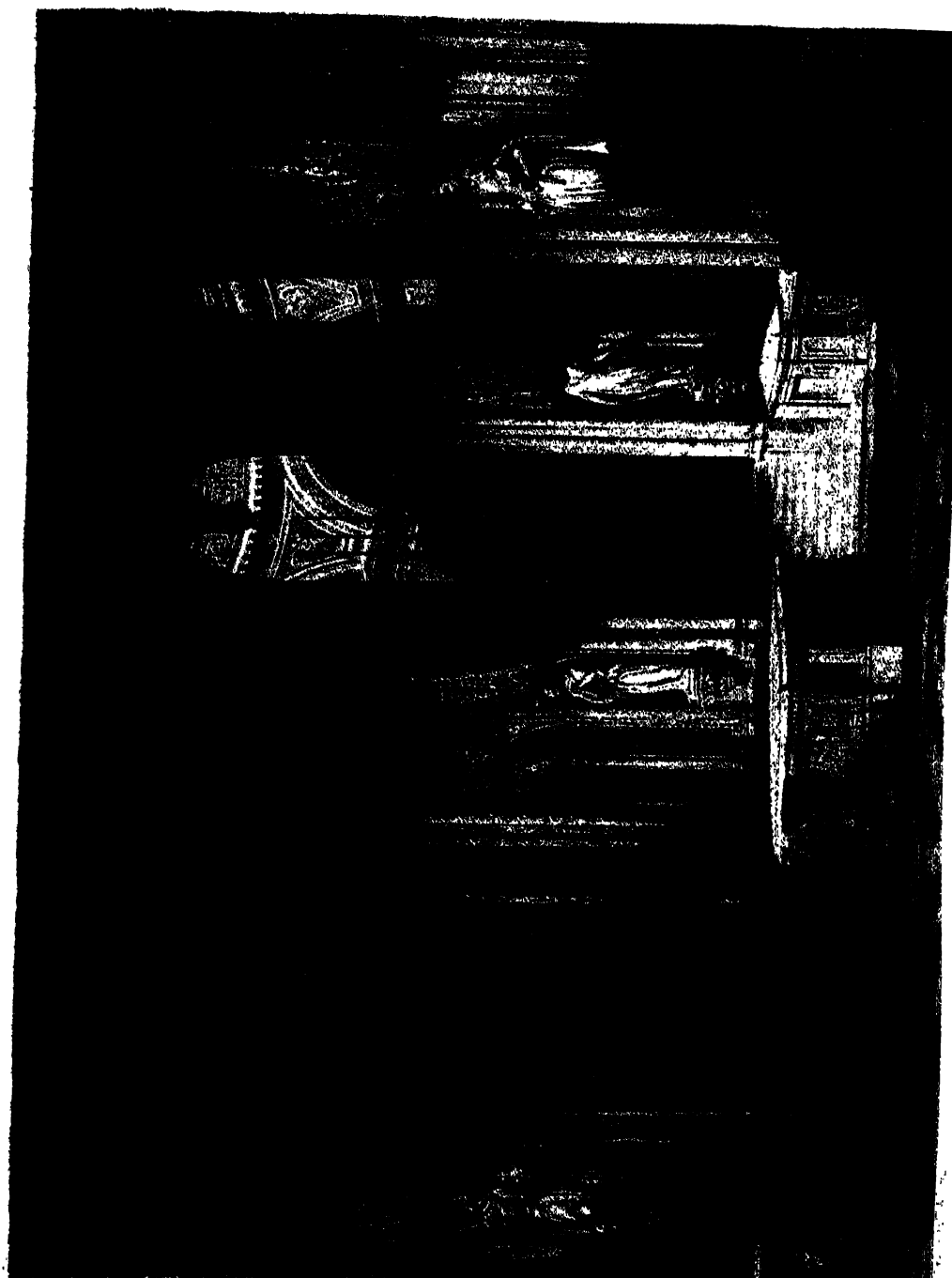
Dreux is a small place, but it has acquired historical fame from the battle known as La Journée de Dreux, having been fought in its neighbourhood, between the rivers Eure and Blaize, on the banks of which it is built. This was one of the most terrific fights in the religious wars of the French. It was between the Prince of Condé, who headed the Huguenots, and the Duke of Guise, who led the Roman Catholics, and was victorious. The Prince of Condé was wounded and taken prisoner, afterwards to lose his life at the battle of Jarnac.

The castle of the Counts of Dreux is now in ruins ; but the space within its walls is laid out in the form of a tasteful garden, in which the late King Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, erected a chapel on the site of one demolished at the Revolution, and in which were interred the remains of some of his maternal ancestors. The adornments of this edifice

cost a vast sum, the great wealth of the subsequent king enabling him to command the highest talent and the most expensive materials. The entrances to the chapel are Gothic, and the dome is painted fresco, with representations of the twelve apostles. The principal personages interred here, are the Duchess de Penthièvre; the Princess de Lamballe, massacred at the Revolution; the Princess Marie of Wurtemberg, daughter of the king; the Duke of Orleans; the Duchess of Bourbon Condé, mother of the Duc d'Enghien; Mademoiselle de Montpensier; and the mother of Louis Philippe. Some of the sculptures are excellent, especially the statue of an angel in a bending attitude, which was executed by the king's daughter, the Princess Marie d'Orleans, and is considered superior even to her well-known "*Jeanne d'Arc*."

A visit to such a mausoleum can be little gratifying to any member of the Orleans family, seeing that it must recall so much that is painful in their history. It will be observed that neither the remains of Louis Philippe, nor those of his virtuous queen, have yet found a resting-place in this mausoleum, which he himself prepared at so much cost to receive them. Both he and she lie in the vault of a private chapel in an obscure English village, and, we are afraid, are little remembered, if remembered at all, by the generality of the French nation. Yet, rather than draw the sword against his country when offered a commission in the Austrian army during the dark days of his fortunes, he preferred to teach mathematics and geography, under the assumed name of Chabaud, in the college of Reichenau! Would Napoleon I. have done this? or would he have repeated the part of the great Condé? He died and was buried in St. Helena, yet his remains were disinterred, and with great pomp, in 1840, restored to France. "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé,*" was the wish of Napoleon, and it has been rightly and piously fulfilled. Louis Philippe, in his will, expresses a similar wish in reference to the chapel at Dreux:—" *Quelque soit le lieu de ma mort, je désire que mon corps soit transporté à Dreux, sans pompe, afin d'y être enseveli dans le tombeau en avant de l'Autel de la Sainte Vierge.*" It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since Louis Philippe died an exile, and his desire has not yet been attended to; but the day is, perhaps, coming when it will, and when it also will be fully executed. We, however, have a journey before us.

We are now about thirteen miles from the capital, gazing upon a wonderful palatial residence. Not, perhaps, so wonderful in itself as for the wonderful scenes which have passed within its precincts. At some period of its history it might, not inappropriately, have been ranked among the *inutiles domos* of Xenophon—a monument of the folly, not the greatness, of a spendthrift king. It is said to have cost about £40,000,000 sterling, and to have been constructed by 30,000 soldiers, when they were not wanted to shed the blood of their fellow-men, or make an offering of their own in the field of battle. That is something to place against the profligate expenditure of a king. Within its walls there is much to recall the memorable past, and to furnish food for reflection. Here may still be seen the identical



Chapel of St. Mary the Queen of Heaven, the 1st. Sunday

chair upon which Louis the Great sat, if the visitor can feel any peculiar inspiration from the contemplation of such an article of furniture. Here, also, is the table upon which he planned his battles, and also the room in which he died. We know not whether the chamber has been occupied since; but we have heard that it has not. It is rich in sculpture, gilding, and mirrors, with its coiling representing Jupiter hurling his thunderbolt at the vices, by Paul Veronese. Perhaps the subject of the painter would have possessed greater moral point had he contrived to have allegorised Louis XIV., and made him the representative of the vices. It would not then, however, have done for the palace of Versailles. It was from the balcony of this chamber that Louis XVI., surrounded by Marie Antoinette and his children, was compelled to harangue the infuriated populace who had come to drag him from his palace to a prison. The *salles* and chambers of the building are fitted up with the greatest splendour; but, after all, it may be regarded now as nothing more than a national gallery. It has become the repository of the pictorial representative glory of France, where, as a matter of course, *she exalts herself* above all the other nations of the earth. The battle-pieces of the imperial reigns are depicted by Vernet and Yoon; but we did not witness any of the battles of the late Franco-German war upon the walls; nor, indeed, have we heard of any of the *grand* events in its campaigns having been treated by French artists. But, *satis superque*.

The history of the palace is this:—"In 1561, Versailles was a small village in the midst of woods, to which the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.) used to come to hunt. Subsequently it was much frequented for the same purpose by Louis XIII., who, in 1624, built a pavilion as a hunting-lodge. A few years later he purchased some land, where the palace now stands, with the old *castel* of F. de Gondy, Archbishop of Paris, and erected a small *château*, which has grown into the present magnificent palace. That *château*, built of red bricks, consisted of a central pile, with two wings and four pavilions, the whole enclosed by a *fossé*, and occupying scarcely more space than the inner apartments which now surround the Cour de Marbre. Louis XIV., in 1660, becoming tired of St. Germain, conceived the idea of converting his predecessor's *château* into a residence worthy of the court he meditated establishing." Accordingly Louis set about executing his idea.

We know not whether the reader has ever remarked, in his perusal of French history, that most of the ideas of its kings have usually had a very close relation to their own personal comfort and grandeur. They seem rarely to have looked into the real condition of the people whom they professed to govern, and from whom they extracted the exorbitant sums which they deemed necessary to support their own pleasures. Such neglect must, sooner or later, bring about retribution. It is a great mistake, even in the concerns of private life, to suppose that because men do not *say*, that they do not *see*; to suppose that because they are, on many subjects, silent, that they are ignorant; and that because they do not give utterance to their own ideas of right and wrong, that they have not got them.

In pursuance of his idea respecting Versailles, Louis entrusted the architect Leveau

with the accomplishment of his design; and, in 1664, the alterations were begun. Le Notre was commanded to lay out the vast parks and gardens; the terraces and excavations were executed at an enormous expense; and water was brought from a long distance to supply the fountains, and to fill the reservoirs. Indeed, that the supply of liquid might be unfailing, the project of turning the river Eure, and bringing it through Versailles, was actually begun. Beyond the gardens a second enclosure was formed, about twelve miles in circuit, and called the Little Park; and, beyond this, was a third enclosure, measuring sixty miles, including numerous villages, and called the Great Park. Leveau died in 1670; and Jules Mansard, nephew of the celebrated Mansard, was charged with the continuation of the works. The wish of this architect was to destroy all that still remained of the *château* of Louis XIII., and to construct one uniform building; but Louis XIV. would not have this done. He would have what remained of the old *château* preserved as a memento of his father, and would, therefore, have made only such alterations as he himself suggested. At first, only the central portion was erected, containing the grand apartments; then the southern wing, for the younger branches of the family; and at length, in 1685, the northern one, for other personages of the court.

It is unnecessary here to follow this description further, as something like it, sufficiently full, will be found in the guide-books. We must, therefore, visit the interior, which is now entirely devoted to the illustration of the glory of France. Here, in addition to numerous pictures representing the many military achievements of the French, there are large saloons crowded with statues and busts of the kings, princes, marshals, and admirals, with portraits of nearly every great man of the country, from the time of Clovis I. and Clotilde (a king and queen of the 5th century), down to Napoleon III. There are upwards of 600 statues, busts, and medallions, many of them excellent works of art, and all possessing a very high interest. A large number, however, are duplicates of works at both the Louvre and the Tuileries. In such an extensive series, there are, as may be supposed, many arbitrary portraits, executed for the purpose of completing a series, and, though not copied from the life, they have, in great part, been derived from trustworthy authority. There are also 600 memorial tablets in bronze, occupying a portion of the Gallery of Battles, inscribed with the names of all officers killed or wounded in the service of the country, commencing with Prince Robert le Fort, Comte d'Outre-Maine, slain at the combat of Brissarthe, in 866, and ending with the heroes of Waterloo. The Historical Gallery contains portraits, busts, and statues of 146 different sculptors of France, commencing with Germain Pilon and Jean Goujon, who flourished in the middle of the 16th century.

To criticise all these works of art, and express our own judgment upon them individually, would not only be a work of great labour, but, after all, only be an expression of *opinion*, open to the dissent of every one who may have seen them, but who may, in reality, have never passed an hour in his lifetime in endeavouring to master the simplest elements of art-knowledge. Self-elected critics, in both art and literature, are to be found

in abundance, more especially among those classes whose very pursuits, all their lives, have placed it beyond their reach to qualify themselves for the office they so readily and presumptuously assume. This, however, will not prevent us from stating, that it is our opinion, that the *style* of French portraiture is rather picturesque than true; that there is little, if any, of the severely antique in either the conception or the execution; and that few of the portraits are exempt from a certain affectation of attitude or assumed expression of countenance, for which it is easy to conceive the artist to be to blame, rather than the subject. This, however, as we have said, is only *our opinion*; but in which we have little doubt that the cultivated observer will, to a large extent, concur.

In the chapel of this palace many remarkable religious ceremonies have taken place; and perhaps one of the most interesting was the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette, in 1769. We are told that the interior of this building was restored, under Louis Philippe, to its original magnificence. It consists of a nave and aisles, supporting side galleries, fronted with Corinthian columns, all beautifully sculptured. The square compartments of the ceiling of these galleries are painted with sacred subjects; and the pavement consists of costly marbles, divided into compartments, and wrought in mosaic. The balustrades of the galleries are of marble and gilded bronze.

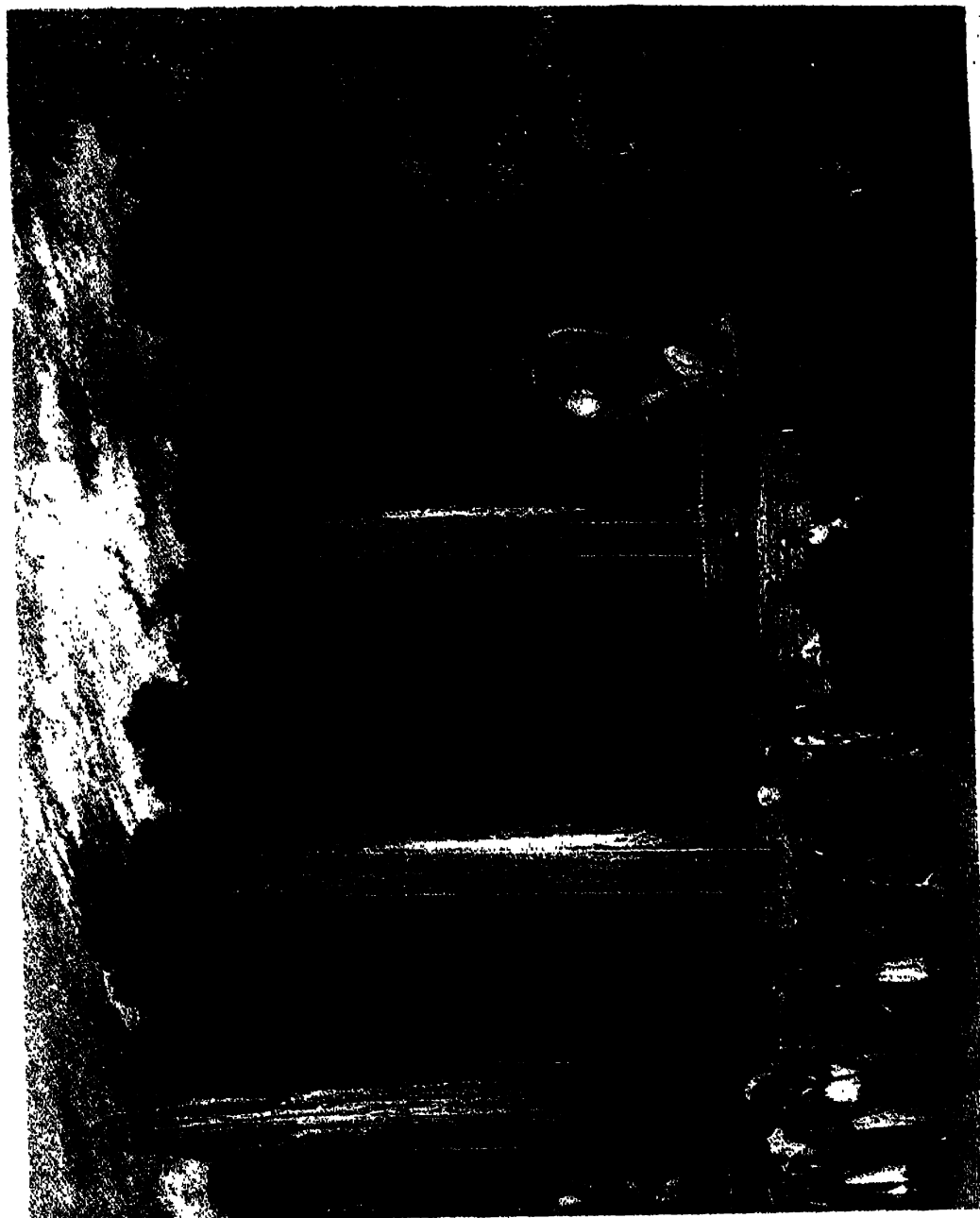
The Salle de l'Opera is at the opposite extremity of the northern wing of the building, and is approached by a staircase adorned with appropriate subjects. The decorations are mostly in gold and crimson, with a profusion of mirrors and chandeliers. The central box is very tastefully adorned, and is that which was occupied by Louis XV. The side boxes are reserved for the ambassadors, and the pit for the staff. Behind the entrance to the royal box is the Foyer du Roi, to which the court retired for refreshment between the acts. It is of Ionic architecture, and is so ornamented as to be in keeping with the *salle*. The Foyer des Ambassadeurs is below.

Of the grand *fêtes* given in the above *salle*, the first was in honour of the marriage of Louis XVI.; the next, for the birth of his son; the third was the ill-judged banquet of the Gardes du Corps, in 1789; the fourth, on the grand inauguration of the Historical Museum, 17th May, 1837; the fifth, on the occasion of the National Exhibition, in 1844; and another on the 25th of August, 1855, when her majesty, Queen Victoria, partook of a splendid supper here, on the occasion of the grand ball given in the palace, in honour of her visit to the late emperor. At that time the pit was boarded over, and 400 guests sat down at table. The royal party, comprising the Queen and Prince Albert, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, Princess Matilda, and the Prince of Bavaria, supped in the imperial box. The *salle* was lit by forty-two lustres and chandeliers. Time has effected great changes among this party since then! What are called the Petits Appartements de Marie Antoinette, were placed at the service of Queen Victoria during her visits to the palace.

We must now leave the visitor to pursue his pleasing task of art-examination in the

interior, while we step outside, to have a view of the fountains and the park. Should it be his pleasure to accompany us, he will behold a sight that has been much extolled for both its beauty and variety. Notwithstanding this, however, it cannot be denied that many of the fountains have a mean appearance, except, perhaps, when the waters are playing, which only takes place in summer. They are designated the *grandes eaux* and the *petites eaux*, and are very popular with the Parisians. At one extremity of the park is situated the Grand Trianon, a mansion built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon, and the garden of which is universally admired, not only for its natural beauties, but for the works of art with which it is adorned. Napoleon I. was wont to spend several days together at this retreat, and had a direct road made to it from St. Cloud. There is also the Petit Trianon and its gardens, formed in the reign of Louis XV., where he was attacked by the small-pox, of which he died. This retreat has also its royal recollections. Here the Empress Maria Louisa had her first interview with her father, the Emperor of Austria, after the abdication of Napoleon I., in 1814. She had arrived from Blois, where she had retired when the allied army made its attack upon Paris. After passing five days in the Petit Trianon, she went to Gros-Bois, on her way to Germany. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* The times are always changing, and we change with the times.

In the late Franco-German war, Versailles was occupied by foreign soldiers. A gentleman thus describes the occupation of the army:—"On the 18th September three black hussars presented themselves, as *parlementaires*, at the gate of the courtyard. They were conducted to the *maire*, who refused to treat, save with a general or some officer of rank, or at least with some one who had the powers from such an officer. This morning an aide-de-camp, followed by a single horseman, came in, and a long parley ensued. It was a quarter past 9, and since 6 o'clock the cannon had been thundering on the road from Versailles to Sceaux; on the plains of Velay, and at some kilometres' distance from our gates. The aide-de-camp asked especially for accommodation for the wounded, and for the keys of the forage. After a lengthened discussion he left to consult the general; and after an hour's delay, a captain of Engineers, also aide-de-camp to the same general (the commander of the 5th Corps), arrived. At a quarter past 11, M. Rauveau, the present *maire* of the town, came out with the officer, and read publicly the text of the capitulation, signed by both parties, as follows:—'1. Persons and property shall be respected, as well as monuments and works of art. 2. The confederates should occupy all the barracks with their soldiers, but the inhabitants should be bound to lodge the officers, and, if needful, soldiers also, should the barracks prove insufficient. 3. The Garde Mobile should remain armed, and, in the common interests, should be charged with the internal police supervision of the town and of the posts belonging to it. Only the confederates should occupy the barrier-gates. 4. There shall be no money contribution, but the town shall furnish, at a money price, all the requirements of the army on the march and of the army in occupation. 5. On this day the gate shall be open for the passage of the 5th Corps.' While the *maire*



The Grand Oldenbury, N. York.

was reading the above, the aide-de-camp, accompanied by M. Duperoz, lieutenant of the place, went to give orders as to the gates, and the lieutenant was invited to come to speak to the general. On his way he passed by the corner of the battle-field, where they were carrying off the French guns, and conveying the wounded to the ambulances of the palaces of Versailles and Trianon. At a little after mid-day the defiling of the troops commenced through the Rue des Chantiers, and continued until after 5 in the afternoon. Some one said the number was 15,000, others 40,000. Many people quitted the town, though a large number remained; the general took his quarters at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, and the troops in the various barracks, some bivouacking in the Place d'Armes, and others in the Avenue de St. Cloud. There were some cries raised of '*Vive la France!*' and on this being uttered to the first officer who came with the flag of truce, he replied, 'My friend, it is "*Vive la Paix!*" that you ought to shout.' After all had entered, the requisitions were made: twenty-six oxen were given by the town, ten casks of wine, &c., and all the magazines of the commissariat which the military authorities had been about to burn, and which was worth 300,000*f*. This had been purchased by the town with the view to what has now taken place. These requisitions are to be paid for by the confederate army. As for the soldiers, they offer payment, in their own money, for what they take."—Enough of this. He is an ungenerous spirit who delights to gloat over the defeats and errors even of an enemy, after the season of triumph on the one side, and misfortune on the other, has been duly entered, numbered and paged in the annals of the past. But as we are still at Versailles, and would speak of days that are gone, let us go back to 1676, and look at the home-life of Louis XIV., as witnessed and described by Madame de Sévigné, at the same time remembering that he was the founder of all the costly grandeur with which in this most sumptuous of palaces, we are still encompassed.

"I was at Versailles," says Madame Sévigné, "on Saturday, with the Villars. You know the queen's toilette, the mass, and the dinner; but there is no longer any need of stifling ourselves in the crowd to catch a glimpse of their majesties at table. At 3 o'clock, the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and all the princes and princesses, together with Madame de Montespan and her train, all the court of France, is assembled in that beautiful apartment which you know. All is divinely furnished, all is magnificent. There is no heat, and you pass from one place to another without the slightest squeezing. A game of *reversis* gives the company form and settlement. The king is close to Madame de Montespan, who keeps the bank; Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and party, Langlée and party, are at separate tables. A thousand louis d'ors are spread upon the cloth; they have no other counters. I watched Dangeau play, and was astonished to see what simpletons we are at play beside him. All his thoughts are centered upon the game, and he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, and he profits by everything; his attention is never diverted—in a word, his caution defies fortune. He will win 200,000 francs in ten days, 100,000 crowns in a

month. He said that I was a partner in his game ; so that I was very agreeably and very conveniently seated. I saluted the king as you taught me, and he returned my salute as if I had been young and beautiful.

“Madame de Montespan spoke to me of Bourbon. Her loveliness is certainly marvellous. Her figure is not so stout as it was, but her eyes and complexion have lost none of their beauty. She was attired in French point; her hair was dressed in a thousand curls; two at the temples dropped down upon her cheeks; upon her head she wore black ribbons and pearls, adorned with buckles and loops of diamonds of the first water; three or four bodkins, but no other covering; in a word, a triumphant beauty, worthy to win the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She knows that it has been laid to her charge that she prevented all France from seeing the king; so she has given him back, as you see, and you cannot believe the joy it has given to everybody, and the brilliance that it has restored to the court. This agreeable confusion, without confusion of everything that is most select, continues from 3 o'clock until 6. If any couriers arrive, the king retires a few moments to read his letters, and then returns. There is always music, to which he listens, and which has a very good effect. He talks with the ladies who are accustomed to receive that honour.

“At 6 o'clock every one rises from the gaming-tables: there is no difficulty in counting gains and losses; there are neither counters nor tokens; the pools consist of, at least, five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger, of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred, and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of hearts. ‘How many hearts have you? I have two; I have three; I have four,—he has only three then; he has only four;’ and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter; he sees through the games—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly, he is your only man for holding the cards.

“At 6 o'clock the carriages are at the door. The king is in one of them with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest D'Hendicourt, in a fool's paradise, on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The queen occupies another with the princess, and the rest come flocking after, as it may happen. There are, then, gondolas on the canal and music; and at 10 they come back, and then there is a play, and 12 strikes, and they go to supper, and thus rolls round the Saturday.”

Believing that the reader is as tired of this royal, barren frivolity as we are ourselves, we will drop Madame Sévigné. Let us, however, see the *Grand Monarque* when he has become a lonely, melancholy old man, such as Mrs. Elliot sketches him in her “Old Court Life in France.”

"If Louis is feared as a parent," says she, "he is hated as a sovereign. The denunciations of his *ci-devant* Protestant wife in the interests of his salvation, lash him into inexpressible terror of perdition. She suggests that he can best expiate the excesses of his former life by a holocaust to the Almighty of all the heretics within his realm. The Jesuits press him sorely. Terrified by threats of awful judgments upon impenitent sovereigns, Louis signs the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He expels the Jansenists, destroys their pleasant refuge on a wooded hill near Maintenon, accepts the bull *Unigenitus*, exiles the Cardinal de Noailles, and fills the State prisons with recusant bishops. The whole of France is in indescribable confusion. The south, where the reformed faith prevails, is deluged with blood. Many thousands of industrious and orderly citizens doom themselves to perpetual exile rather than abjure the Protestant faith."

By this time defeat has fallen upon the armies of the *Grand Monarque*. "The elevation of his grandchild, Philip, to the throne of Spain has well-nigh brought France to destruction. Death has been busy with his family. The dauphin is dead; his son, the Duc de Bourgogne, is dead; Adelaide de Savoie, his wife, most justly dear to Louis, is also dead; and now there only remains one little life, their son, the infant Duc d'Anjou, between himself and the extinction of his direct line. * * * Still a shadow of the pomp and etiquette of Versailles is kept up. On certain days after dinner, which takes place at noon, his majesty receives the royal family. The folding doors of the royal suite are thrown open, and Louis appears. His hat, with over-topping feathers, is on his head; one hand is placed upon the breast of his coat, the other rests upon an ormolu table. He wears a diamond star, and a blue ribbon is passed across his breast. His coat is of black velvet, his waistcoat of red satin, richly wrought with gold, and he wears diamonds in his shoe-buckles and in his garters. On his head is a powdered wig, raised high on the forehead. This black wig gives his thin, hatchet-shaped face, seamed with wrinkles, a ghastly look. Louis changes his wig many times each day, to suit various occasions. He has wigs for all emergencies. In figure he is much shrunk, and is slightly bent. As he stands, his hand resting on the table for support, every movement is studied to impose silence and awe. To the day of his death he is majestic, and has the grandest manners in the world."

One more picture from Mrs. Elliot, and we shall have done with Louis at Versailles.

"On Sunday, the 1st of September, 1715, Louis died. His confessor, the Jesuit Letellier, never returned. Madame de Maintenon remained at St. Cyr. Save the Cardinal de Rohan, and the parish priest of Versailles, all had forsaken him. No sooner had he breathed his last than precautions were necessary to guard his body from insult."

This should be an instructive lesson to those who plume themselves upon their power of making a rich and ostentatious display of their grandeur, instead of practising themselves, and endeavouring to extend among others, those virtues which have a tendency to ameliorate the condition of humanity. These never have "troops of friends," and rarely,

if ever, die in the possession of the unalloyed affections of a single human heart. To return to Mrs. Elliot's description.

"While the first lord-in-waiting, standing at the central window within the royal bed-chamber, which overlooks the Cour de Marbre, the town of Versailles, and the forest, broke his baton of office, shouting in a loud voice, 'The King is dead! Long live the King!' blasphemous songs and brutal jests passed from group to group of low women, gathered along the streets.

"When the funeral procession left Versailles, almost secretly in the twilight, reaching the Bois de Boulogne and the plain of St. Denis by tracks and country roads, crowds followed it, bellowing horrible imprecations. Along the causeway, outside the barriers of Versailles, temporary tents were pitched, where peasants stood, glass in hand, to toast the corpse with curses. These peasants and the townsmen of Versailles had heard of millions squandered on royal mistresses, while the people starved; of war abroad, and persecution at home; of intolerance which spared no one; of ruin, exile, imprisonment, and torture. The country people and the populace did not acknowledge the dead as Louis the Great. The citizens hated him. These men neither knew nor cared that he had a sonorous voice, a measured and solemn delivery, that gave weight to his smallest utterances; that leading a life of vice, he observed outward decorum; that he had a majestic presence and a stately manner. These men weighed him—manners against acts, life against words—and found him wanting. Posterity readjusted the scales, and found them just. The great Revolution declared the balance. Louis XVI. expiated the crimes of his ancestors on the scaffold."

Such was the species of love and respect testified by his own subjects for Louis XIV. whilst being borne to the *Versailles of the dead sovereigns of France*, if we may be allowed the expression. Yet are there numbered no fewer than twenty-two busts, statues, and medallions of this monarch at the palace we have been describing. Four are equestrian statues in bronze; one by Martin Bogaert (called Desjardins), and two by Louis Petitot, executed in 1834. The statue in bronze by Desjardins, which once stood in the Place des Victoires, was destroyed in 1793. The four slaves which stood chained at the angles of this statue were alone preserved, and are now at the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris. These numerous memorials of this sovereign may, perhaps, to some extent, be accepted as a testimony to the age in which he lived. This is still looked back upon as the most glorious in France—as the Augustan age of French literature, when the writings of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Boileau, of Masillon, Bossuet, and Fenelon, seemed to have fixed the language. Notwithstanding all this, however, the age was splendidly dissolute and rotten at the core. The terrible events that so soon succeeded it, proved this; yet, every now and then, we recur to its records, and read them with a fascination which seems never to pall.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INNER LIFE OF GREAT CITIES; A PHASE IN PARIS; INDUSTRIAL CLASSES; EFFECTS OF COMMUNISM; RESULTS OF THE LATE WAR; ROUEN; ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS; SIEGE OF ROUEN; THE LARGE CLOCK; JOAN OF ARC; GERMANS IN ROUEN; HAVRE; ITS CONSULAR DISTRICT; ITS PRODUCTS; MODEL DWELLINGS IN HAVRE.

WE have said, towards the close of Chapter X., that "there is an *inner* Paris, which requires not only time to perceive, but philosophy, thought, and judgment, properly to weigh and describe." This observation not only applies to Paris, but, we should say, to every large city. It certainly does to every one with which we have made acquaintance, and we have been an observer in numbers of such cities—in a wide circle of Scotland, from Aberdeen to the English border; from the English border, embracing a much wider circle, to the Land's End, and from that to Dover; in many of the principal cities of Ireland, and in most of those in the New World, from New York to Quebec, the capital of the Lower Province of the Dominion in the West. Our experience of city life has, therefore, not been very limited, but wide; and it has been sought for, not either from necessity or from a sheer love of pleasure, but from a restless desire of seeing for ourselves conditions of many-coloured life, as well as celebrated architectural remains and localities which Fame has encircled with some of her most luminous halos. In most of them we have enjoyed opportunities of seeing what we call their *inner* life; for we were not forced to travel in a hurry, but at our convenience, and precisely in accordance with our inclination—mostly on foot. Therefore, in all the large cities we say that there is an *inner* life, which the mere tourist or hasty traveller never sees; and Paris forms no exception to the observation. The stranger sees the *outside*, which is usually the fairest, and, therefore, the pleasantest; but the *inside*, when it is witnessed, presents another sort of picture to his contemplation. Now that we are, once again, in the French capital, let us have a look at the crowds that are pouring forth from the Rue St. Antoine, and other similar *rues*, to witness the funeral of a public speaker, who once was in favour with what we may call the revolutionary classes of the people. Here we shall see the *lower inner* life of Paris, turned out and exposed to the light of day; and the picture shall not be entirely painted by ourselves.

The Rue de Charonne, a long street, grimy, active, and low-lived, runs from the Place de la Bastille to parts unknown; but we are soon in the midst of St. Antoine, the terrible faubourg. For the last 200 yards we have been going through increasing crowds. On the pavement stand burly women or ill-formed girls. The roadway is full of blouses, or coats not half so respectable. There are few police; and entering a courtyard, it is found crammed with men, women, and babies. Within the arch of a gateway there are high old fronts of houses, broken windows, and fissures unrepaired. All the back of the court has been gutted. Its sashless windows are crammed with people looking on; behind them one sees the

staircase, and more people going up and down. The pavement of the court, rugged at best, lies in ridges. Mud an inch deep covers it. There are tables with dirty sheets of foolscap and foul pens, under charge of two young St. Antoinnes, where you may sign your name if you choose. Very many do, owing, perhaps, their erudition to the *Ecole Protestante* across the way. In this faubourg, it may be observed, each street you pass has its Protestant school, established in some high, old, dingy house.

We now learn that the body of the late public man is to be buried at Père la Chaise, and there we accordingly go. After piloting our way through streets where black filth stands piled before each door for three feet high, we arrive at the cemetery, and find a monstrous crowd. Towards the spot of sepulture surge many thousand people, and some thousands more look upon the defile from the side-walks. They are still of St. Antoine, or of like quarters. And such vapid, childish, or malignant talk one hears! Too silly it is, one might think, to engage a man's attention; but the crowd laughs most heartily, or scowls most deadly. Near to the tomb approach is impossible before 2 o'clock; and as the afternoon wears on, every tree and monument around are massed with people. There sits young St. Antoine, astride upon a ridge, balanced upon a senator's bronze knee, or perched like a rook upon a branch—hoarse, noisy, and jocund. A great study for him who would understand the French people might have been made at this funeral assemblage.

Not till 3 P.M. did the police begin to clear a way. No one had known from which direction to expect the hearse; and when the *gendarmes* gave the hint, a scuffling ensued, most eager and ill-savoured. With no slight difficulty could anything like a course be cleared. Five minutes after the body was brought up, almost at a trot. Behind it marched, with a hasty step, some of the public friends of the deceased; but they passed so quickly, and the surging crowd closed in on them so speedily, that one could not recognise them. A fight and a rush then began. Amid shouts of "*Vive la République!*" from every side, like a crowd shown by lightning, the procession passed—red faces up-turned, open-mouthed, panting, frowning, savagely struggling. There was a pause only when they met those serried ranks around the tomb. Then a member of the Paris Bar made a speech, and at every pause, the crowd, from tomb-tops and from trees, cried "*Vive la République!*" so that we heard no more. In ten minutes all was over, and we wended our way with cohorts, through dense mud, towards the entrance. Père la Chaise mud consists of clay, stone-chippings, dead bodies, and rotten *immortels*. Fancy it trampled and pounded by twenty thousand feet in a thaw, and you will, in some measure, conceive the puddled moss in which many had stood for three hours. At the principal gate there was an extraordinary block. Here, no doubt, occurred the chief accidents of the day, for women and children had got fixed in the crowd. Police stood on either side in great numbers, and they certainly helped people out, if help properly consists in pushing and hauling. Your Paris policeman shares the popular hatred for any man not dressed in a blouse; besides which, he detests the human race in general. Fancy, then, how pleasantly they fared who were not only men,

but well-dressed men. There was more than one instance of disgraceful roughness to persons who were probably deputies or journalists. As for the working-people, they are used to be reviled and punched, so they bear such usage with the philosophy of men who, as Hamlet says, are "to the manner born."

The above may be taken as one of the phases of the *inner* life of Paris, which the mere tourist never sees, and, may we add, never looks for; but it is, nevertheless, the revolutionary lever power of city life. It is really that portion of the people which works for good or for evil, in accordance with its *passions*, in whichever direction these may prevail; and we must say that Paris has, even during the present century, given of this abundant proof for evil to herself. Lord Brabazon, who, in 1872-'3, was British consul at Paris, says, in his latest report, that the late German war has made great changes in the social and material condition of the industrial classes of France; and no doubt that is so, and in such a way as to operate unfavourably upon their moral principles. Indeed, he points at this in his report. "In addition to the general stagnation in all commercial and industrial pursuits (which is the inevitable consequence of war), much has happened, during the past year, which may have disastrous effects on the commercial future of France. Want of principle and of mutual trust—which are, alas! too prevalent in France, and to which thoughtful Frenchmen ascribe their present miseries—must, in time, unless a reaction takes place, seriously affect the prosperity of the nation." That this is not only the case already, but must continue to be the case, so long as France perpetuates the political uncertainty of her internal government, requires little more proof than the world has already received. She is unhealthy at the core. She is divided against herself, and therefore, like Solomon's house, "cannot stand."

"Communitic principles," says Lord Brabazon to his government, "have done much to alienate the affections of the workman from the employer; and the French artisan is not clear-sighted enough to perceive that their interests are identical, and that, in all large economical questions, petty jealousies and rivalries should be put aside. The interest of the trade, not the immediate interest of the individual, should form the study both of the employer and the employed; but such a policy is far too long-sighted and calculating for the temperament of the typical French artisan. As a rule, his education is very defective. he has no religion to restrain the evil passions to which all human nature is prone, sceptical of good in his fellow-man, he looks upon his employer with distrust, and any advice which comes from that quarter is almost sure to be met with suspicion." This consul further asks—"Can industry flourish where Communism is the dream of the workman? where armed revolution, not against forms of government only, but against property and capital, is of periodical occurrence, and where the employer sees in the workman his natural enemy?" These sentiments give us a clue to the causes of much of the dissatisfaction, bad feeling, discontent, and violence which, like an ill-extinguished fire, is always smouldering in the very heart-life of Paris. The effects of the late war, too,

are a grievous source of painful remembrances, and they are as wide-spread as the territory of France itself. Let us, for a moment, note them only in so far as they regard her population.

According to the last census of May 15th, 1866, the population of France amounted to 38,067,094, minus the army and navy stationed out of the country, which were estimated at about 125,000; but from this must now be deducted the loss sustained in population from the annexation by Germany of the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which may be calculated at about 1,500,000 souls. To this must be added her loss in the war, which has been estimated at another 500,000. This makes the population of France about 2,000,000 less than it was immediately before the quarrel with the Emperor William of Prussia.

Leaving these important matters for the consideration of more

“ Potent, grave, and reverend seigniors ”

than we have any pretensions to be, we resume our metoo-like travels, and proceed to one of those cities famed in history, and of which we said, in our general Introduction, that we would speak of at a more convenient season. That has now arrived, and accordingly we find ourselves alone, perambulating the streets of one of the most interesting cities in France.

Rouen is the ancient capital of Normandy, beautifully situated on the Seine, and, with its suburbs, containing a population estimated at over 150,000. It is the Manchester of France in regard to the cotton manufacture; and, on account of the crowds of busy merchants and manufacturers who throng its streets, and the modern improvements which an increasing commerce has compelled its inhabitants to make, it has lost much of the picturesque and venerable appearance which it once possessed.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is one of the principal objects which invite the attention of the stranger. This structure, however, has been severely criticised as “viciously florid,” and looking “like a piece of rock-work, rough, and encrusted with images and tabernacles, and ornamented from top to bottom.” It is seen from several points on approaching the city. In coming from Dieppe, the traveller obtains a very fine view of the situation of Rouen, when, after making a long ascent, he reaches the edge of an amphitheatre of hills, and surveys it from a summit almost in a state of repose in the valley. The most celebrated prospect, however, is that obtained from a part of the rising grounds called Mount of St. Catharine. At a single glance the whole of the city bursts upon the view; and, in the midst of the general mass of dark-grey stone rising considerably above it, the eye is filled with the double towers of the old Gothic cathedral, as well as the tapering spires of other churches, overlooking the rich sunny valleys which stretch away in the distance. The remote hills, the river, the islands, the bridges, and the woods greatly add to the charm of the view, as the reader will readily conceive.



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In England there is no town which resembles Rouen, or which is calculated to convey a very distinct idea of its appearance and general attractions. Dr. Dibdin remarks, that Chester alone gives some notion of it; although the resemblance is found only in a few particulars. Another writer says, that there is no town in England either so fine in itself, or so finely situated. Oxford, which has been pronounced as fine in its buildings, and equally interesting in its associations, does not possess anything like the same advantages of situation; and Bristol, which presents as fine a mass of buildings, lacks the accompanying pomp of groves and garniture of fields.

In the interior of the cathedral there are several objects especially interesting to the historical student and antiquary. The chief of these are several small lozenge-shaped tablets of marble, sunk into the pavement of the choir, marking the spots where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the bodies of his brother Henry, of William, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, their uncle, and of John, Duke of Bedford (regent under Henry VI. of England), were interred. Their monuments, much injured by the outrages of the Huguenots in 1562, when all parts of the church suffered more or less, were removed and lost sight of till 1838 and 1867. The effigy of Richard I., a rude statue six and a-half feet long, in limestone, much mutilated, represents him crowned, and in the royal robes. His "lion heart" was also found still perfect, but shrunk in size, and enclosed in a case of lead. It is now deposited in the museum of the city. His body was interred at Fontevrault. At the end of the chapel, in the south aisle, is the tomb and effigy of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy; whilst, in other parts of the building, various tombs of historical interest appear.

At the Huguenot outburst of fury, in 1562, not the slightest respect was shown for persons. At Vendôme, they destroyed the monuments of that branch of the Bourbons who were the ancestors of their chief, the Prince of Condé; and at Angoulême, they served, in a similar manner, the sepulchres of the branch of the Valois, from which was descended the then reigning family of France. At Cleri, they destroyed the tomb and statue of Louis XI., and burnt his bones with those of the Dukes of Longueville. In the cathedral of St. Croix, at Orleans, the Huguenots actually burnt the heart of François II. At Bourges, they treated with equal irreverence the remains of the first queen of Louis XII.; while here, at Rouen, as we have said, they broke up the tombs of Rollo, William Longue-épée, and Richard. At Caen, they destroyed the sepulchres of William the Conqueror and his Queen Matilda. Everywhere shrines of saints were smashed or broken, in order to get at and destroy whatever relics they contained. At Orleans, even the statue of Jean Darc,* which had been erected on the bridge, was thrown down and destroyed.

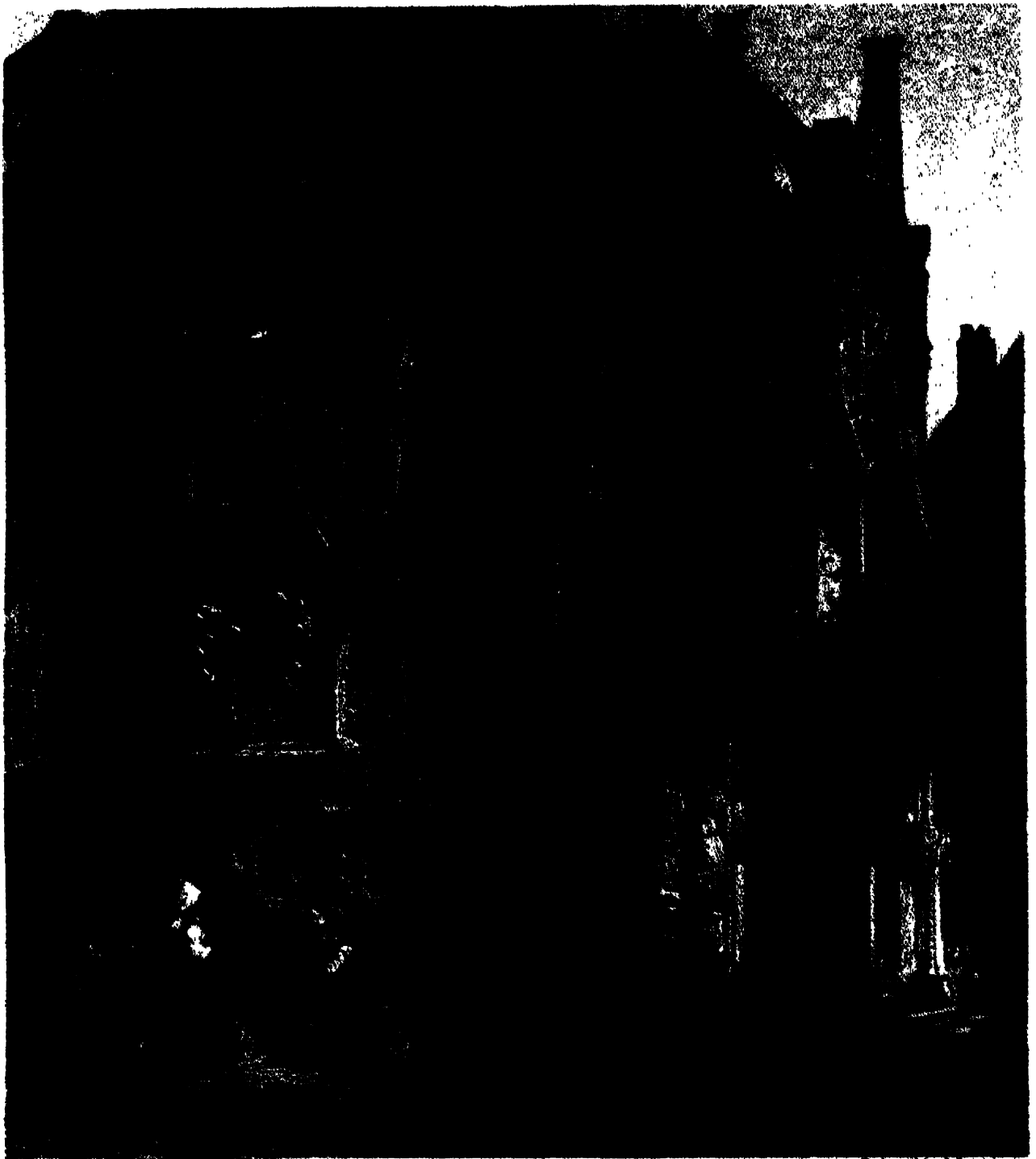
* English writers, following the rather loose practice of representing a foreign name by its English equivalent, usually call our heroine *Joan of Arc*, which involves more than one error. The French name *Jean* is, no doubt, the equivalent of the English *John*; yet the equivalent is not the name, and it is not correct to use it as such. But the error is much more apparent in the feminine form; for Jeanne was represented formerly, in our

During this same year of 1562, Rouen was invested by a Catholic army. This was at the end of September; and, in the beginning of October, 3,000 English troops were landed at Havre. The investing army was 18,000 strong; and, fearful that the English *arrival* might be thrown into Rouen, the siege was pressed with the utmost vigour. On the 13th and 14th October, two furious assaults were made, and repulsed; "for Rouen was defended by a garrison of 1,000 regular troops and 4,000 armed Huguenots, who had now been reinforced by the arrival of 500 English soldiers, and the very women of the town joined bravely in the defence."

In the memorials of Rouen this siege finds a place. On the day of the second assault, the King of Navarre, while visiting the trenches in company with the Duke of Guise, received a ball from an arquebuse in his left shoulder, and was carried away to Darnetal, where he languished till the 17th of November. "The failure of the second assault was followed by negotiations, in the course of which, the court offered honourable terms to Montgommeri and the garrison, and liberty of conscience to the citizens, but required that they should have no public worship, and that they should send away their ministers. At the same time, it was proclaimed by the king, that the war was no longer one of religion, but that its object was to protect the kingdom against foreign invasion, and a general amnesty was offered to all who would return to their obedience and assist in resisting the English and Germans. * * * * It is said that the preachers in Rouen persuaded the citizens and garrison to reject the terms offered them by the Catholics; but it is probable that the Protestant leaders looked upon the whole negotiation as a mere snare. The people of Rouen, moreover, expected daily the arrival of the 3,000 English troops which had been sent especially for their assistance; but, unfortunately, contrary winds retarded the English fleet, and Rouen was taken by assault on the 26th of October, and abandoned to the soldiers. It is said that the boats on the Seine, and waggons and carts on land, were employed, during several weeks, in carrying to Paris the plunder, which the merchants of the capital purchased at a trifling price of the plunderers. Some of the leading men of the town were reserved for the scaffold and the gibbet. Montgommeri, however, succeeded in effecting his escape."

Turning from the results of war to those of peace, the traveller will see a finer specimen of architecture than the cathedral in the church of St. Ouen, which is larger, and in every way surpassing the other, with the single exception of its associations. It is said to be one of the noblest and most perfect Gothic edifices in the world; and it is

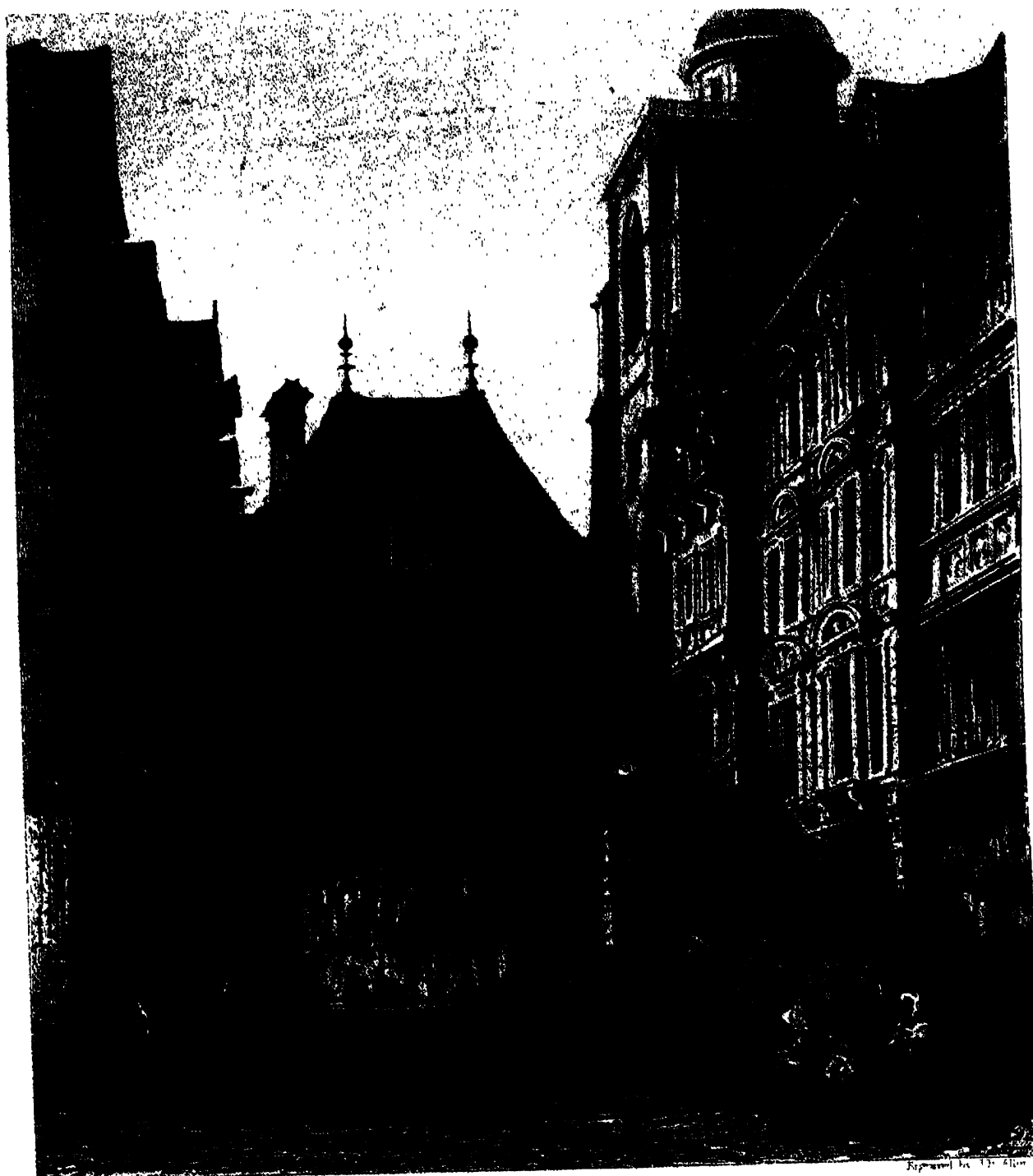
language, by Joan; but the name *Joan* has itself become obsolete in our language, and the proper equivalent now would be *Jane*, which was no more than the former, the name of the maiden of Domremi. Again, it has been a question, debated with some care among the French historical antiquaries, whether the name of her family were really *D'Arc* or *Darc*; and their decision appears to be in favour of the latter. At all events, it seems pretty clear that the family was not in any way connected with the village of Arc, as the name of Joan of Arc would naturally lead people to suppose. However, in her history, she was never, or hardly ever, spoken of by her family name; but she is called Jeanno, or Jeanne-la-Pucelle (Jeanne the Maid), or simply La Pucelle (the Maid).



Drawn by J. H. P.

Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

View of St. Martin - Rouen.



Drawn by T. Allen

Engraved by J. D. Allen

Vue de la Place d'Orléans, Paris

one of the very few great ecclesiastical monuments on the continent which appear in a completed state. Another church, St. Gervais, has the reputation of being the oldest in Rouen, and one of the earliest monuments of the Christian religion in France. Here, as observed in our Introduction, William the Conqueror, "tortured by the injury he had received at the cruel sack and burning of Mantes, repaired to the retired priory of St. Gervais to die. His death-bed exhibited a melancholy example of the vanity of earthly grandeur. Deserted by his own sons when the breath was scarce out of his body, forsaken by friends and courtiers, and plundered by his servants, his body remained, stripped and deserted, until the pity and charity of an unknown knight in the neighbourhood provided the funds necessary for the funeral, he himself escorting the body to its last resting-place at Caen."

The church of St. Maclou, with its fountain, is one of the most striking edifices in Rouen. It ranks third among the churches for beauty. Its great feature, however, is the triple porch by which it is entered, and which is a striking work of architectural beauty. The style is the florid of the 15th century, and the elaborate care with which its sculptured ornamentation is executed will command attention. The carving of the wooden doors is said to have been the work of Jean Goujon, who produced many similar works which are still admired as the productions of an original and pains-taking artist. The winding staircase of this church, leading to the organ-loft, is pointed to as worthy of attention.

The Palace of Justice is another most interesting building, which, as a specimen of civic Gothic architecture, may fairly compete with some of the finest town-halls of the Low Countries. It was erected in the time of Louis XII., when the style had become fantastic and redundant in ornamentation. Still, it displays so much originality and magnificence, that it is almost painful to condemn it on account of its deficiencies in purity and taste. It occupies three sides of a square, and is a sort of Westminster Hall in miniature, and serving similar purposes. We are informed that the body of the building, in the centre, was raised by Louis XII. for the Cour d'Echiquier of Normandy, the ancient supreme tribunal of the duchy, at least as old as the time of William the Conqueror, for which the name of Parliament was substituted by Francis I. in 1515. Behind the palace is a large building, used for the sittings of what, in the late emperor's reign, was called the Cour Impériale.

One of the greatest curiosities in Rouen is emphatically called *La Grosse Horloge*, which, vulgarly translated, would be, "The Big Clock." The number of years it has been in existence is, we believe, not exactly known, although, it is said, the gate-house was built in 1527. A writer says, "Though not remarkable for any of those fanciful complications of machinery which distinguish the old clocks that are to be found at Strasburg, and in other parts of Europe, it usually finds a place in the lists of the most famous among the early specimens of the modern horological art."

The readers of English history will recollect that the burning of Jean Darc took place in this city. The Place de la Pucelle, in the Rue St. Eloy, indicates the spot where this

piece of cruelty was executed. She was here burned alive as a sorceress, in 1431, on a spot marked by a pump bearing her name. Her remains were collected by the public executioner, and, by an order of the Cardinal of Winchester, cast into the Seine. "After she was bound to the stake," says the Hand-book, "and while the flames were rising around her, she begged her confessor to hold aloft the cross, that she might still behold the sacred emblem above the smoke; and she died expressing her conviction of the truth of her mission, and calling on the name of Jesus." If the fate of the Maid of Orleans was a cruel one, her own countrymen are greatly to blame in helping her to it. "The Bishop of Beauvais, her unjust judge, her accuser, and the false priest who was introduced into her cell on the pretence of friendship, as a spy to betray her secrets, were Frenchmen. Her own countrymen allowed her to be made prisoner at Compiègne, without an attempt to defend or rescue her. It was they who sold her to the English; and Charles VII., her king, who owed his country and his throne to her enthusiasm, appears neither to have cared for, nor remembered the heroine of Orleans, from the hour when she fell into the hands of the English. He neither attempted to ransom her, nor did he protest against her trial."

Besides her churches, Rouen has other objects of curiosity. To these, however, the Guide-books will direct the visitor; but we may observe that the city is not now so distinguished for her public buildings as she was before the great Revolution. About one-half of her churches were either destroyed, or diverted from their original purpose, in the general confusion of that event.

Although, in an architectural point of view, Rouen suffered little in the late Franco-German war, still, on the 4th of December, 1870, she was occupied by detachments of the 8th Corps, which, under General Manteuffel, defeated a French brigade which had been pushed forward from Rouen, when ten officers, 400 men, and one gun, fell into the hands of the Germans. On the 5th there was a renewed engagement, and another gun taken. In consequence of this, the corps which had concentrated for the protection of Rouen, abandoned the town, which was then occupied by the Germans, who found eight heavy guns in the intrenchments. We are told that, previous to the entry, one battalion of the National Guards—that of St. Sever—protested strongly against the cowardice of those whose duty it was to protect the city; and when assembled to deliver up their arms, they manifested great discontent: some shots were fired, and several members of the municipality were insulted, and even struck. The demonstration was soon over, and the National Guards were disarmed. Shortly afterwards, twelve Uhlans galloped into the place in front of the Hôtel de Ville, which they immediately cleared, and Rouen was no longer French. Half-an-hour later, nearly 15,000 men occupied the city, with twenty-five guns at their head-quarters at Maromme, pointed upon the Place des Omnibus.

Having devoted a day to Rouen, another may be devoted to a run and an examination of Havre, the port of the Seine and of Paris. This is not an old town; but there are events connected with it in which the readers of general history may take some interest. It was

from its port that Henry of Richmond embarked to fight the battle of Bosworth Field, and wrest the crown from Richard III. of England; and it was to it that Charles II. fled after the fight at Worcester, and his adventure in the royal oak. It is, however, as an *entrepôt* of commerce that it will mostly command the attention of the stranger; for it is the place of import of all the foreign articles required for the supply of the French metropolis. Napoleon I. said that Paris, Rouen, and Havre formed only one city, of which the Seine is the highway; and this is in a great measure true. It is the chief cotton *dépôt* of France, and the principal port of communication between it and the United States. Consequently vast numbers of emigrants yearly take their passage from it to the New World. Its principal foreign trade is also with America. It does not offer many temptations to the visitor in the shape of public buildings, being a modern town, and dating only from the time of Francis I.

The German occupation of Rouen and Orleans created the greatest excitement at Havre, where preparations were immediately made to resist an attack. The following proclamation was at once issued:—"Inhabitants of Havre,—By a rapid march the enemy has arrived at the gates of Rouen. Havre, more menaced than ever, but long prepared, is determined to offer the most energetic defence. At the approach of danger we make a new appeal to the patriotism of the population. No sacrifice will be too great to repulse the enemy, and preserve our rich and valiant city from pillage and the inroads of the foreigner. Supported by its energetic co-operation, we answer for the safety of Havre.—Rallier, Commandant Supérieur; E. Ramel, Sous-Préfet; Guillemand, Maire.—Havre, December 5th, 1870." The local journal, "*Le Havre*," stated that an iron-cased locomotive made a *reconnaissance* as far as Barentin, where the presence of the enemy's scouts was ascertained. The inhabitants of the neighbouring Communes were invited to take refuge within its walls, as large stores of cattle and fodder had been collected; and all articles which could not be received, and which might be serviceable to the enemy, were ordered to be destroyed.

The journals speculated upon the probability of a siege of the town, and arrived at the conclusion that the Germans would be unable to obtain possession, defended as it is by extensive land-works and heavy floating batteries. The railway service towards Rouen had, of course, been suspended for some days, and the trains now ran but a few miles out of Havre. Notices were served upon the inhabitants to prepare to receive large numbers of troops, who would be billeted upon them: accordingly there was the greatest readiness to make the sacrifice thus entailed, each body of soldiers, as it arrived, being welcomed into the houses of all classes, high and low. Applications for arms were made by the inhabitants of the outlying districts, and were responded to with the utmost promptitude by the local authorities. Prussian spies, as might be expected in such a period of excitement, were continually being discovered; and, in one day, no fewer than six were landed from a steamer—two having been taken at Entripagny, and the others at different points of Normandy. These denied their guilt; but were marched through the streets, amid the execrations of an immense multitude. A lady of unusual stature was arrested in the streets,

on suspicion of being a man disguised for the purpose of obtaining information for the enemy. An examination before the magistrates resulted in her release, it being shown that she was a lady who, on the previous evening, had applied for a passport for London. The deeds of the Germans in Normandy provoked extreme indignation at Havre, where the system of forced requisitions was denounced as a barbarous relic of savage times. At Yvetot, it was complained that twenty-five Prussian horsemen had entered the town, and, after obtaining coffee and cigars, proceeded to the Mairie, to announce the arrival, on the next day, of 1,500 men. Before quitting the town they cut the telegraph wires, and inquired the road to Havre, "whither," they coolly observed, "we shall march to-morrow." This irruption caused the utmost consternation, as, only an hour before, a reconnoitring party had returned from a railway excursion almost to Barentin, and reported the country clear. As the whole affair, however, *ended in smoke*, we will proceed with our own business.

The consular district of Havre comprises the two departments of the Lower Seine and Calvados, with an area of about 2,854,305 acres, and a population of 1,267,835. Of these, at the last census, 7,287 were foreigners, of whom 2,691 were British subjects.

The soil of the Havre district is generally very fertile, and yields large quantities of agricultural produce, cattle, poultry, eggs and butter. The land is principally divided into small holdings—a system favourable to the increased production of such articles as poultry, eggs, and butter, though producing the contrary effect as regards the yield per acre of grain. Marble, building and paving-stone, potters' clay, and glass sand are the chief mineral products. The manufacturing industries comprise the different branches of cotton, wool, and flax productions; lace, paper, chemical works, oils, sugar refineries, mills, and the various trades, &c., connected with shipping. It is a flourishing district; and the two departments possess three lycées, nine colleges, 2,023 primary schools, thirty-four hospitals and asylums, twenty-five "*salles d'asile*" for children, and 224 Charity Boards.

In the town of Havre, a number of philanthropic gentlemen have erected large blocks of "*cités ouvrières*," or model dwellings, which are either rented or purchased by instalments by workmen. These houses are built in blocks of two, having each a couple of good-sized rooms on the ground floor, and the same on the second floor. Behind each cottage is a piece of ground, of about thirty-two, and in front a garden of about sixty-four, square yards in size. Each cottage costs 3,000 francs (£120); and it can either be purchased at once, or by monthly payments, extending over twenty years, of 20f. 5c. (16s. 0½d.) The drawback to these houses is, that they are beyond the means, or rather of the amount of rent, usually paid by the ordinary workman, although the advantages he gains more than counterbalance for the excess of cost.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIEPPE; PECULIARITIES OF COSTUME; TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD; CHATEAU EU; ABBEVILLE; ITS CATHEDRAL; FIELD OF CRECY; EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE; PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS AND MOTTO; DOULOGNE; THE NAPOLEON COLUMN; VERSES SUGGESTED ON ITS TOP; THE CATHEDRAL; CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES; CALAIS; ITS SALUBRITY; TOUR TO ARRAS AND AMIENS; CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS; THE FRANCO-GERMAN INVASION; COMBAT; GERMAN OCCUPATION; BEAUVAIS; ITS CATHEDRAL; VALOUR AND MEMORIAL OF JEANNE HACHETTE.

THERE being no railway communication between Havre and Dieppe, it is better to return to Rouen, and thence proceed by rail to that town, which lies between two ranges of chalk cliffs, greatly resembling those on the opposite side of the channel. About three centuries ago it was the most flourishing seaport in France; but Havre has taken away its prosperity. Since the formation of the railway, however, leading to the interior of the country, it is rapidly recovering from the comparative state of torpidity into which it had fallen. Its castle, a building of the 15th century, is one of the first objects which catches the eye of the visitor. It is built of brick, and now forms a barrack, commanding a fine view, while, in itself, presenting a singularly picturesque appearance. Within its walls Henry IV. retreated before the army of the League; and his "*bons Dieppois*," as he termed them, were the first to acknowledge his right to the throne before the battle of Arques. While here, he received from Queen Elizabeth, of England, a reinforcement of 4,500 English, and 1,000 Scotch soldiers.

"The Etablissement des Bains, situated at the eastern extremity of the beach, is a handsome building of wood and glass, furnished with gardens, in which a band plays in the afternoons. It is well supplied with both English and French newspapers. There are bathing machines; and a pretty structure of wood has been erected as a bath-house and a ball-room. A series of little huts are erected at the sea-side, from which ladies issue in dark blouses, and gentlemen in wide trousers, and thus bathe in public. Ladies are assisted by male dippers appointed for this service, should their services be required. There are also hot baths near the beach." There are several interesting excursions which may be made from Dieppe; and the most delightful is one to the ruins of the castle of Arques. They are about three miles from the town, and are celebrated for the great victory which Henry IV. gained, under the shadow of their walls, with his 4,000 Protestants, against the League, with an army of 30,000. A rude obelisk marks the spot where the deadliest struggle took place. But, independent of these memorable associations, the castle itself will repay a visit, from the picturesque position which it occupies.

On approaching Dieppe from the sea, Dibdin has favoured us with the impression which the view made upon him. "As we approached the inner harbour," he says, "the

shipping and the buildings more distinctly presented themselves. What a scene, said I to my companion, for our Calcott! The harbour is large, and the vessels are entirely mercantile, with a plentiful sprinkling of fishing-smacks; but the manner in which the latter harmonised with the tint and structure of the houses; the bustle upon shore; the casks, deal planks, ropes and goods of every description upon the quays, all formed a most animated and interesting scene. The population seemed countless, and chiefly females, whose high caps and enormous earrings, with the rest of their paraphernalia, half persuaded us, that instead of being some few leagues only from our own white cliffs, we had, in fact, dropped upon the Antipodes."

There is some exaggeration in this description, especially as regards the "countless population;" whilst the expression respecting the "paraphernalia" is so very vague, that we will not attempt to give it an exact meaning. The enormous pendants hanging from the lappets of the ears of the female Dieppoise, is a feature of ornamentation which must attract the notice of every stranger. Whether they are gold we cannot tell; but they are quite two, if not, in some instances, approaching three inches in length. What surprises us is, how the fleshy portion of the ear can sustain them; but there they are, hanging like golden fish, from the outward part of the auricular organs of the fishers' wives and daughters. We have not noticed them in the ears of any other class of females in Dieppe; nor do we observe that the ornaments themselves differ from each other in point of pattern. They seem to be all of one design.

Having thus spoken of the decoration of the ears, we must say something respecting that of the heads. The coverings of these are, really, the most extraordinary of all their sorts that ever before struck our eyes with astonishment. Let the reader, in fancy, transport himself to Dieppe, and prepare to enter its fruit-market with all the self-possession of one who has been used to see even the most wondrous exhibitions of fashionable folly which female ingenuity can produce. Let him so prepare himself, and enter the fruit-market of Dieppe on a sunny day, as we have done, and contemplate both the damsels and the dames of the fruit-stalls, and ask himself whether he has not absolutely got into the region of fools? seeing that all the females he beholds have on their heads such coverings as, if he be an Englishman, he has been in the habit of considering fools' caps. They are of similar shape, rising before the eyes like huge white cones, gradually terminating either in a point, or in some other form, according to the taste of the wearer. In our opinion, they are the ugliest kind of head-dress we ever beheld ascending from the fair, smooth, and polished brows of beautiful damsels and dames. This strange fashion, however, is by no means a novelty among the Dieppoise. Indeed, its antiquity is as extraordinary as its proportions are enormous. It is the cap of the ancient Normans, which is proved by its appearing on the very oldest tombstones of this people; and we know that the wife and the ladies of William I. of England—styled the Conqueror—assumed the dimensions of the *gigantesque*, under the towering altitude of their caps. In the market,

before each of the females, is a table, covered with different descriptions of fruit, and alongside of these are baskets heaped with various kinds of vegetables. Each of the females has over her head a large umbrella—mostly of pink colour—to protect both her and her fruits from the ardour of the solar beams; the light, however, in passing through the *parapluie*, partakes of its own warm colour, and tints cap, table, fruit, vegetables, and baskets with modified degrees of the same hue. The scene is quiet, yet cheerful, and extremely picturesque—almost tempting one, for its own sake, to be an artist, the grouping is so good, and the colouring so soft and rich.

The streets of Dieppe are regular, but display few specimens of antiquity in domestic architecture, in consequence of the bombardment of the town by the English when returning from an unsuccessful attack on Brest in 1694. On that occasion they performed the inglorious exploit of laying most of the town in ruins, out of an ignoble revenge, we suppose, for their repulse at Brest. The church of St. Jacques, in the square, a little to the west of the harbour, deserves a visit, although the body of the structure is much concealed by its flying buttresses. The transepts are the oldest portions of the building, being of the 13th century. The arches of the nave are of the same period. The nave itself is of a later date, though the roof and many of the side chapels are not older than the 15th century. In the chapel of St. Yves the screens and carvings are of French florid Gothic of the 15th or 16th century. The Lady Chapel is, perhaps, one of the latest specimens of Gothic art. The bosses of the groined roof are of the most delicate filigree work, and the vaulting is ornamented with knobs dependent from the ribs.

The most delightful walk in the neighbourhood of Dieppe is to the ruins of the castle of Arques. They lie in the valley of the Bethune, at its junction with the stream called the Arques, not four miles south-east of the town. This stream runs between the two ranges of the chalk cliffs which, in the vicinity of Dieppe, form the coast-line, as white, and nearly as high, as those of England. The battle fought here decided the fate of Henry IV. A rude obelisk stands on the brow of the hill, and indicates the spot on which the severest part of the fight took place.

Proceeding to Eu by diligence, on our way to Abbeville, we are enabled to note the *château* which belonged to King Louis Philippe, and in which, in 1843, he received Queen Victoria of England. It is a low, red-brick building, offering little attraction, and was built by one of the Guises, on the site of an old castle burnt down by order of Louis XI. in 1475, as a punishment for the treachery of the Comte de Saint Pol. It contained a collection of historical and family portraits, amounting to the enormous number of 1,100. On account of the events of 1852, all the furniture and pictures were removed to England, the names under the vacant spaces alone explaining the objects which before then occupied the walls.

Abbeville is mostly remarkable for its narrow and filthy streets, its quaint specimens of domestic architecture, and its cathedral. The "Hand-book" informs us that the west front, and five first arches of the nave of this building, are a portion only of a design never carried

out, commenced in the reign of Louis XII., under Cardinal George d'Amboise. The *façade* is certainly a fine specimen of the Flamboyant style, consisting of three sumptuously executed portals, surmounted by a pediment, and flanked by two towers. The whole is covered with the richest flowing tracery on panelling, the niches being filled with statues. The central door is richly sculptured, but the remaining portion of the church is only a mean continuation of the first plan. Here we see further confirmed a remark which was drawn from us in Paris, as to the apparent want of completion in some of the public buildings we there visited. In Abbeville church there does not seem to have ever been a choir. This strikes the traveller as singular; and accidentally turning to "The General View of France," the compiler says—"These glorious monuments (churches, &c.) of architectural skill and lavish devotion are far more stupendous in their proportions than the cathedrals of England, but have this peculiarity, that *scarcely one of them is finished*; their Beauvais has no nave, Amiens is incomplete in its towers, Abbeville has no choir, Bourges no spire. It has been well said that a perfect cathedral might be made of the portal of Rheims, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the tower of Chartres."

It is from Abbeville that the village of Crecy is usually visited, where there is a small inn, and where the mud wall in which the English king stationed himself during the conflict, is still to be seen, with the tower of Edward III., the Valles des Clercs, and the stone cross of the King of Bohemia. It was on this field that the Black Prince won his spurs and the feathers which England's Princes of Wales bear to this day. But the origin of these has, among antiquaries, been disputed, as we shall show after we have recalled to the mind of the reader the principal events of the battle of Crecy.

Now that we have taken a position on this field, we must picture to ourselves Edward III. of England and his army advantageously posted near the village of Crecy, waiting the arrival of his enemy, Philip of France. The English forces are in excellent order, and divided into three lines. The first is commanded by the Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, from, it is said, the colour of his armour, but which is also disputed. The second line is commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton; and the king himself takes charge of the third, which is designed to be an auxiliary force.

The French army now consisted of about 120,000 men, and was also drawn up in three lines; but as Philip had effected a somewhat rapid and confused march from Abbeville, his troops were fatigued and difficult to be got into order. The first line was composed of 15,000 Genoese cross-bow-men, and was commanded by Anthony Doria and Charles Grimaldi; the second was led by the Count d'Alençon; and the king, in person, was at the head of the third. The battle commenced about 3 o'clock, and continued till close upon evening, when the French army took to flight, and was chased with great slaughter, which only ceased with the darkness of the night. About 40,000 French were slain, among whom were many of the chiefs of the nobility, 1,200 knights, and 1,400 gentlemen. On his return to camp, history tells us that Edward, the king, "flew into the arms of the Prince of Wales,



Worcester Cathedral

who had remarkably distinguished himself. 'My brave son!' cried he, 'persevere in your honourable course. You are my son; for valiantly have you acquitted yourself to-day. You have shown yourself worthy of empire!'"

It is needless here to pause over this *wild* enthusiasm of a fighting father for a fighting son; but we may be allowed to observe, that the mere circumstance of a man giving evidence of being possessed of courage in the field, is by no means to be taken as an indication that he is "worthy of an empire." *Fighting* qualities are very necessary, and are, indeed, often of the highest value, in a leader of armies; but in the rulers of empires, they have, in some instances, proved a very questionable possession for the happiness of those who have had to bear their burthen. The victory of Crecy is partly ascribed to some pieces of artillery which the English king is said to have planted in his front, and which gave great alarm to the enemy, although it cannot be supposed that they could have done much execution. The invention was yet in its infancy; and cannons were, at first, of such a heavy and clumsy make, and so difficult to manage, that they were rather incumbrances than those terrible engines of destruction that they have since become.

We will now advert to the "Prince of Wales' feathers," and the famous title of the "Black Prince," by which the hero of Crecy and Poitiers is historically distinguished. We abridge the following from the "History of British Costume," as published by the late Charles Knight: London. The *italics* are not ours.

On a seal appended to a grant of Prince Edward to his brother, John of Gaunt, dated 1370, *twenty-five years after the battle of Crecy*, Edward is seen seated on a throne, as sovereign Prince of Aquitaine, with a *single* feather and a *blank* scroll on each side of him; and the same badge occurs again upon the seal to another grant in 1374. This is, we believe, their *earliest known appearance*. The popular tradition of three feathers having been the *crest, arms, or badge* of John, King of Bohemia, slain at the battle of Crecy, *is not traceable to any credible authority*. It is first mentioned by Camden, in his "Remains;" who says, the "victorious Black Prince, his (Edward III.'s) sounne, used sometimes one feather, sometimes three, in token, as some say, of his speedy execution in all his services, as the posts, in the Roman times, were called *pherophori*, and wore feathers to signifie their flying post-haste; but *the truth is*, that he wonne them at the battle of Crecy, from John, King of Bohemia, whom he there slew."

This learned writer, however, neglects to state upon what authority he asserts this to be "the truth;" and it is rather singular, that the minute and pictorial Froissart, and all the cotemporary historians—Walsingham, Knighton, Giovanni Villani, &c.—should make *no allusion whatever* to so interesting an incident: yet such is the case.

The German motto, "*Ich Dien*," generally rendered, "I serve," first seen upon the tomb of Prince Edward, at Canterbury, has, perhaps, helped to give currency, if it did not give birth, to the belief of the Bohemian origin of the feathers; but Camden himself did not credit this part of the story; for he goes on to state, though still without quoting his

authority, that, to the feathers, the prince himself "adjoined the old English word '*ic dien*' (thegn)—that is, 'I serve'—according to that of the apostle, 'the heir, while he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant.'" Now, it certainly may be argued, on the other hand, that the King of Bohemia did feudal service to the King of France, as Count of Luxembourg, at the battle of Crecy; and there appears no reason for Edward's selecting a German motto (for it is absurd to call it old English) to express his own service to his father, supposing it, as Camden has done, to have been assumed with that modesty and filial affection for which the prince was as much renowned as for his valour: but the crest of John of Bohemia was the entire wing or pinion of an eagle, apparently, from its shape, as may be seen on his seal engraved in "*Olivarius Vredius*," and not one or three distinct ostrich feathers. In the same work, it is true, however, that we do meet with crests of wings or pinions surmounted by distinct feathers; and one or three such might have been plucked from the crest of the King of Bohemia as a symbol of triumph, and granted as a memorial of victory and heraldic distinction by Edward III. to his gallant son. Yet, "to vouch this is no proof;" and again, we ask, is it likely so interesting a fact could have passed unnoticed by all the cotemporary historians? Again, the feathers are borne *singly* by not only all the brothers and descendants of Edward, but by Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who must either have borne them by grant from Richard II., or, in consequence of his descent by the female side, from Thomas de Brotherton, fifth son of Edward I.; and how is this to be reconciled with the tradition of Crecy? John of Gaunt bore them ermine for difference. It may, after all, have been but a fanciful badge adopted by the prince from caprice, or suggested by some very trivial circumstance or quaint conceit, no longer recollected, as were hundreds of devices of that period; to account for which, stories have been ingeniously invented in after ages, and implicitly believed from the mere force of repetition. In such a case discovery is almost hopeless.

In reference to the motto, "*Ich Dien*," it is observed, that it does not appear on the scrolls of the feathers or the seals of the Black Prince, of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, or of Richard II.; or Henry V., when Prince of Wales; or on the monumental tablet of John, Duke of Bedford; but it *does* appear on the seal of Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, slain at Agincourt, and who was in no way connected with Wales—a sufficient proof that it can have no relation to that principality. * * * * To his son Richard, the Black Prince leaves a blue vestment, embroidered with gold roses and ostrich feathers; and he gives "a hall of worsted"—that is, tapestry for a hall—embroidered with mermaids of the sea, and the border paly red and black, embroidered with swans, with ladies' heads and ostrich feathers; and he gives "a hall of ostrich feathers, of black tapestry, with a red border wrought with swans, with ladies' heads," to the church of Canterbury; but in no case does he mention the motto "*Ich Dien*," and the feathers *singly*, as we have already observed, appear with *blank* scrolls upon the seals or tombs of nearly all the princes of the houses of York and Lancaster, down to Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII., upon

whose monument at Worcester they *first appear as a plume in a coronet*, as well as singly; plumes having come into fashion towards the close of the 15th century.

The story of Edward being called the Black Prince from the colour of his armour, has already been exploded by Sir Samuel Meyrick, and rested on no better foundation than did the tradition of the feathers. Burnes, in his "*Life of Edward III.*," merely says, "Edward, the young Prince of Wales, whom, from this time, the French began to call *Le Noir*, or the Black Prince;" and quotes apparently a certain chapter of Froissart, in which, decidedly, there is no mention of any such title. At tournaments he might have worn a sable surcoat, with ostrich feathers upon it, in accordance with his shield of peace; and the caparisons of his horse being of the same funereal hue, might have suggested the appellation; but it is equally probable that he was called the "black" from the terrors his deeds inspired in the breasts of his enemies; and Eneas Sylvius, the historian of Bohemia, expressly says, "On the feast of Saint Ruffus, the battle of Crecy was fought between the French and English; hence is that day still counted *black*, dismal, and unlucky, which took away the lives of two kings by the sword of the enemy" (alluding to King John, of Bohemia, and James, King of Majorca): the fall of the latter monarch is, however, disputed. The *first* mention of Edward as the Black Prince, in England, occurs in a parliamentary paper of *the second year of the reign of Richard II.*

This account of the Black Prince and his feathers strips both of a large amount of the heroic romance with which they are naturally associated in the minds of those who may have perused English history, as it is too frequently written, without investigating the origin of the remote legends with which much of it is necessarily interwoven, and represented as facts. By this time, however, the visitor to Crecy may be supposed to have returned to Abbeville, to which he may bid adieu, and proceed with us on our tour.

From Abbeville to Boulogne-Sur-Mer is forty-nine miles, and the railway leads direct to it. It stands at the mouth of the Liane, which forms a tidal harbour, formed on each side by wooden piers, which are extended into the sea as far as low-water mark. It contains a large number of English, who enrich it with their money, and whose country lights and warms it with its coal. The town is divided into an upper and a lower part, the former of which is mostly confined to the fishing population, and the latter to the trading and pleasure-seeking classes. There are about 300 vessels belonging to the port engaged in the sea-fishery, and they are esteemed the largest and, perhaps, the best boats in the channel. Many of them annually visit the eastern coasts of Scotland for the herring fishery, and some proceed as far as Shetland and Iceland for cod and ling. The mariners are considered a bold and hardy race.

In Boulogne there is not much to be seen that will interest a stranger; but it is memorable for having been the scene of several military events which now occupy a place in history. The Roman Emperor Caligula, in the year 40, occupied its shores with an army of 100,000 men, with whom he designed to perpetrate an invasion of the coasts of

Britain. He, however, ridiculously satisfied his ambition by gathering a few shells on the beach, and calling them the spoils of the ocean. Napoleon I., another emperor, but of a different stamp, also brought an army to Boulogne, with the express design of invading Britain; but he discovered the difficulty of such an attempt, and wisely broke up his camp of upwards of 180,000 men, marching them against another foe, to reach whom it did not require twenty miles of salt water to be crossed. These events, however, are patent to history. On the neighbouring heights there are two monuments, one of them having relation to the above event, and designated the *Colonne de la Grande Armée*. It was commenced by the grand army, and the first stone was laid by Marshal Soult, in 1804. When the troops departed, however, it was discontinued. Under Louis XVIII. it was resumed, with the design of commemorating the return to the throne of the Bourbons; but the Revolution of July brought it back to its original intention, and in 1841 it was dedicated to Napoleon I. It is, or was—for there seems to be nothing certain in France but uncertainty—surmounted by a bronze statue of him, in his coronation robes; and bronze bas-reliefs decorate the base. Another monument, about three-quarters of a mile distant from this, commemorates the distribution of the order of the Legion of Honour, by Napoleon I. to his troops, during one of his visits to the camp. We visited these monuments in the company of an English party, one of whom, with sufficient patriotic enthusiasm, but, perhaps, with more aspiration than inspiration, gave birth to the following lines :—

“But what is this? an obelisk?
And what does it recall?
Intentions grand if realised—
Great England’s glorious fall!
Here did the first Napoleon,
From Dagobert’s old chair,
Present bright crosses to his troops,
Midst shouts that rent the air.

“And see where rises to the skies
The *Colonne Napoleon*,
A monument, in British eyes,
For ridicule in song!
Ascend its steps, and from its top,
Look o’er the folding sea,
And warm thy hearts by gazing on
The land of liberty.

“View England’s white up-rising cliffs
Gleam o’er the glancing wave;
Land of all Time, of Wealth, and Strength,
Of Beauty and the Brave!
Whilst round thy rocks old Ocean rolls,
Thou hast no foe to fear;
Yet ’tis not *that* which thee defends,
But thine own *pluck* and spear.

“Ye winds that sweep yon troubled sea,
To her waft on this prayer,—
‘May she, for ever, remain free,
Be victor everywhere!
May she exalt her noble head,
Where’er may be the strife
In which her valiant sons engage,
Though war be to the knife!

“‘May Virtue, Truth, and Justice crown
With glory all her deeds!
May tyrants tremble at her frown,
Where’er their victim bleeds!
May Wisdom aye her councils guide,
However dark the hour!
And may Jehovah still preserve,
Invincible her power!’

“The wind is high, the white clouds look
Like islands in a sea
Of azure, and they move as if
They lived as well as we;
Whilst the clear air doth make the earth
Appear as bathed in bliss—
How fair would be this changeful world,
If it were aye like this!”

It is said that the white cliffs of England may be seen from the top of the Napoleon column; but we could not see them, though the day was fine and clear—indeed, just as our patriotic friend has described it in his last stanza; and after repeating it on its top, if he likes, the reader may commence his descent to our common mother, Earth!

The *Ramparts* form an agreeable walk; and in the old castle, flanked by high, round towers, Napoleon III. was imprisoned after his unsuccessful attempt to raise an insurrection in 1840. About the middle of the old town, and behind the Hôtel de Ville, there is the ancient *Beffroi*, a square massive tower of the 13th century, from the top of which an extensive view is obtained.

The most prominent buildings are a modern cathedral and the Etablissement des Bains, which is a place of amusement and public resort. The cathedral is a large, modern, Italian building, with a dome rising to a height of nearly 300 feet. It was forty years in progress, having been commenced in 1827, and not finished till 1867. It was built by subscriptions commenced by a simple priest and self-taught architect, the Abbé Haffroingue, on the site of an old cathedral demolished at the Revolution. Beneath it is to be seen a very large crypt, built in the 12th century by Ida of Lorraine, mother of Godfrey of Bouillon, although there is an inscription which assigns the vault to the 7th century. The tradition is, that the Virgin was mysteriously brought, by a boat without sails or oars, to the neighbouring shore, so far back as 633. In the Middle Ages this caused it to become a frequent object of pilgrimage; and of late years this custom has revived. One of the coloured windows in the cathedral gives a vivid representation of the supposed reality of the tradition. Le Sage, the author of “Gil Blas;” Churchill the poet, caricatured by Hogarth; and Campbell, the author of “The Pleasures of Hope,” died in Boulogne.

The hôtel at which we were here entertained was very well filled with visitors, mostly from England and Scotland, from some of whom we learned that the town possesses a reputation for being healthy. Mr. Hamilton, late of the consular district, informs us that there is, among the working classes, a growing disrespect to masters and employers, with a disinclination to submit to the restraints of law and order. This condition has been much increased by the fact of their occupying themselves much with political matters, and by want of economy in their habits, with a greater addiction to drink—a curse to man!—a habit of frequenting public-houses, and other places of amusement. While their wages have been increasing, they have given way to greater extravagance, seeming to forget that food, and all the necessities of life, were, at the same time, increasing in an equal or greater degree, so that the actual condition of the labourer is not so good now as it was forty years ago.

In proceeding from Boulogne to Calais, the first memorable spot we pass is Wimereux, where, in 1840, the late emperor, Napoleon III., landed with a few faithful followers, on his attempting to seize the throne of France. Further on is Ambleteuse, where James II. of England disembarked in 1689. Marquise and Caffiers are next successively passed, and shortly afterwards Calais is entered. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this town are

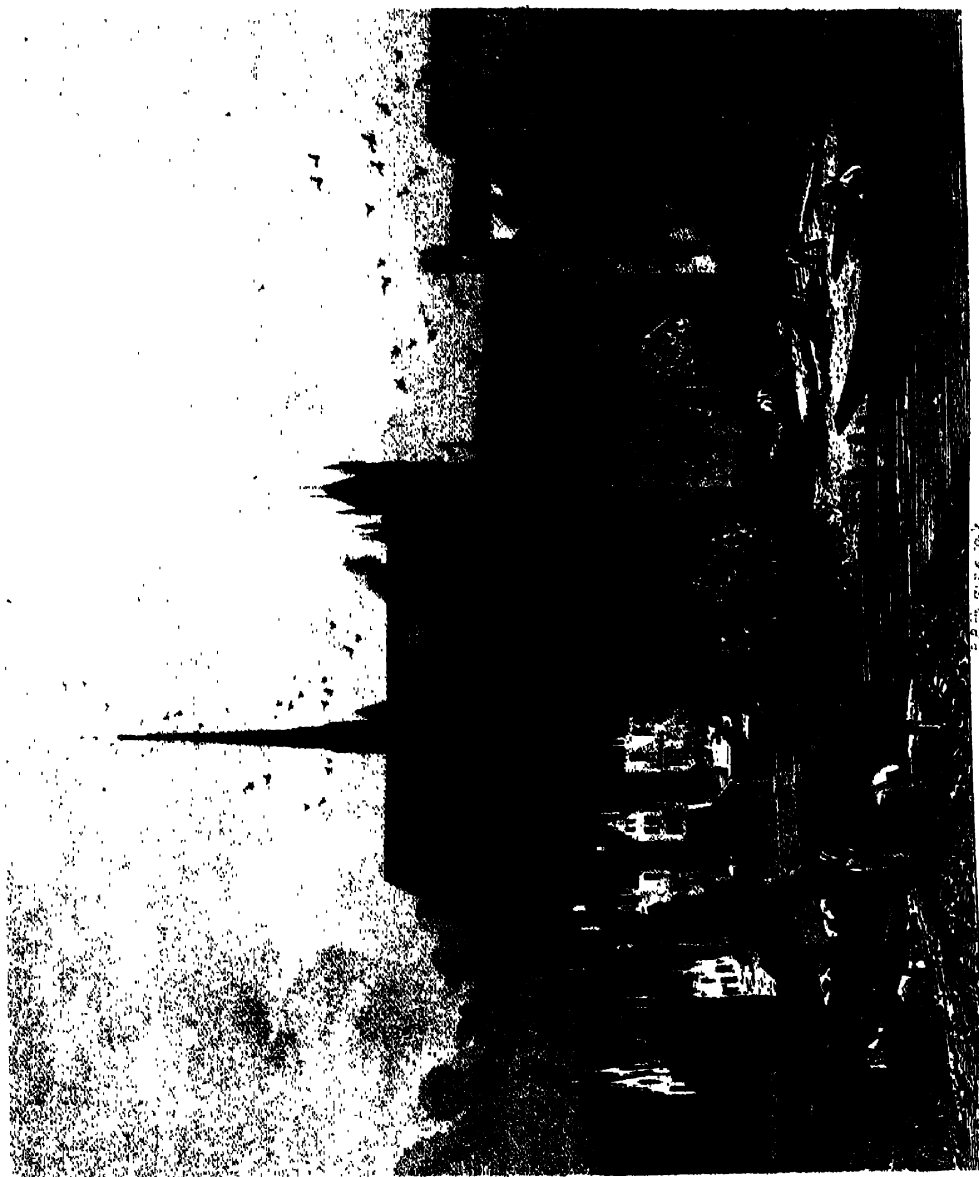
English, and many more speak or understand that language. It stands in a barren, uninteresting district, with sea on the one side and bogs on the other. "Except to an Englishman setting his foot for the first time on the continent, to whom everything is novel," says the Hand-book, "Calais has little that is remarkable. After an hour or two it becomes tiresome, and a traveller will do well to quit it as soon as he has cleared his luggage at the custom-house." Historically it is memorable for the siege it withstood in the time of Edward III., and for the heroic devotion of Eustace de St. Pierre and his five companions. Whilst perambulating its streets, the English reader will not fail to remember that Queen Mary—called, in the "Expostulation" of Mr. Gladstone, the "bloody"—mourned its loss so greatly, that she said Calais would be found written in her heart after her death.

The trade in the immediate neighbourhood is principally confined to lace or "tulle," employing a large number of hands from Nottingham in England. There are also flax factories, employing a goodly number both of Scotch and Irish. We are told that the quality of the lace produced is very good. To health, the district of Calais is considered highly favourable. A large number of the inhabitants reach ages between eighty-five and ninety, and epidemics are rare. The food used is similar to that in England, fruit and vegetables, perhaps, more abundantly.

From Calais, the tourist may proceed by rail to Hazebrouck, thence to Bethune, Arras, and then to Amiens. There was wont to be a manufactory of tapestry—the *arras* of a former age, mentioned by Shakspeare—at Arras; but it no longer exists. In it, however, the first Revolution raged with great violence; and, as we have noted in our Introduction, it is the birth-place of Robespierre.

The principal object of interest in Amiens is the cathedral—the largest in France, and only surpassed by St. Peter's at Rome, and the cathedral of Cologne. It is a building of the 13th century, with the exception of the central spire, which belongs to the 16th, and which replaced one raised in 1240, but destroyed by lightning. Mr. Whewell says that "the interior is one of the most magnificent spectacles that architectural skill could ever have produced. The mind is filled and elevated by its enormous height (140 feet), its lofty and many-coloured clerestory, its grand proportions, its noble simplicity. The proportion of height to breadth is almost double that to which we are accustomed in English cathedrals; the lofty solid piers which sustain this height are far more massive in their plan than the light and graceful clusters of our English churches, each of them being a cylinder with four engaged columns. The polygonal E apse, and the arrangement which puts the walls at the outside edge of the buttresses, and thus forms interior chapels all round, in addition to the aisles, gives a vast multiplicity of perspective below, which fills out the idea produced by the gigantic height of centre. Such terms will not be considered extravagant when it is recollected that the vault is half as high again as the roof of Westminster Abbey."

On the exterior front of the building we behold a mass of sculpture. That of the porches is very attractive. Over the centre door there is an excellent statue of our Saviour,



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whilst the bas-reliefs represent the day of judgment. There are also twelve statues of the apostles ; and along the front there is a line of colossal statuary, representations of the kings of France, a magnificent wheel window, and the whole flanked by two stately, though uncompleted towers. The Hand-book says, that in order to appreciate "the vast proportions, and examine the details of the cathedral, the visitor ought to ascend to the triforium gallery ; thence he may mount the tower, and enjoy the view over the city, the Hotoie Promenade, and the valley of the Somme, remarking, in his ascent, the turret with the stone table, where Henry IV. posted himself to watch the retreat of the Spaniards in 1597. There are 306 steps from the level of the church below to the base of the spire. The roof is a wonderful piece of carpentry, forty-six feet high." Within this sanctuary our Edward III., in 1329, did homage for Guienne to Philippe of Valois ; and here the treaty of peace between Edward VI. and Henry III. of France was signed in 1550. The "Peace of Amiens," in 1802, was signed in the Hôtel de Ville, a building erected in 1600.

Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the first crusade, was a native of Amiens ; as were Ducange, Gresset the poet, and Delambre the astronomer. In the Place St. Denis, near the railway station, there is a statue in memory of Ducange ; as there is one of the Hermit in the Place St. Michel. In the late Franco-German war, Amiens had to play its part. Its strategical position, and as the head of a railway line, was of great importance to the Germans ; and the necessity of energetically defending it devolved upon the northern army. A series of preparatory engagements, with a view to turn the positions of the French, had previously taken place at Boves, at Villers-Bretonneux, at Dours, and at some other points. In those engagements the firmness of the young troops was evinced, and showed the Prussians that a considerable effort would be requisite to defeat them. Thus they brought forward an important army ; whilst the French had only from 18,000 to 20,000 men to bring on the field, and occupy an extensive front. The French were scattered in thin lines, and could not be supported by solid reserves ; the arrival of which, at the weakest points, might have insured the success of the day. It even appears that no use was made of the few reinforcements which were at hand ; and if we may trust to such information as we have, their fine *gendarmérie* squadrons took no part in the action ; as was also the case with some bodies of *Francs-Tireurs*, whose ammunition was withheld by the municipal authorities of Amiens. Ammunition was also wanting at several other points ; and it is given as a fact, that some artillery batteries could not fire more than seventy-five rounds.

Against all these defects the Prussian army opposed, first, number, and then important reserves, which, brought either from Rheims or Paris, raised its effective force to above 50,000 men ; secondly, an artillery much superior as to number, and well ammunitioned ; lastly, general dispositions and a methodical plan, which were wanting on the side of the French. Notwithstanding these drawbacks on several points, and especially on the left wing, which leant on Villers-Bretonneux, the fight turned very much in favour of the French, and would have been a decided success had not the ammunition failed. The

French maintained their positions on several points, and were still holding them when, to their great surprise, the order to retreat was given.

To form a complete idea of the battle, each corps which was engaged in it would require to be the object of a separate account; and such a work cannot here be undertaken. Generally speaking, however, it may be said, that if some Mobile companies did not properly hold their ground, others which were better equipped, and perhaps better commanded, emulated the courage of the infantry of the line, which, although almost entirely composed of raw recruits, behaved, under fire, like veterans.

Among these, the first mention is due to the sailors, who, as artillerymen and musketeers, rendered the greatest service, and displayed heroic bravery. This body suffered considerable loss. The commanders of the two companies of a battalion from Brest, who participated in the fight in the neighbourhood of Dury, were Lieutenant de Vaisseau Meunier, who was killed, and Lieutenant de Vaisseau Bertrand, who was seriously wounded. There were, moreover, nineteen men killed and many wounded. Several officers of high rank fell on the battle-field; among them the commander of a battalion of Chasseurs (which was more than decimated while heroically doing its duty), one commander of a Mobile battalion from the Nord, and a great number of other officers. However, the losses of the French generally were not so extensive as might have been feared. The Prussians suffered much heavier losses, though they were armed with chassepôts taken from their enemies. Their artillery, owing to the moisture of the soil, could not produce all its effect; and their shooting did not always carry well, in spite of their use of explosive bullets—a fact, it is said, which was guaranteed by five officers of the 65th of the line. On all points where the French soldiers were left to their own discretion, the retreat was effected on Amiens, and every one felt that the struggle would be recommenced on the following day, with reinforcements called from various directions. A council of war, which was held at night in Amiens, however, decided not to defend the town.

At 11 o'clock at night, on the 27th of November, the municipality decided to surrender the town; and yet, up to 10 o'clock, they continued permitting the arrival of small bodies of men with arms and ammunition. The *rappel* began to beat at half-past 3 the next morning; and from that hour till 6, there was a general *sauf qui peut*, the railway being retained for the military, and afterwards broken up as far as Hangest. Then followed a continuous discharge of musketry from little boys of the town, who had assembled at the railway station to fire at the big clock, by means of the quantity of loaded muskets flung down in the hurry of departure. After three boys had been killed, it was thought necessary to put a stop to this worrying pastime, and a silence as of the grave succeeded. On the 28th, the Germans entered the city, and an eye-witness says—"I could not but admire the demeanour of the Prussians as they entered. It was very grave and quiet. They seemed to note everything as they passed with the air of travellers, rather than of conquering

invaders. An acquaintance told me afterwards, that those who passed the beautiful cathedral all looked back to examine it. Unfortunately, as I know too well, they are not always so subdued and civilised. The aspect of the working-men in Amiens was one of great exasperation. They assembled in the streets, and attempted to make barricades; but whether their wrath was principally directed against their own superiors or the invaders seemed doubtful. One shook his fist threateningly at my carriage. The *préfet* had abandoned them, the mayor had lost his head, the general (for there was a general there) was at Arras; '*et il faut arriver,*' as a French gentleman said to me, '*que la municipalité était très faible.*' What a dismal triumph for Bourbaki!"

After the occupation, the town became very dull; nearly all the shops and *cafés* were closed; and, after 7 o'clock in the evening, very few persons were to be seen in the streets. The Prussians settled down as though they were at home. After the nomination of a *préfet* came that of a *sous préfet*, which was succeeded by the appointment of a secretary, a commandant, a governor, &c. A prefectorial decree suppressed the indirect taxes, but retained for the town the octroi duties, and announced an increase in the direct taxes. Another official notice announced the early reopening of the railways between Amiens and Rouen and Creil. By another decree, the conscription laws were abolished in the department; and it was declared, that if any able-bodied man absented himself from his home to take military service with the French troops, his property and that of his family, as well as the *maire* of the Commune personally, would be held responsible. It was discovered that the artillerymen who defended the citadel were paroled prisoners; and the Prussians availed themselves of that circumstance to demand a ransom of a million of francs, and not three millions, which they had originally intended to require as a war contribution. Efforts were made to obtain this million from the bank of France at Lille; but the government at Tours refused to sanction the advance, and therefore the citizens had to scrape up the amount among themselves. It is stated that the million of francs was sent away by the Prussians inclosed in a leaden coffin, covered with a silver-laced pall; and the *quasi*-funeral car was escorted by a strong troop of cavalry. The three coffins, covered with gold cloth, which passed through Rheims, and to which military honours were paid, were not forgotten. The French government mentioned the circumstance, and inferred that the coffins contained the remains of some great personages. Oh! the cunning Prussians; who, on the 17th of December, evacuated the city. Gambetta, in his aerial flight from Paris, descended here in a balloon.

Quitting Amiens, and arriving at Beauvais, we are struck with the splendid exterior of the front of its cathedral. A writer in the Hand-book says, "The extension of its dimensions upward is carried to a degree which strikes the spectator as exaggeration. Amiens is a giant in repose; Beauvais a colossus on tiptoe." It certainly is a wonderful work. An examination of our engraving will suggest the massiveness of the edifice, as well as the elaborate workmanship bestowed on its gigantic front. It appears, by the Hand-book,

that one compartment of the nave was actually begun, when the architects (moved, it is said, by a vain ambition to rival the height of the dome of St. Peter's) abandoned it to raise a tower 455 feet high, which, in 1573, tumbled down. The choir, though raised to a loftiness that strikes the beholder with astonishment, displays the space between the tall and slender pillars, so entirely filled with glass, that the whole range of windows only appears like a single zone of light, supported and separated by nothing but narrow mullions situated at wide intervals.

The most remarkable event in connection with Beauvais, was its siege in 1472. Then it was that Jeanne Hachette made her appearance on the breach when the fiercest assault upon its walls was made by the Burgundians. She at that instant seized the standard of the enemy, took it from the Burgundian who bore it, and carried it triumphantly into the town. Louis XI. rewarded the citizens by releasing them from taxes, and complimented the females by an *ordonnance* which gave them precedence of the male sex in a public procession instituted to commemorate the siege. This procession is still celebrated on the Sunday nearest to the 14th of October, the females then carrying the banner taken by Jeanne Hachette, and still preserved in the Hôtel de Ville. A statue, in honour of this heroine, is in the town.—The tourist may now again return to Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARIS; THE THEATRE FRANCAISE; VOLTAIRE; HIS TRAGEDY OF "IRENE," AND HONOURS; DR. JOHNSON; ADULATION OF ROYALTY; THE EMPRESS IRENE; CASTLE OF BLOIS; THE DUKE OF GUISE; THE PLOT AGAINST HIM; HIS ASSASSINATION; THE CARDINAL OF GUISE; HIS MURDER; THE CHATEAU DE CHAMBORD; ITS SINGULAR STAIRCASE; CHARLES V. OF SPAIN; FRANÇOIS I.; THE TOWN OF BLOIS.

ON returning to the capital from such a tour as we have just made in the north-west, to pass an evening at the Théâtre Français, the seat of the French regular drama, seemed to us the most agreeable thing to do. Accordingly, there we went, and saw some of the best actors, who were, during the late imperial *régime*, styled, "*les comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur*;" but what will be their next *style* it is beyond the power of human prescience to tell. How they read, spoke, or recited, it is not for us to offer even an opinion. The *acting* seemed to us extremely artificial, in some instances evidently straining at a sort of *statuesque* effect, far beyond what *we* have been accustomed to see in the school of nature. It seemed to be much admired, however; therefore why should we, a stranger among a strange people, and listening to the accents of a strange language, even presume to say so much as we have here ventured to do.

The interior of this theatre holds about 1,500: its size is, therefore, not very great;

and the management receives from government a subsidy of about £10,000 a year. There is nothing of this sort in England, where the theatre, and almost every other speculation, is left entirely to the efforts of private enterprise. In the vestibule of the building there is a representation of Madlle. Mars as Comedy, and another of Rachel as Tragedy. The former of these actresses, nearly alone, sustained for a time the renown of this theatre, and consequently kept comedy in the ascendant. But after her death Rachel appeared. She revived the classic tragedy, and, in its highest walk, attained to a degree of eminence equal to that which Mars achieved in comedy. The vestibule also contains a statue of Voltaire, the writing of whose name recalls to us the extraordinary compliments of which, during a visit to Paris, he was the object in this very temple of Melpoménian and Thalian art. The most interesting account that we have seen of the scenes which then took place, is given by Lady Clementina Davies, in her "Recollections of Society," from which we will take the liberty of abridging so much of it as appears appropriate to our subject.

When the old man of Ferney came to Paris, the priesthood took alarm at his presence; but notwithstanding the various ecclesiastical designs to check his popularity, it increased daily. The cry of "*Vive Voltaire!*" was constantly resounding, and "There he is!" was shouted in the streets, whenever, with his Louis Quatorze wig and scarlet cap on his head, and wrapped up in his fur pelisse, he entered his carriage (which was of sky-blue colour, studded with stars), and drove out. "I am stifled," said he, "but it is beneath roses." And the roses were sweet to him, for he loved all this adulation, though the excitement of it was killing him. Even to the last he was eager to add to his fame; for night and day he wrote; and he who had filled the world with his thoughts, who ruled its opinions by his pen, was feverish, excited, and anxious in putting the last touches to a new tragedy, "*Irène*," which he had been writing with as eager a desire for fame as though it were his maiden effort.

The day at last came for the representation of "*Irène*." All Paris was mad with excitement, and, to make up a party, the Duchess of Melfort went with Madame du Deffaud to the theatre. Men, women, and even children, of all ranks and conditions, were there, each full of excitement, and eager to catch a glimpse of one whose name was in every mouth.

Louis XVI., from his youth, had had a horror of Voltaire's writings, and he had imposed such restrictions as he had considered necessary to prevent the court at Versailles from joining in any demonstration in honour of the philosopher. Voltaire had been, and still was, excluded from Versailles: unlike his friend, Benjamin Franklin, he was not allowed to appear there; but, nevertheless, on that occasion, when "*Irène*" was produced at the Comédie Française (now the Théâtre Française), the Comte d'Artois was there, *incognito*; and the Duchess of Melfort used to say that the queen herself (Marie Antoinette) was likewise present, though in disguise. The Duc d'Orleans (Egalité) even, in search of popularity, was there, of course; and so was Madame de Boufflers, to whom the queen had given the

nickname of the "nursing-mother of philosophers." In fact, all the world was present. The multitude overflowed the enclosure, and the benches, the boxes, the corridors, were filled to suffocation. Even the curtain, which still hung before the stage, seemed to quiver with excitement while the audience awaited the arrival of Voltaire.

The great author at length came, and as he alighted from his carriage at the entrance there was a general rush forward. Everybody was eager to touch him, to look at him closely, and some even tried to pluck some hair from the fur of his pelisse, to keep it as a relic. When he made his appearance in his box, a simultaneous shout of "*Vive Voltaire!*" was raised, and then the actor, Brizard, approached and placed a laurel crown upon his head. Voltaire shed tears. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "do you wish me to die of joy?" The people called aloud to him to retain the crown, while the various titles of all his most popular works were repeated and echoed from every part of the theatre.*

The curtain before the stage now drew up, and the first scene of "*Irène*" appeared. The play began; but the actors and the spectators were so occupied with its author, that they scarcely attended to his work; so that "never was a play so badly played, so much applauded, and so little listened to." Presently, on the conclusion of the piece, the sounds of trumpets and drums announced that a grand ceremony was about to be performed. "The bust of Voltaire was placed upon a pedestal before the drop-scene, and all the actors in the tragedy, who still wore the costumes in which they had played their parts, formed a sennicircle round it, palms and garlands in their hands. A crown of laurel was placed upon the head of the bust by an actor dressed in the garb of a monk, and a favourite actress of the time stepped forward and recited some verses highly complimentary to Voltaire. Each of the actors then put a wreath of laurel round the bust, and after one of the actresses had kissed it, all the other actors and actresses followed her example."†

* We do not wish to mar the above description by interpolating any remarks of our own with it; but the complimentary expression of Voltaire suggests the *possibility* of its having been evoked by what occurred to Diagoras the Rhodian at the Olympic Games. Diagoras himself had been a victor at these games, and his two sons also became candidates for the laurel wreath. They were successful, and no sooner received the crown than they placed it on the head of their father. They then lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through the midst of the spectators, who covered him with flowers whilst exclaiming, "Die! Diagoras, die! for thou hast nothing more to wish!" The old man, overcome with joy, expired in the sight of the assembly as his sons folded him in their arms, and bathed his cheeks with their tears. Most of the above scene, in the *Comédie Française*, was an imitation of the manner of the ancient Greeks.

† The above sort of theatrical ceremony has not yet died out among the citizens of the French capital. The 15th of January, 1875, brought a return of the two hundred and fifty-third anniversary of Molière's birth; and in accordance with immemorial custom, and in the same theatre, the occasion was similarly celebrated. After the performance of several scenes from the plays of Molière, in the *Théâtre Française*, all the actors took a part in what is termed *la cérémonie*, and which consisted of honouring the memory of the great comedian. For the sake of those who may never have witnessed this strange ceremony, we may as well explain, that the stage is fitted so as to represent an audience-chamber, with a row of raised benches on each side. At the back is a sort of pulpit, with a raised clerk's desk immediately in front of it; while, close to the foot-lights, there stands upon a pedestal a copy of the famous bust of Molière. When the curtain rises, the only persons on the stage are apothecaries' assistants, each armed with the instrument which plays so important a part in Molière's comedies. A triumphal march of rococo Louis Quatorze character is heard, and two actors, wearing scarlet mantles trimmed with ermine,

Such was this ridiculous scene—ridiculous in making the representation of a miserable monk (which, of course, was meant to be a satire on the priesthood) crown a *bust*, and all the beautiful actresses to *kiss* it, when the original was present, and would, very likely, have received far more gratification had their favours been conferred upon his own lips, instead of upon those of his effigy in cold clay. But we are not yet done with the scene, and the *end* thereof.

Lady Davies goes on to say, that the acclamations had been incessant, and “were renewed with fresh fervour when Dr. Franklin, the ‘Liberator of the New World,’ as he was called, appeared by the side of Voltaire, and embraced him in the sight of the audience.”

This was something like rationality; indeed, it would have been very irrational if a personage of the famed wisdom of the philosopher Franklin had spent his embraces upon the bust of Voltaire, instead of upon the man himself, seeing that both were in his presence. We must now, however, come to the *end*.

“When Voltaire, at last, left the theatre, garlands were thrown around him, and it was necessary for guards to clear the path because of the dense mass of enthusiastic admirers who crowded it. When he was re-seated in his sky-blue carriage studded with stars, to return home from the theatre, the horses were unharnessed, while young poets and literary aspirants disputed among themselves the honour of drawing him to his hôtel. Voltaire’s success was complete, but the excitement of it was too much for him. His physicians in vain prescribed remedies to calm his nerves. He could not sleep, and the friend of his youth, the Duc de Richelieu (who was reported to have been initiated into the secret of perpetual vigour, and to have drunk the golden elixir of life at the hands of even young Count de St. Germain), sent an opiate to him, with due directions for dividing the dose. Voltaire, eager for rest, and impatient of pain, swallowed the opiate, but forgot the directions; in consequence of which, he soon slept too profoundly for either priest or doctor to arouse him.”

So ended Voltaire, and the first representation of his tragedy of “*Irène*.”

It is, perhaps, in the recollection of the reader, that Dr. Johnson, of lexicographical memory, wrote a tragedy upon the same subject, and of the same name, although its representation in London was not accompanied by such honours to him as were those heaped upon Voltaire in Paris. Indeed, the English nature does not seem to be favourable to complimentary displays of this kind, more especially to the votaries of science, art, or

approach, with solemn, deliberate steps, to the foot-lights. Each carries a laurel wreath in his right hand, and in his left a folded scarlet *toque*, or cap, in keeping with his robes. The actors bow to the audience, then turn round, make a profound *obéissance* to the statue, place their wreaths upon the pedestal, and then, making an equally grave salutation to each other, turn round, and take up their positions on the side benches. The least celebrated players come first; and as they are recognised by the audience, they receive applause proportionate to their popularity. After the gentlemen, come the ladies, who naturally are applauded *d’outrance*; when the scene is brought to a close, amidst the universal applause of the audience.

literature ; but should a distant ruler over a nation of imbeciles, or an aggregation of savage tribes, come amongst them, with the title of "Shah," "Emperor," "Ozar," and the like, then are their hats instantly in their hands, and their pliant bodies bending to the segments of circles, accompanied by all sorts of public demonstrations of civic barbarism, improved by the arts of civilisation, and strikingly indicative of the *materialism* instead of the *mentalism* of their worship. This can only be regarded as the following of national custom by a people so sagacious and highly cultivated as the English are ; but there can be no doubt as to the servility of such adulation, for it extends far beyond the limits of either a proper national self-respect, or of a really dignified style of polite reception, which we are all bound to show to strangers in exalted positions visiting our native land, although we need not allow it to degenerate into such forms as approach to a species of, what we hope to be excused for calling, *barbaric idolatry*. All this, too, might be taking place while such a man as Newton,* with the spirit of divinity within him, or Johnson, with the soul of a Socrates, or Watt, or Stephenson, or Davy, or any of the real improvers of the conditions of men, might be passing along the streets unnoticed, even if they were known. But—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

we are here treading upon dangerous ground.

It is not a little remarkable, that two minds, so differently constituted as were those of Voltaire and Johnson, should have fallen upon the same subject for dramatic treatment. Certainly all the elements for the evolution of a fine tragedy meet in such a character as Irène. An empress and a saint in the Greek church, wife of Leo IV. of Constantinople, and possessed of great talent, with a disposition for cruelty of the most atrocious description, give room for the introduction of those contrasts in character specially favourable to the development of high dramatic art. The intensity with which the love of undivided power, too, burns within her, is a feature which admits of a wide scope for the exercise of the poetic faculty ; and when it culminates in the destruction of the sight of her own son, that she might rule alone, it presents a wide field for the exercise of the most powerful energies of the classic tragic muse. Then comes her banishment to Lesbos by Nicephorus, the king elected by the people in her stead, giving her both opportunity and time for remorse and repentance. In short, the whole of the circumstances of her life, taken into consideration, render the reign of Irène a theme well adapted for theatrical representation ; but we have never heard whether the performances of either Voltaire or Johnson were of such excellence

* When some one reminded George I. how happy he was to be King of England and Elector of Hanover at the same time, he very nobly replied—"I am prouder of being able to say that I have two such subjects as Newton and Leibnitz in my dominions, than to say, I reign over the countries that contain them." This was dignified, and worthy of a king. The following we give by way of contrast :—The profound sagacity shown in the discoveries of Newton being the subject of conversation in a mixed company, a *knowing one* observed, that he thought the philosopher must have had intercourse with a *demon*. "Yes," said a shrewd fellow, "that he had, and I can give you his name. It was *demon-stration*."



Monument de St. Pierre.

as to have entitled their names to the height of fame which they have attained, had their possessors not been the authors of other productions than their several tragedies of "Irène." We must now proceed on our tour.

As a whole, there are few towns in France which are more calculated to excite interest in the visitor than those which adorn the banks of the Loire. For the sake even, architecturally, of their *châteaux* and churches alone, they merit a visit; but when taken in connection with their historical events, the interest which they raise increases to an almost surprising extent. Towards these, therefore, we will now direct our steps. Accordingly, leaving Orleans for another day more favourable to ourselves, we proceed to Blois, the very mention of which recalls events having a deeply tragical colouring.

How quietly the moonbeams sleep on the castle of Blois! which for ages was the residence of princes, and within the walls of which the blackest deeds have been done. On the 23rd of December, 1588, the Duke of Guise was, with other advisers, sitting at the council-board in the Salle des Etats de Blois, when he was, by the royal page, summoned to the presence of King Henry III. Previous to this, that monarch, at the instigation of the infamous Catharine de Medicis, had distributed among forty-five gentlemen-in-waiting an equal number of daggers, that assurance of the assassination of the duke might be made doubly sure. This was done in what is called the cabinet of the king, which is still pointed out to the visitor, in conjunction with the chamber and the oratory of Catharine, where, perhaps, she concocted the diabolical plot. The duke, without suspicion, was proceeding to attend the king, when, at the entrance of the *vieux* cabinet, he was attacked by his assassins, and fell, the receiver of no fewer than forty wounds. The body was dragged into an outer chamber, where it lay for two hours, with a cloak and a truss of straw thrown over it. By that time his royal murderer came to see the lifeless form of the late duke, and, contemptuously touching its face with his foot, said, "*Je ne le croyais pas aussi grand ;*" and ordered it to be burned, and the ashes thrown into the river! On the following day, the Cardinal de Lorraine, brother of the duke, was murdered in another part of the castle. Was it retribution for this deed that overtook Henry himself, when he was assassinated by an obscure monk, named James Clement, at St. Cloud, in 1589? And was it retribution that overtook even the Duke of Guise, for his murder of Admiral Coligny at the period of the Bartholomew massacre? These are questions which some of those spiritualists who profess to holding communication with, to us, the unknown Land of Mystery, might favour, not only ourselves, but inquirers in general, by answering. How strange have been the revolutions in the fortunes of the great, of which ancient palaces and castles have been the witnesses! In Blois, we see the window from which Queen Marie de Medicis made her escape, when confined here by her son Louis XIII., on the murder of the Marechal d'Ancre; and we see the portal under which passed another Marie, the empress of Napoleon I., with her son, the King of Rome, and the remnant of her fallen husband's

court, government, and army, in 1814, when he appointed her regent of the empire! Yet how quietly the moonbeams sleep upon the castle of Blois!

What it was that greatly helped to bring about the foul murder of the Duke of Guise, were the many affronts which the king, Henry III., had received, and of which he believed him to have been the instigator. Besides, he himself had, from the success of some of his public measures, become so arrogant, that he frequently treated even the king with intolerable haughtiness; and so

“The croaking raven *bellowed* for revenge!”

But can it be true that

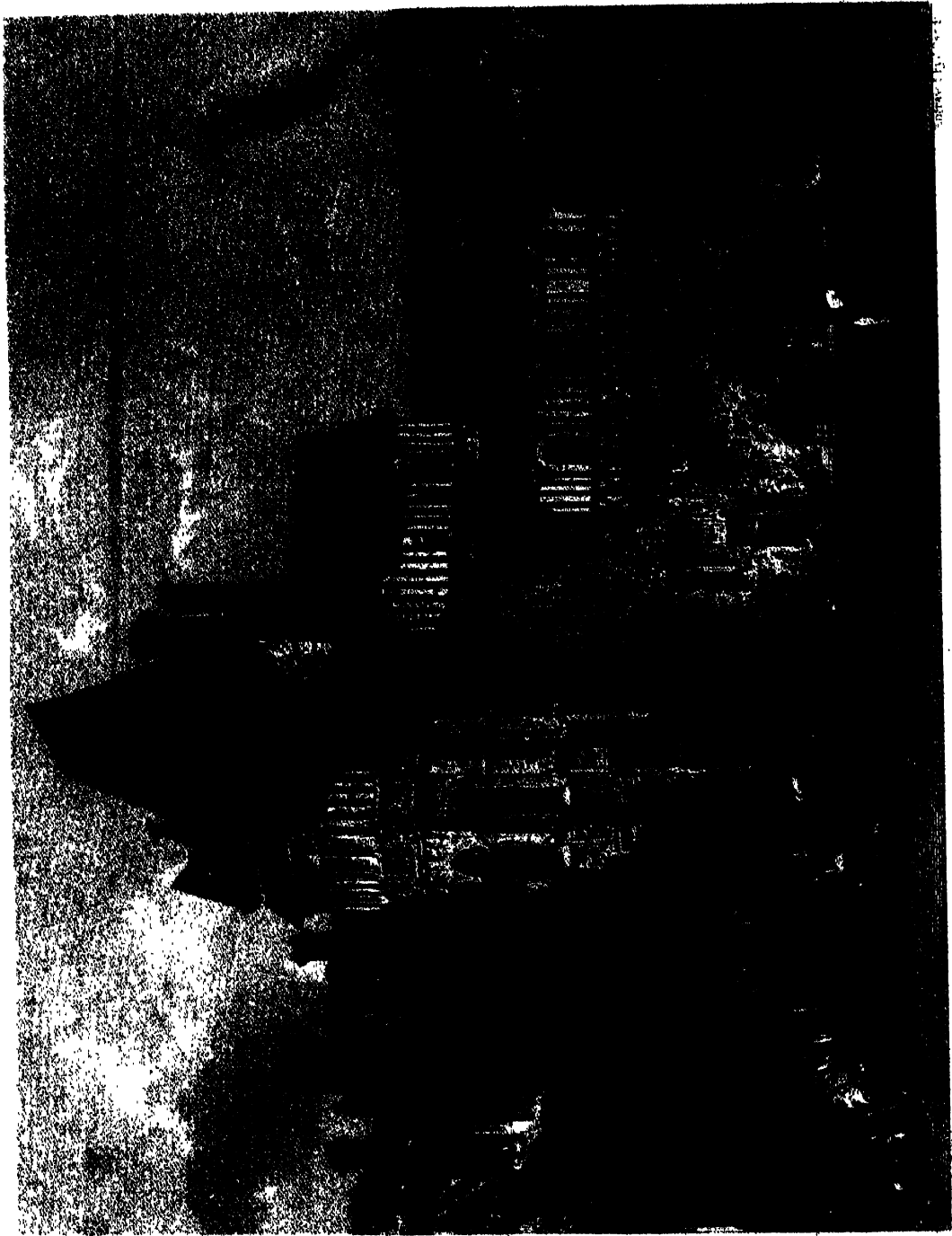
“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will?”

Can it be true that “there’s a Divinity that shapes our ends” to perpetrate murder? Can this be true? Let us, however, proceed with the crimes at Blois.

The arrogance of Guise, united with the persistency with which he laboured to advance his own fortunes, at the sacrifice of those of every other person who stood in his way, gave offence even to some of his own kinsmen, and especially to the Dukes of Mayenne and Aumale. These noblemen, it is pretended, caused information to be conveyed to the king, that it was the design of the duke to have the office of constable of the kingdom conferred upon him, which, with the forced concurrence of Henry, the assembly of the States might do. This office secured, it was insinuated that he intended to carry the king to Paris, and there keep him a prisoner for the remainder of his life. Influenced by these statements and his own fears, Henry determined that Guise should be effectually checked in the midst of his nefarious schemes.

After assassination had been decided on, Larchant, the captain of the body-guard, with D’Entragues, and two or three other persons, were admitted to the plot; and, at a meeting of the 21st December, 1588, Loignac, a gentleman of the king’s chamber, undertook, with the help of the forty-five (who detested the duke, because he wished the king to dismiss them), to murder Guise. To execute their purpose, it was necessary to separate the duke from the numerous suite who always attended him, and also, without exciting his suspicion, to introduce the whole of the forty-five into the royal apartments in Blois, of which, as grand master, Guise kept the keys.

All these arrangements being properly made, the plot was ripe for execution. The king inhabited the first-floor of the palace, and when the princes went to him, in his bed-chamber, their suite always remained in the central hall; but when this happened to be occupied by the privy council, the suites of the different *grandeess* remained on the great staircase and the adjoining terrace. The king announced his intention of passing the coming Christmas in devotion at Notre Dame of Cleri; and, in a meeting of the privy council of the 22nd of December, he intimated to the duke, Cardinal Guise, and the other



The North of Cathedral in Boston N. Mass.

members of the council, that he should hold a meeting, at a very early hour, the next morning for the despatch of business. This appointment being made at an unusually early hour, the king expected that the duke would make his appearance with a smaller *following* than generally attended him. On leaving the council, the duke was told by Larchant that, on the following morning, the body-guard would assemble in the castle, and present to him a petition for their arrears of pay; and so unsuspecting was he of any design against himself, that he handed to Larchant the keys, and retired, as the moonbeams might then, as now, be falling all tranquilly upon the walls of Blois.

Notwithstanding the smoothness of outward appearances, the duke had received several warnings of the danger with which he was menaced; but he was so confident, either in his power, or the strength of his position, that he took no heed of them. Even on the day of the meeting of the above council, when he took his seat at the table, he found under his towel a written paper, in which he was told that the king plotted his death; but he only wrote upon it the words, "He dare not!" and threw it under the table. On the morning of his assassination, he was, about 7 o'clock, called to the council which had already assembled. The king had got up so early as 4 o'clock, to make his arrangements for the due execution of the tragedy so soon to be enacted. Loignac, and eight of the most resolute spirits of the forty-five, had been introduced to his chamber by a secret staircase, and from the king's own hand received the poniards they were to use against the duke. Twelve others of the forty-five were now stationed in a cabinet which looked into the court, and the rest remained on the staircase. The king withdrew into another cabinet looking out on the garden, with Colonel Ornano, and some other officers. Yet how quietly the moonbeams sleep on the castle of Blois!

Whilst these arrangements were making, the duke was actually receiving warnings of his danger; and, at the very last minute, when on the staircase, taking the petition of the body-guard there assembled, one of them trod on his foot to excite his suspicion; but he misunderstood the sign. As both the entrance to the hall in which the council was assembled and the staircase were blocked up with the guards, he was obliged to leave his *following* in the gallery; and Crillon, one of the king's most faithful officers, closed the gates of the castle. So, with minute and careful incidents, progresses the plot unto its fatal end!

Almost immediately after the duke had entered the council-chamber, one of the Secretaries of State informed him that the king was waiting to see him in his cabinet. The duke went at once to the king's chamber, and passed through it to the cabinet in which Henry usually received him; but which was now occupied by twelve of the forty-five. As he was going to raise the screen of tapestry which covered the door of the cabinet, one of the eight who had been stationed in the king's chamber seized him by the right arm, and plunged a poniard into his breast; while another stabbed him in the back. The others seized him by the body, and so encumbered him as to prevent him from drawing his

sword. Nevertheless, his strength was so great, that, though covered with wounds, he dragged his assassins across the chamber, succeeded in disengaging himself from them, and was advancing to strike the chief (Loignac), when the latter thrust him back with his scabbard, and he dropped dead at the foot of the king's bed.

The noise of these events was heard in the council-room, where the duke's most attached adherents, the Cardinal of Guise and the Archbishop of Lyons, rose simultaneously, and while the former hastened towards the staircase to call his followers, the archbishop, more courageous in action, rushed to the chamber-door to force it open. The Marshal d'Aumont drew his sword, and arrested the progress of the cardinal; while the archbishop was secured by the king's guard. All the friends of the Guises were seized, and committed to prison. A strong detachment of the king's archers and guards was sent to the Hôtel de Ville, in the town of Blois, where the third estate was assembled, and arrested several of the more violent popular demagogues of Paris and the towns in alliance with the capital. Some others escaped, and many of the Leaguers succeeded in quitting the town before the gates were closed. The Cardinal of Guise, who had, from his prison, threatened the king, was, as we have said, murdered next morning. Yet how quietly the moonbeams sleep on the castle of Blois!

It is hardly credible that, during the progress of the above horrid plot, prayers were offered up for its success in the adjoining chapel: yet so we are told; and if Catharine de Medicis, the originator of the plot, could have purified her soul of its crime as easily as she could immerse her body in her baths (of which we give a representation), she experienced few internal difficulties in the way of either her schemes or crimes.

The sun shines brightly on the castle of Blois, and we are on our way to the Château de Chambord, a few miles from Blois, and once the Versailles of La Touraine. This deserted abode of royalty is said to have no fewer than 440 chambers, and belongs to the Comte de Chambord, the last descendant of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. It was built by Francis I., on the ruins of an ancient *château*; and it gave occupation, for twelve years, to 1,800 workmen to complete it. Here Francis entertained Charles V. of Spain; and here Gaston d'Orleans lived, surrounded by the creatures of Richelieu. Here his daughter, the celebrated Duchess de Montpensier, received the first impression of that unhappy attachment for Count Lanza, which embittered her eventful life. Here, also, the celebrated Marshal Saxe died. The room in which this last event occurred is still shown, which, when seen, the traveller may recall the great size and strength of the marshal, who could break in halves a French coin of the same size as an English crown-piece. Dismissing these associations, and turning to the building itself, we find that it stands in the midst of a sandy flat, which is certainly not a very inviting accompaniment to a residence, if it had not the more pleasing feature of being surrounded by a park of twenty-one miles in circumference. The character of the building has been pronounced "somewhat fantastic;" but, on the whole, "grand." It is surmounted by a vast number



of minarets, turrets, and cones, "which rise conspicuous, at a distance, from a solid basement, the chief features of which are six prodigious round towers, sixty feet in diameter, which seem the types of all those which characterise French *châteaux*. Its architecture marks the transition between the fortified castle and the Italian palace, and is a fine specimen of the age and taste of Francis I."

To those who may be curious in instances of architectural ingenuity, Murray's "Hand-book of France" informs us, that, "enclosed within the building, a central tower rises above the rest, called *Donjon*, or *Tour de la Fleur-de-Lis*, from the lily of France, in stone, six feet high, which surmounts it. After having escaped the hammer, which defaced all its minor brethren so profusely scattered over the building at the first Revolution, this monster lily was destined to fall at the second; but has since been replaced. In the interior of this tower is a very beautiful double-spiral staircase, so contrived that parties may pass up or down at the same time without meeting, scarcely even seeing each other. It opens, on each floor, upon four vaulted corridors, branching from it like the arms of a cross. The compartments of their roof were once filled with the Salamander and F. of Francis I. One of these corridors was converted, under Louis XIV., into a theatre for the first performance of Molière's '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*;' in which Molière and his troupe performed before the king for the first time (1670). Devices of Henri II. and Diana of Poitiers, the H. and D. entwined with the crescent, are distributed over the parts built by that sovereign, but left unfinished."

As it is not very often that History stoops from her assumed majesty or gravity to record lively anecdotes of royalty, we will close our visit to Chambord with a notice of Charles V. of Spain, who visited this *château* as the guest of Francis I., on his way to Paris. We are told that Francis met him at Loches about the middle of December, and proceeded with him thence, slowly, by way of Amboise, Blois, Chambord, Orleans, and Fontainebleau, to the capital, where he was received with extraordinary ceremony on the 1st of January, 1540.

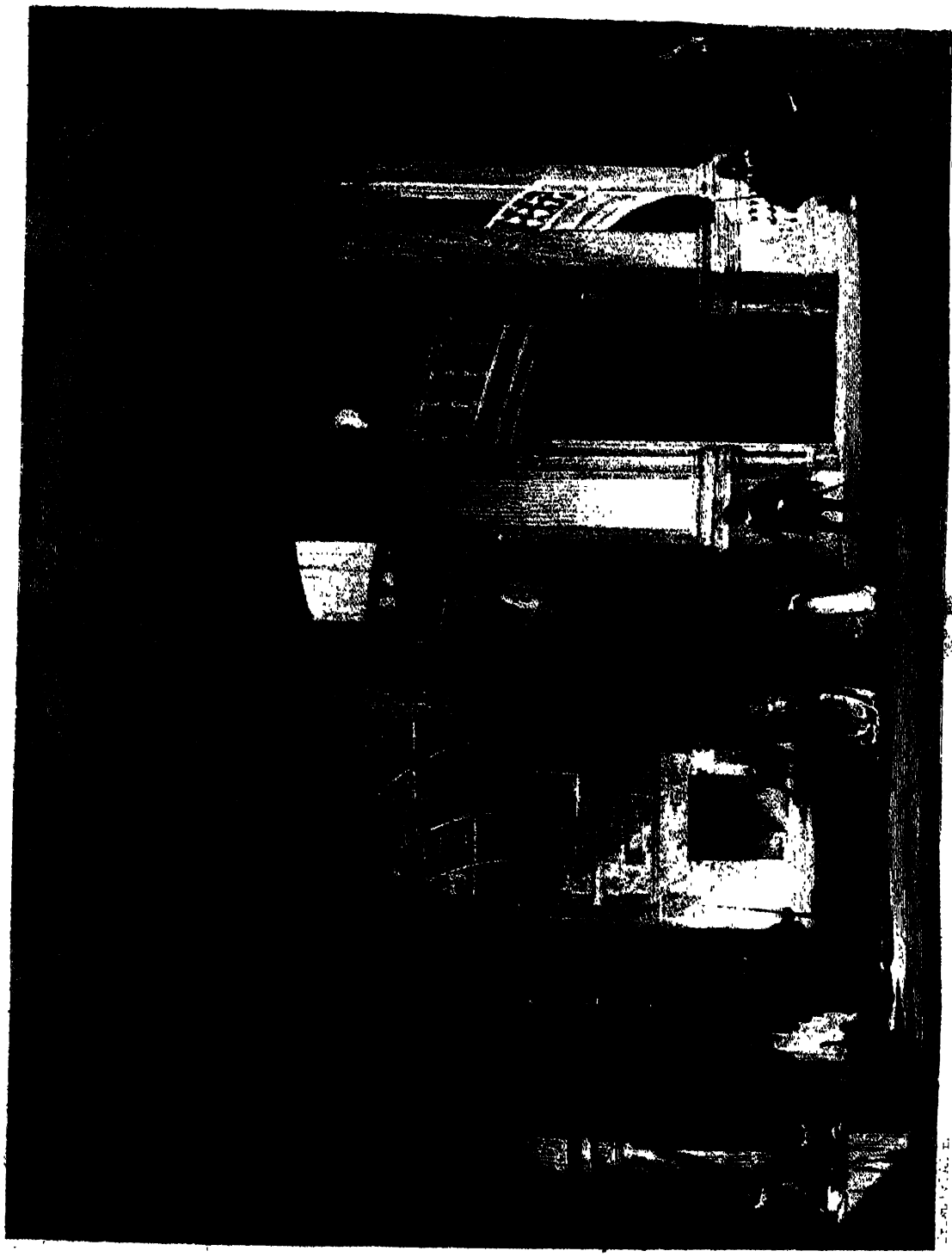
Several days were passed in the usual festivities given at court on such occasions; yet, in spite of the cordiality of his royal entertainer, the mind of Charles V. was filled with suspicions, and he showed an anxiety to hasten his departure. The slightest incidents seem to have excited his alarm. One day, the young Duke of Orleans, who was of a playful temper, jumped upon the crupper of the emperor's horse when it was carrying its master, and throwing his arms round Charles, exclaimed, "Your imperial majesty is my prisoner!" We are told that the emperor turned pale in an instant, and could hardly conceal his agitation, believing, no doubt, that the childish sentiment of the young prince was only a reflection of conversation he had heard in his father's palace. Not a few of the courtiers of Francis, chiefly those who were opposed to the influence of Montmorenci, advised him to force Charles to perform the services which he expected from him while he held him in his power. Among these was the king's fool. The latter, whose name was

Triboulet, kept, it appears, what he called a calendar of fools, and he showed this publicly in the court, with the name of the emperor entered as the last member of the order. When the king asked him the reason why he had conferred this honour on the emperor, he replied that he deserved it for his folly in passing through France so feebly escorted. "But if," said the king, "I let him pass without molestation?" "In that case," replied Triboulet, "I shall rub out the name of the emperor, and put yours in its place." The king's own conversation was not always calculated to destroy the emperor's suspicions. One day, as they were conversing together, the Duchess of Etampes passed near. "You see that fair lady," said Francis; "she advises me not to let you leave Paris until you have cancelled the treaty of Madrid!" Charles replied, without apparent emotion, "If the advice be good, you should follow it." But the emperor was less at ease than he appeared, and hastened his departure. It is even said that the dauphin, with the King of Navarre and the Duke of Vendôme, had plotted to arrest the emperor in the constable's castle of Chantilli, and that they were only prevented from effecting their design by the opposition of Montmorenci.*

Francis is considered to have been a great patron of letters; yet in 1535 he forbade printing in France under pain of death. He was, however, a great encourager of the fine arts; but throughout his life there is not much to admire. His passions were violent and gross; and though he received the honour of knighthood from the hands of a subject, not even the sword of a Bayard could endue him with virtue sufficient to save him from wilful prodigality, follies of the most selfish description, and shameless debaucheries.

Returning to Blois, we may observe that it is the principal town in the department of Loire-et-Cher, is built upon an acclivity, and has a picturesque appearance. The part which extends to the river is modern, consisting of handsome houses, which run along one side of a quay lined with trees. Between the river and the town the high road passes. Its suburb is called Vienne, to which it is united by a bridge across the Loire.

* Charles V. of Spain, and Emperor of Germany, was a far greater man than Francis I., although both of their reigns were remarkable for a rivalry of the duration of twenty-eight years, which subsisted between them. This it was which led to all the battles so fiercely waged with varied success. Charles inherited Germany from his father, and Spain from his mother; but the empire being disputed by Francis, war commenced. At the battle of Pavia, Charles took Francis prisoner in 1525; but obtaining his freedom in the following year, he allied himself with Henry VIII. of England, though Charles continued to maintain his position by the treaty of Cambrai in 1529. After his war with the Turks, Fortune deserted Charles, and never again smiled upon him. Reverse after reverse followed him, and brought him to a depth of calamity as profoundly dark as his former success had been strikingly brilliant. Resigning his crown in favour of his son Philip, he retired to a monastery at Estremadura, in Spain, where he ended his days. In Robertson's "History of Charles V.," the points of difference between his character and that of Francis are admirably discriminated. Charles was born at Ghent, in Belgium, in 1500.



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Volume 1, 4, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LEVEE AT BLOIS; AMBOISE; THE CONSPIRACY OF AMBOISE; DESTRUCTION OF THE CHIEF CONSPIRATORS; A TERRIBLE REVENGE; FRANCIS II.; MARY STUART, AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF SCOTLAND; TOWN OF AMBOISE; CÆSAR'S GRANARIES; ABD-EL-KADER; HIS MANNER OF LIFE AT AMBOISE; HIS WIVES AND CHILDREN; DEATH OF HIS PEOPLE; A MEMORIAL OF THE DEPARTED; FRANCIS I. AND HIS SISTER MARGUERITE; CHATEAU DE CHENONCEAUX; FLOATING APIARIES; MONT LOUIS; TOURS; CATHEDRAL OF ST. GATIEN; ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS; BRIDGE OF RUDES; PLESSIS LES TOURS; LOUIS XI.; HIS COMPANIONS; BATTLE OF TOURS.

ON taking our departure from Blois, the great dyke, or colossal wall, attracted notice. It is called the *Levéé*, which commences here, and, for the distance of a hundred miles, continues to confine the Loire within the proper limits of its channel. It has, by some writers, been compared, as a work of art, to the great wall of China; but it has occasionally failed to fulfil its design. It is spoken of in the reign of Louis the Debonnaire, son of Charlemagne; but it is supposed to have been in existence even from the time of the invasion of Gaul by the Romans. However this may be, it is not equal to the dykes of Holland, although, no doubt, an immense work.

Amboise, surrounded by woods and vineyards, stands at the confluence of the Amasso and Loire, and carries us back to the days of Cæsar. The ancient stone bridge was built by Hugh d'Amboise, celebrated in the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" of Tasso, for having brought 5,000 men into the field, raised from the environs of Blois and Tours. On a little island near it, now called the Island of St. Jean, but formerly *L'isle d'or*, Clovis I. met, in 503, Alaric, King of the Visigoths, to determine, in a friendly way, the limits of their respective territorial possessions. It is the castle, however, that is the great attraction of Amboise. It occupies the site of a Roman station, where the soldiers of Cæsar regaled themselves, and encompassed it with fortifications. From its plateau is obtained one of the finest views in France, embracing the whole valley of the Loire, from Blois to Tours. Most of the present structure dates from the time of Charles VIII., who was born and died here. Till 1852 the castle was the property of Louis Philippe, who inherited it from the Duc de Penthièvre, and converted its dungeon vaults into kitchens, larders, pantries, and wine-cellars, thus letting light and cheerfulness into the dark abodes of the victims of the sovereigns of the Middle Ages. Here, in 1469, Louis XI. instituted the order of the Garter; and here, in 1560, Francis II. received Catharine de Medicis and the Duke de Guise, when one of the conspirators disclosed to the duke the plot of the Huguenots to rescue Francis from his power. Terrible was the revenge of the Guises on this occasion. The streets of Amboise ran with blood, and the Loire was choked with the dead. But let us, while in the presence of the castle, enter a little more into the details of this sanguinary transaction.

Amboise being one of the principal residences of the Valois kings, has necessarily many historical events connected with it; but the one in question—the conspiracy of

Amboise—considering its results, is the most terrible. Some of its leading features are the following.

About 1,200 Huguenots, headed by Jean Burri la Renaudie and the *Sieur de Laforêt* (a bad man, who could not keep a secret), had conspired together to take the young king, Francis II. (first husband of the youthful Mary, Queen of Scots), out of the power of his uncles, the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine. Laforêt happened to be lodging with a man named Avenelles, a lawyer, who, pretending to be his friend, drew from him his secret, and betrayed him. The court was then at Blois, and the time was deemed favourable for carrying the purpose of the conspirators into execution; but the Guises prepared themselves for the expected event, and removed the young king and his Scotch wife to Amboise, the fortress of which they began to strengthen, and to render as impregnable as possible.

Meanwhile the conspiracy proceeded, but it breathed its resolutions in another part of the country. After the removal of the court to Amboise, Nantes became its seat; and when the pear was considered to be sufficiently ripe, small detachments of the 1,200 proceeded towards Amboise, with the view of averting suspicion. This, however, had already been awakened; and as each of these detachments approached the town, they were encountered, destroyed, or made prisoners by larger numbers of the Guise faction. Intelligence of these disasters having reached La Renaudie, he put himself at the head of his remaining Huguenots, and proceeded towards Amboise, with the view of storming its castle. On his way he was met by the Count of Pardaillon, a cousin of his own, but of the opposite party. This youth presented a pistol at La Renaudie, who dealt him a couple of blows with his sword, and would have despatched him with a third, had he himself not been brought to the earth by an arrow from the cross-bow of the page of Pardaillon. The body of the dead conspirator was carried to Amboise, hung upon a gibbet erected for the occasion on the old bridge crossing the Loire, and there suspended over an ignominious inscription indicating the nature of his crime.

Although the principal conspirator had thus fallen, and been thus exhibited as an example to others, it was by far too slight an atonement, in the sanguinary minds of the Guises, for the crime which had, so far, been committed. The design, had it been attended with success, would have been fatal to them; and now that it had been frustrated, they determined to take a terrible revenge. All the prisoners captured were, as a matter of course, cast into the dungeons of Amboise; and, in accordance with the spirit of the times, this might be considered the beginning of their end. Before passion had been suffered to cool, and the sweet face of Mercy to occupy a seat by the side of red-handed Cruelty, the Huguenots were brought from their dark places of confinement, and slaughtered on the terrace, immediately before the windows of the castle. Such was the insatiable blood-thirstiness of the Guises, that not one escaped; and it is said that even the executioner, at last, became so weary of his work, that he refused to proceed in it. The remainder were

accordingly thrown into the Loire, which was polluted by their corruption; whilst the atmosphere became so highly impregnated with the miasma of decaying carrion, that the court, in a few days, were forced to quit Amboise, and take up their residence at Blois. The people were now affected by disease, and struck as with a plague, which carried them off in large numbers, and which greatly exasperated the remainder against the Guises. Thus was the conspiracy of La Renaudie expiated by the lives of 1,200 Huguenots: but the day of retribution was to come.

One of the witnesses of this scene was the beautiful, and, at that time, the young Mary, Queen of Scotland, and also Queen of France. There is a passage in the "*Feudal Castles of France*," introduced as if it were spoken by the modern keeper of the castle; and as it tends to impress us favourably of one whose own after-life was said not to be entirely free from blood-taint, we will take the liberty of quoting it. "That," said the old man, "that is the spot which streamed with the blood of these hopeless victims; and this bay-windowed room in which we stand, formed the royal box on the occasion. The window was thrown open, and hung with crimson velvet; and there sat the court to view the revolting spectacle. Catharine de Medicis not only desired to be present, but she insisted that the young king, Francis II., and Mary Stuart (afterwards Queen of Scots), his queen, should assist at the execution. The little queen, who could not endure the sight, but was at first awed by the queen-mother, who fixed her eyes upon her with a terrible frown, at length burst through all restraint, and, throwing herself at her uncle's feet, entreated that he would give orders that the work of butchery should be arrested; but he met her supplications, to which were now added those of the king, with contempt, and told them they knew not how to reign if they could not see the necessity of administering justice. Finding her prayers ineffectual, the queen twice swooned, and was twice compelled by the queen-mother to resume her position. At last the king interfered, and she was carried away, he availing himself gladly of the excuse to follow her."

After the slaughter had been completed, the dead bodies of the Huguenots were suspended round the walls of the castle, in every available place. Thus on Horror's head horrors accumulated, and might well force the more tender-hearted members of the court to quit Amboise, however the Guises and Catharine de Medicis might rejoice in the revolting species of human ornamentation with which they adorned the battlements of the fortress of which they held possession. May we here pause a moment to ask whether the exemplary instruction of the court school of Catharine and the Guises, at Amboise, had, in after days, fructified in the mind of Mary of Scotland when she became suspected of being the moving principle in the destruction of her own misguided husband, Darnley? Without experience, and without reflection, we remain in a state of perpetual childhood; but she had obtained the one, and had had an abundance of time and opportunities to acquire the other. We fear she did; but to her own destruction. We have visited the sombre and solitary castle of Lochleven, in which she was a prisoner, and whence, with the

assistance of a Douglas, she escaped; we have wandered over her last battle-field of Langside, and mused on her fortunes by the side of the tree where tradition says she beheld, in the defeat of her army, the loss of her crown and her liberty; in our mind's eye we have rounded the rock with her at Dumbarton Castle, on the noble river Clyde; have crossed the border with her, and found her a captive at Tutbury, Chatsworth, Coventry, Wingfield, Sheffield, and Fotheringay Castle, where, for nineteen years, she was kept by her good Tudor cousin, Elizabeth, until decollation, in the same stronghold, ordered by the same good cousin, relieved her of her sorrows. May Heaven preserve us all from the attentions of *good* cousins, should they be powerful, ambitious, and jealous of any superiority that may be too apparent in ourselves!

Yet, if all tales be true, Mary, the beautiful queen, was a bad woman—inherently bad, and worthy of all detestation. Leslie, the Bishop of Ross, her priest, confessor, intriguer, and ambassador, told Thomas Wilson, Doctor of Divinity, the following circumstances, which were duly reported to Burghley:—

“He said further—*i.e.*, Bishop of Ross—upon speech I had with him, that the queen, his mistress, is not fit for any husband (alluding to the design of the Duke of Norfolk to marry her—a design which brought him to the block); for, first, he saith, she poisoned her husband, the French king (Francis II.), as he hath credibly understood; again, she consented to the murder of her late husband, the Lord Darnley; thirdly, she matched with the murderer (the Earl of Bothwell), and brought him to the field to be murdered; and, last of all, she pretended marriage with the duke (Norfolk), with whom, as he thinks, she would not long have kept faith, and the duke would not have had the best days with her.” This passage we have quoted from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's recent work on “Her Majesty's Tower.” But is it true? We are much inclined to question the veracity of such a double-dealer as Leslie, the Bishop of Ross. Where is the proof anent the poisoning of Francis II. of France, her first husband? In reference to the murder of Darnley, there is less room for doubt that she was at least aware of the plot against him; but he had murdered Rizzio in her presence, and otherwise had used her ill. As to the reckless Bothwell, she might have brought him into the field to help her cause; but to be murdered is just as doubtful as that she poisoned Francis, her first husband.

Leaving these reflections suggested by the memories of the events associated with the palatial fortress before us, we stroll to the town of Amboise itself, and find it small. It occupies a site on the left bank of the Loire, and to the east of Tours. The Amasse passes it, and forms an islet; and the bridges which span the two streams unite at the place where the town stands. This old and quaint-looking conglomeration of houses is overlooked by the venerable castle, invested with such a multitude of recollections, that the mind feels itself literally filled with memories which appear to assume all the vividness of a series of phantasmagorical representations, passing before our eyes with the rapidity of the shifting slides of a magic lantern. Here Charles VIII. was born; here he was kept almost

imprisoned by his unnatural father, Louis XI.; and here he died, at the early age of twenty-eight. But we are anticipating events. The greatest of the Cæsars, on his invasion of Gaul, here fixed his camp after defeating the Gaulish confederation; and here he subsequently built a fort. He also enlarged some natural excavations in a rock, for the purpose of storing arms, ammunition, and probably provisions for his army; for to this day they are known as "Cæsar's Granaries." Five hundred years later, Alaric, King of the Goths, and Clovis, King of the French, met here, dined, drank, and coincided on the terms of a treaty. A jolly meeting this, perhaps; for both these sovereigns were soldiers, and not very scrupulous about their modes of life, albeit Christianity had become the religion of the French State, under the reign of the latter king, who erected several churches and monasteries, besides publishing the Salic law. As for Alaric, he was a Goth, and there is an end on't!

The Normans, alike daring and grasping, twice took, sacked, and destroyed the fortress of Amboise; but it was reconstructed by the earlier Counts of Anjou, and continued to grow and strengthen with its growth through all the mediæval period of its history. It is to Louis XI., and his son, Charles VIII., that it is mostly indebted for its present appearance. Indeed, it may be said to have been almost rebuilt by them. Without losing the character of a palace, it became a State prison until 1762, when Louis XV. presented it to the prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul Stainville. In 1793, it became the property of the National Assembly; but, at the Restoration, passed into the possession of the Duke of Orleans, as heir to the Duc de Penthièvre. In the reign of the late Louis Philippe, much was done to renew the glories of the fortress, and to embellish the chapel built by Charles VIII., and dedicated to St. Hubert. Its last destiny was to serve as the residence of Abd-el-Kader, the Arab chief, who, after waging a ten years' war of hopelessness against his more powerful foe, the French, here found an abode during his captivity. A few words of the castle and the chapel of St. Hubert, as described by the author of "Feudal Castles of France," as they both appeared under the glow of a bright summer afternoon in 1869, may be interesting.

"The ancient, moss-grown, embattled walls, nestling in the ivy which clings about them, and supported by massive buttresses; the cylindrical old towers and rounded roofs rising in deep conical points above the long line of windows, formed a *tout ensemble* of unique and picturesque character. A group of saddled asses tethered beneath the rocky steep out of which the building seems to rise—stone of its stone, and strong from its strength—was suggestive of the toilsomeness of the road; but we could not satisfy ourselves there would be any justification for putting ourselves into the uncomfortable and undignified position they seemed to require, so we wandered on without their aid." We will continue to follow the author to another page, where he is still describing the fortress. "We now made our way to the foot of the rock, on which, perched like an eagle's nest on its majestic elevation, towers the noble castellated palace. Although the larger portion of

this once extensive building succumbed to the ravages of time and war, the *façade*, looking towards the river, has withstood these destroying influences, and offers an imposing and attractive picture, scarcely to be surpassed in beauty of outline and richness of detail. * * * * Having reached the wide-arched entrance to the massive, round, donjon tower, we were admitted by an old man who did the honours of the place. Our way up, we found, was by means of this broad, ascending, special road, or cordon, after the manner of the stairless staircase of Bossuet's palace at Meaux, or the similar ascent of the castle of St. Angelo: the roof surmounting it is groined, and its arches are supported on corbels formed of truncated human heads grouped together. Of the occasion of the construction of this architectural contrivance, we shall have to speak *en tems et lieu*. * * * * Within the castle all has been altered and modernised, and the dilapidated old furniture and faded draperies, brought hither from other palaces, and thrust, without regard to taste or appropriateness, into the various chambers, destroys the dignity of a place where all the associations are interesting and venerable." So much of the castle. On its other side, and at a little distance from it, embosomed in trees, "stands the miniature chapel—an architectural gem—erected by Charles VIII., and dedicated to St. Hubert, to whom he had a particular devotion. No doubt, in this beautiful little chapel the pious king heard many a 'hunting mass;' but it was principally for his beloved queen, Anne of Brittany, that Charles erected this oratory; a monument at once of his taste and his affection. The exquisite delicacy with which every portion of its ornamentation is executed, strikes the visitor with wonder and admiration. It stands in the gardens, at a short distance from the castle, embowered in trees on one side, but rising perpendicularly, as if out of the very rock, on the other. The ground plan is a Greek cross, and the carving, whether within or without, is so minute and elaborate, that it has the appearance rather of ivory than of stone. The material, however, comes from a quarry in the neighbourhood, and is well adapted for the purpose. The texture is fine, and, when first quarried, it is soft and easily cut, whereas it gradually hardens with age. The rich designs introduced consist of foliage, cut out *a jour* with consummate skill, with which are intermingled the grotesque figures of the period; while the groining and bosses of the roof, the frieze—which follows the outline of the building—and all the accessories are finished with a magnificent disregard of expense. This chapel was worthily restored under Louis Philippe."

Having been the residence of Abd-el-Kader from 1841 to 1852, the castle of Amboise, during his occupation, was greatly degraded, if not entirely divested of its venerable character as one of the finest chivalresque memorials of France. "It was not very nice policy," says the author already quoted, "to establish a Mohammedan colony within a dwelling adapted to European habits. According to the rites of the Moslem faith, all the flesh of which its votaries partake must be slain by their own religionists; accordingly, after contemplating the noble figure and picturesque attire of the illustrious prisoner—after

admiring the dignity and repose, the tranquillity and resignation of the recumbent exile, languidly smoking his amber calumet—after musing, with a certain awe, on the solemnity with which he assumes the patriarchal offices of chieftain, father, and priest, we must turn from the glowing picture our imagination had painted of Abd-el-Kader's grandeur, to the less poetical aspect of his character. We now behold him, regardless of the usages of civilised life, with his own hands slaughtering, within doors, and in the very halls once occupied by the dainty kings, and queens, and nobles of France, the daily sheep which supplies the material wants of his carnivorous household. This is bad enough; but besides becoming a charnel-house, the noble old castle was, under Moslem rule, perverted to other uses as vile. The most villanous system of cooking, rigidly adhered to with all the determination of religious bigotry, was carried on during the greater part of the day in the *salons* and ante-chambers. Each branch of Abd-el-Kader's numerous family had its own separate domestic arrangements; consequently, as many families, so many kitchens, whence the odour of 'burnt fat' has remained, certainly not as 'a sweet-smelling sacrifice,' impregnating walls, floors, and ceilings, which reek like those of a melting-house."

This worthy chief had five wives, and, we believe, children by them all, living in as many separate apartments in the castle. He was, besides, accompanied by his brothers and nephews, his mother, Kohra, who superintended the education of his children, and a proportionate number of servants and slaves. The cooking was done by negresses; but such a *following*, living in the splendid mediæval fortress of Amboise in the 19th century, is never likely to be witnessed again. Whilst here, the home of the Arab chief was like the homes of the rest of the world in respect to its joys and its sorrows. Independent of the nephews who had accompanied him, he was "joined by another nephew, who had not been able to come up with him at the time of his surrender, but who had ever since been hiding in Morocco, avoiding, with extreme vigilance and considerable danger, the pursuit of the police of that province; and it was only after two or three hair-breadth escapes that he at length reached the coast, obtaining permission of the government to share the captivity of his father and uncle. His arrival was the occasion of great rejoicings; and these festivities were but the prelude to others, caused by an event which explains much of the young man's anxiety to rejoin his kinsman. Abd-el-Kader had a beautiful daughter, to whom his nephew had been affianced from childhood; and it was not long after he came among them that the old walls of Amboise echoed the merry sound which told that the wedding of the young pair was celebrated that day."

" Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds,
This slave, the floor, and that the table spreads."

It was not all mirth and happiness, however, within the walls of Amboise, for the Emir lost one of his numerous offspring, and his youngest and most beautiful wife, who sank a

victim to consumption in a climate too severe for one accustomed to breathe the balmy atmosphere of the sub-tropics. Then—

“Mute was the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.”

In the October of 1852 Abd-el-Kader received his freedom, on certain conditions, and quitted France to take up his residence for the future at Boussa, where he passed the remainder of his days; but there is a circumstance connected with his residence at Amboise which we have a melancholy pleasure in recording—the melancholy springing from the fate of the victims, the pleasure from the conduct of the inhabitants of Amboise. The circumstance is thus related by the author already quoted.

“In order to preserve the remembrance of the sojourn of these distinguished prisoners in the domain of Amboise, the municipal authorities of the period, at the head of whom was M. Trouve, erected a modest monument on the south side of the park, near the ‘Port des Lions.’ A subscription list for the purpose was soon filled up, and headed by the name of the ‘*Chef de l’Etat*.’ This monument, it was decided, should be in the form of a tower, and should cover the spot beneath which were interred all the individuals, to the large number of twenty-seven, who had died of the Emir’s followers during his brief stay.”

Before quitting this interesting locality, we must take a leap backwards, some hundreds of years, and throw ourselves into the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II. These were the days of chivalric gallantry and poetical romance. The first of these sovereigns passed much of his time at Amboise, especially in his youth, when his gaiety, and the manly exercises in which he excelled, attracted around him all that was brilliant in talent, and noble in the way of manhood; whilst his love of poetry and the arts imparted a refinement to his reign much superior to that which had hitherto prevailed. Poets and painters adorned his court, over which might frequently be seen presiding his beautiful sister Marguérite, his “*perle des perles*,” who loved him with a warmth, and admired him with a strength, which might be paralleled in another sister for a brother, but could not be surpassed. They delighted to study together the romantic and chivalresque poems, whether of their own or earlier times; their tastes were so similar, that whatever one enjoyed was also a pleasure to the other; in short, they seemed to be two separate persons animated by one spirit. “Amboise,” says the writer already cited, “was at this time a favourite resort of Francis’s sister, Marguérite, wife of the Duc d’Alençon, whose delight it was to pass with her brother all the time she could possibly snatch from her own home and the duties of her position. The affection which subsisted between this royal brother and sister had been unusually tender and devoted from their earliest childhood; but after the touching proof she had given the king of her unalterable attachment during his sickness and captivity at Madrid, he had loved her more fondly than ever. He called her his ‘*mignonne*,’ his ‘*Marguérite des Marguérites*,’ his ‘*perle des perles*,’ and never forgot the



Engraved by W.H. Lupton

Exterior of the Cathedral of St. Stephen - Toronto

pinnacle of admiration to which, even while yet a child, she had been exalted in consequence of her precocious intelligence, her wit, her learning, beauty, grace, and elegance. All these had increased with her years, while Francis had, in the meantime, become the most admired of his sex, for his imposing presence, his chivalrous bearing, high spirit, and courteous manners. Marguérite was no more blind to these attractions than to that '*invincible charme*' which, all contemporary writers agree in telling us, pervaded his whole demeanour. In the shady alleys of Amboise they walked and communed together; and here were compiled the pages of that lively and singular production which Marguérite lived to contemplate with feelings very different from those which inspired her to become its author." This was the "Heptameron," a wild production, fraught with scenes of seductive voluptuousness.

Among the many *délassements* of Amboise, the pleasures of the chase took a prominent place. "The blast of the horn announces the hour. Hero come the huntsmen, the falconer, the master of the hounds, the whippers-in; the king is going out to ride; the squire advances to hold the royal stirrup. The court dines; see the traditional glory of the feudal pheasant served up with its gilded plumage, while behind the royal chair stand the '*grand échanson*,' to whom is committed the silver-gilt ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands, and the amphora, whence to pour out his wine into the '*coupe de chevalerie*.' If the king requires a few golden crowns in his purse, the *argentier* must appear. For the service of his room the chamberlain is appointed, and under him vice-chamberlains, pages, and serving-men—an endless train of courtiers, each of whom, in his turn, is surrounded by a retainer—the smaller sun of his own glittering system."

If time to spare, the traveller should make an excursion to the Château de Chenonceaux, not so much on account of the architectural character of the building, as on account of the many great names with which it is associated. It was given by Henry II. to his favourite, Diane de Poitiers; but at his death was taken from her by Catharine de Medicis, who bequeathed it to the widow of Henry III. At the revolutionary period it was in possession of a Madame Dupin, who assembled around her many of the leading celebrities in art and letters of the time. Here Bolingbroke resorted occasionally during his exile, as did Rousseau, and many others. The glass which the royal lips of Francis I. was wont to touch, and the veritable mirror in which Mary, Queen of Scots, may be imagined to have made pretty mouths to herself in her happy days, are still shown; but what will most please the minds of visitors of chivalric tendencies, will be the vaulted hall, which is still hung with armour, has its blue roof studded with stars, its doors screened with tapestry, and its walls covered with stamped cloth. On his way, if in the opening season of spring, or in summer, he is likely to be amused with the flights of many bees about him, as well as the songs of birds. In some parts of France, as well as in Piedmont, there are floating apiaries, comprising even so many as a hundred bee-hives upon the rivers. Goldsmith, in his "History of the Earth," remarks, in reference to this, "As the bees are continually changing

their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished with sweets before unrifled ; and thus a single floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income." It is to these apiaries that Rogers alludes in the following lines, in his beautiful poem of the "Pleasures of Memory."

"So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;
So till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours."

Proceeding to Tours, it must not be forgotten that we pass, at the Mont Louis station, the village where was convened the ecclesiastical assembly which witnessed the reconciliation of Henry II. of England with Thomas à Becket, three months previous to the saint's assassination in his cathedral at Canterbury. But there is scarcely time even to form an imaginary picture of this scene before we are in Tours.

The revolutionary period swept away much that was interesting in this ancient city ; so that what remains to be seen in it need not detain the traveller beyond a single day. The cathedral of St. Gatien is the chief architectural object. Its west front is flanked by two towers 205 feet in height, but out of harmony with the other portions of the building. The three lofty portals which give admission to its interior are richly ornamented with foliage and floral designs. The interior is in a noble style of Gothic, with varied capitals in the columns, and bearing a striking resemblance to the early English. The choir beneath the cross, and before the high altar, was begun in 1170, and the nave, round which there are double aisles only, was completed in the reign of St. Louis. The beautiful old painted glass surrounding the choir, imparts a venerable and solemn effect to this part of the building, where the arms of St. Louis, of his mother, Blanche of Castille, and of the town, consisting of a group of towers, are seen. Here is the tomb of the two sons of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, representing the royal infants lying tranquilly by the side of each other. Angels are kneeling round the babes, and stories taken from the classics and the Scriptures enrich every part of the monument. It is the production of the brothers Juste, who were natives of Tours.

The metropolitan church of Tours is one of the most famous in France, not only because of its antiquity, but from the celebrated names associated with it. There is connected with it a suit which may interest the legal mind. "In 846," so the story goes, "Noménoé, Duc de Bretagne, wishing to detach the bishops of that province from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Tours, endeavoured to invest the Bishop of Dol with the metropolitan power ; which attempt being immediately resisted by him of Tours, gave rise to a suit, compared to which the longest of Chancery suits appear but

"The toy and perfume of a moment."

It began in 849, and did not end till the time of Pope Innocent III. in 1199. Thus it ran through a period of 350 years, no doubt costing each of the parties concerned, a sum sufficiently enormous to weary them of the law.

The architectural ruins of Tours are somewhat numerous, for the Vandals of the great Revolution wreaked their thoughtless vengeance upon all that was either beautiful or sacred in the form of tombs and cathedrals. In the Rue Royale there are several demolished churches, one of which, St. Julian, is still in such preservation as to be easily put into a state of repair sufficiently commodious for public worship. It is in the pointed style of the 13th century, with the exception of the base of the west tower, which has Romanesque capitals, apparently belonging to a more antiquated edifice. The house of Tristan l'Hermite, the hangman of Louis XI., is in the Rue des Trois Pucelles, characteristically adorned with the imitation of twisted ropes and knots in bas-relief. Possibly such a style of ornamentation was suggested by the genius of Louis himself, who may have perceived in it a means of reminding the surrounding inhabitants of what they might expect, should they have proved so heedless of consequences as to have raised the voice of rebellion against his authority.

In the vicinity of Tours the country is remarkably beautiful, and nothing can exceed the exquisite charms which many scenes on the banks of the Loire present to the eye of the lover of nature. Among these stand pre-eminently the broken arches of the bridge of Eudes, spanning the sluggish stream over which they are thrown, with the clustering towers of the cathedral of St. Martin overlooking the roofs of the houses at no great distance away. Traditional history favours us with some account of the nobleman whose name still attaches to this bridge. It would appear that he was a courageous Count of Champagne, who successfully contended against the emperor, whose pretensions to the throne of Arles and Provence induced the nobles of Lombardy to come to France in search of a king. Having taken counsel together, they offered the crown to Count Eudes, who accepted it, but declared that he would only govern so long as Charles, the rightful sovereign, was a minor. This conduct was the means of averting the blow which Germany had aimed at France, and the name of Eudes was inscribed among her kings. Having fulfilled his mission with success, he proclaimed Charles the Simple monarch of France, and took to himself the district between the Seine and the Pyrenees as a feudal tenure.

Plessis les Tours is about a couple of miles from Tours, and is the chief town in the department of Indre-et-Loire, and was formerly the capital of Touraine. It stands between the Loire and the Cher, in a valley teeming with fruitfulness, but monotonous in a scenic point of view, as it is entirely devoid of the picturesque. What a host of terrible memories does the very name of this place recall! Here the cruel tyrant, Louis XI., breathed his last, after clinging to life with an almost frightening intensity, and after being either the direct or indirect cause of the death of about 4,000 persons. Why, may we not ask, was a

monster of this kind suffered to live a king, and to die a natural death in his own bed? Yet were the punishments or tortures he inflicted on others, perhaps, unequal to those which, vulture-like, tore asunder the chords of his own coward heart. But this is no justification of him. He lived in a state of continual terror; his conscience seared with the red-hot iron of crime, and his slumbers broken by the torments of a remorse which neither prayers nor confessions could mitigate. He was almost always confessing himself. "Our king never missed weekly confession," says De Commynes; and we think he stood greatly in need of it. Requiring it so often, we take to be a strong argument against the virtue or innocence of his life. He who pursues a mode of existence that is continually requiring the comforts of the confessional, would, in our opinion, act much more wisely if he would change his plan, and try another and a better mode. Persons who are frequently called upon to make confessions, are, we think, not much to be admired. They must be weak, and may be wanton; or possibly worse. They may, in the estimation of some, on account of the frequency of confession, be very good; but they must be proportionably erring, and therefore out of the pale of even the sympathy of those who, in the very nature of things, must be either better, or possess such a latitude of conscience, that any immorality of crime of which they may be guilty, fails to disturb "the even tenor of their way."

Louis was the supposed poisoner of Agnes Sorol, and was suspected of having similarly attempted the life of his own father. It was from an apprehension of this that Charles VII. refused to partake of any nourishment whatever, until it was too late to save his life. After coming to the throne, he took Normandy from his brother, the Duke of Berri, and forced him to seek a refuge in the court of the Duke of Bretagne, who, for the protection extended on this occasion to Berri, became the object of Louis's most inveterate hatred. Berri died in 1471, from eating a poisoned peach, which, it is supposed, Louis had found a way to have presented to him. His principal and most intimate associates were Oliver Daino, his barber, Tristan l'Hermite, his hangman, and Jacques Coctier, his physician—a pretty triumvirate, truly, to companion with a king! This last governed him with an almost brutal species of despotism. "I know that, one of these days, you will send me away, as you do every one else," said Jacques to him, with a heavy oath; "but you will not survive a single week after the day I go." This so frightened Louis, that he believed it, and kept his physician. After the death of Louis, this Esculapius was discovered to have accumulated such a heap of money, that the regent—the lady of Beaujeu—resolved to force some of it from him. He was accordingly condemned to a fine of 150,000 livres. Considerable as this sum was, he felicitated himself on getting off so easily, and, retiring to a small abode, in the hope of living securely from keeping up the semblance of poverty, he planted an apricot tree before his door, and inscribed over it, "*à l'abri Coctier.*" As Plessis les Tours is now a *château* of the past, and has no existence, as it is described in the "Quentin Durward" of Sir Walter Scott, we here take our leave of it.

Whilst wandering in this neighbourhood, the tourist may entertain himself by reflecting that his footsteps are, perhaps, tracing the ground where took place the final battle which decided whether the followers of the Cross or the Crescent should be the prevailing European race. This was a grand event, fraught with consequences which, for weal or for woe, must be invested with no ordinary interest to the Christian traveller. The author of the work entitled "*Historical Parallels*," thus speaks of this conflict. After saying that contemporary authors have preserved scarcely any particulars of this battle, he tells us that it is not till the close of the 8th century that Paulus Diaconus, the Lombard historian, informs us that 375,000 Saracens were left dead on the field, their whole number being estimated, by later authors, at about 80,000. This premised, he says—

"Christianity is now so closely connected with the idea of superiority in knowledge, wealth, and war, that many readers may be surprised to hear of its having been seriously endangered by an external enemy, since its first triumph and establishment. To our ancestors, however, the unparalleled rapidity and success with which the followers of Mohammed extended their religion and their empire, was a subject of serious and just alarm. Within fifty years of the prophet's expulsion from Mecca, Constantinople itself, the metropolis of the Christian world, was besieged by the Caliph, the successor of his temporal authority; within a hundred years, the Saracenic empire extended from the confines of India to the Pyrenees. In the year 714, scarcely three years from the first invasion of Spain, Musa, the victorious lieutenant of the Caliph, prepared to pass the mountain barrier, to extinguish the kingdoms of the Franks and Lombards, and to preach the doctrines of Mohammed in the church of the Vatican. He proposed to conquer the barbarians of Germany, to follow the Danube to the Euxine Sea, to overthrow the Constantinopolitan empire, and thus unite the eastern and western dominions of the Saracens. His ambitious progress was checked, and himself recalled, by the jealousy of his master; but, in the year 731, Abderahman resumed the bold projects of his predecessor.

"Gascony and Languedoc were already subject to the sovereign of Damascus, when, in 732, that enterprising soldier led a vast army to complete the subjection of France. He had already advanced unchecked to the banks of the Loire, when Charles Martel, the mayor of the palace—in name, a household officer, but, in authority, the sovereign of France—collected his forces, and advanced to the deliverance of Europe. For six days the armies confronted each other, making trial of each other's strength in skirmishes; on the seventh, one Saturday in the month of October, 732, the final battle—that of Tours—took place, which was to decide whether Europe should remain Christian, or the Cross sink under the Crescent. The light and active Saracens, whose defensive armour was merely a quilted jacket, and their weapons arrows and javelins, rushed fiercely to the attack; but they made little impression on the solid battalions of the Franks, bristling with spear-points, and protected by their close-locked shields. The latter were no match for their assailants in

agility of manœuvring; but the weighty arm and steady foot made up for this deficiency. The Saracen cavalry charged up to their ranks in vain; they were compelled to rein their horses round, and, when wearied and broken by their fruitless efforts, the Christians advanced, and routed them with great slaughter. In the heat of the battle, Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, led his troops round upon the enemy's camp, overthrowing all before him, and contributed greatly to the victory by the tumult and confusion thus produced. 'Then,' says the 'Chronicles of St. Denys,' 'was Charles first called by the name of Martel (*a sort of battle-axe*); for, as the martel crushes iron, steel, and all other metals, even so he broke and pounded his enemies, and all other nations. Great wonder was it that, of all his host, he lost in this battle only 1,500 persons.' Abdorahman sought in vain to rally his troops, and fell while fighting valiantly. Night separated the armies; and the infidels profited by it to retreat, leaving their camp, their furniture, and their booty at the disposal of the victor. Charles did not pursue them, from which we may infer that his own loss was severe. This disaster terminated the course of Arab conquest."

Although this battle is fixed as having been fought in the neighbourhood of Tours, by which name it usually goes, it is said to have been fought near Poitiers. This, however, is a matter of such incertitudo, that there is no means of establishing it. Wherever it was fought, whether at Poitiers or at Tours, is of little consequence compared with the fact of its having turned the tide of Arab conquest backward, and for ever debarred Mohammedanism from making progress among the western nations of Europe.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CASTLE OF LOCHES; ITS ORIGIN; THE BELT OF THE VIRGIN; THE DUNGEONS IN LOCHES; AGNES SOREL; HER TOMB; STRANGE TRADITION; CASTLE OF CHINON; THE MAID OF DOMREMI; TOWN OF CHINON; FONTEVRAULT; RICHARD I.; HIS BEQUEST TO THE CHURCH; A VALLEY ON THE BANKS OF THE LOIRE; SAUMUR; THE COUNTRY OF THE VENDEANS; THE PEOPLE; SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN;" ANGERS; ITS CATHEDRAL; MUSEUM AND CURIOSITIES; HENRY IV.; THE EDICT OF NANTES; THE NOYADES; FOUQUE; HIS LETTER FROM TOULON; OPINION OF IT; HIS DEATH; LE MANS AND CHARTRES; CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

ETHER from Amboise or from Tours the traveller may proceed to Loches, another castle which, like that of Plessis, is memorable for misery. "The sound of the very name of this abode," says Sir Walter Scott, "was even more terrible than that of Plessis itself; for it was destined to the working of those secret acts of tyranny with which even Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his own residence. There were, in this place of dread, dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves—living graves, to which men were consigned, with little hope of further employment during the rest of their lives, there to breathe impure air, and feed on bread and water. In this

formidable castle were also those dreadful places of confinement called 'cages,' in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright, nor stretch himself at length—an invention, it is said, of Cardinal de la Belue." The very reading of such an abode fills one with horror. Dungeons beneath dungeons! some of them unknown to the keepers themselves, with iron cages for the unhappy prisoners of inexorable tyranny! Commynes, who describes the "iron cages," was himself confined in one of them for eight months. Fascinated by the situation of Loches, the author of "Feudal Castles in France" says, that "if we were to select, among the *châteaux* of Touraine, that which combined the highest pictorial perfection with the highest historical interest, we must point out that of Loches as presenting to the artist, as well as the archæologist, all that is captivating to the eye and to the intelligence. The approach to the old town, of which this celebrated ancient castle is the nucleus and the glory, is absolutely enchanting: we can remember nothing that will bear comparison with it in any part of France; and however beautiful and attractive may be most of the castellated remains we are exploring, to Loches must we award the right of pre-eminence in almost every particular."

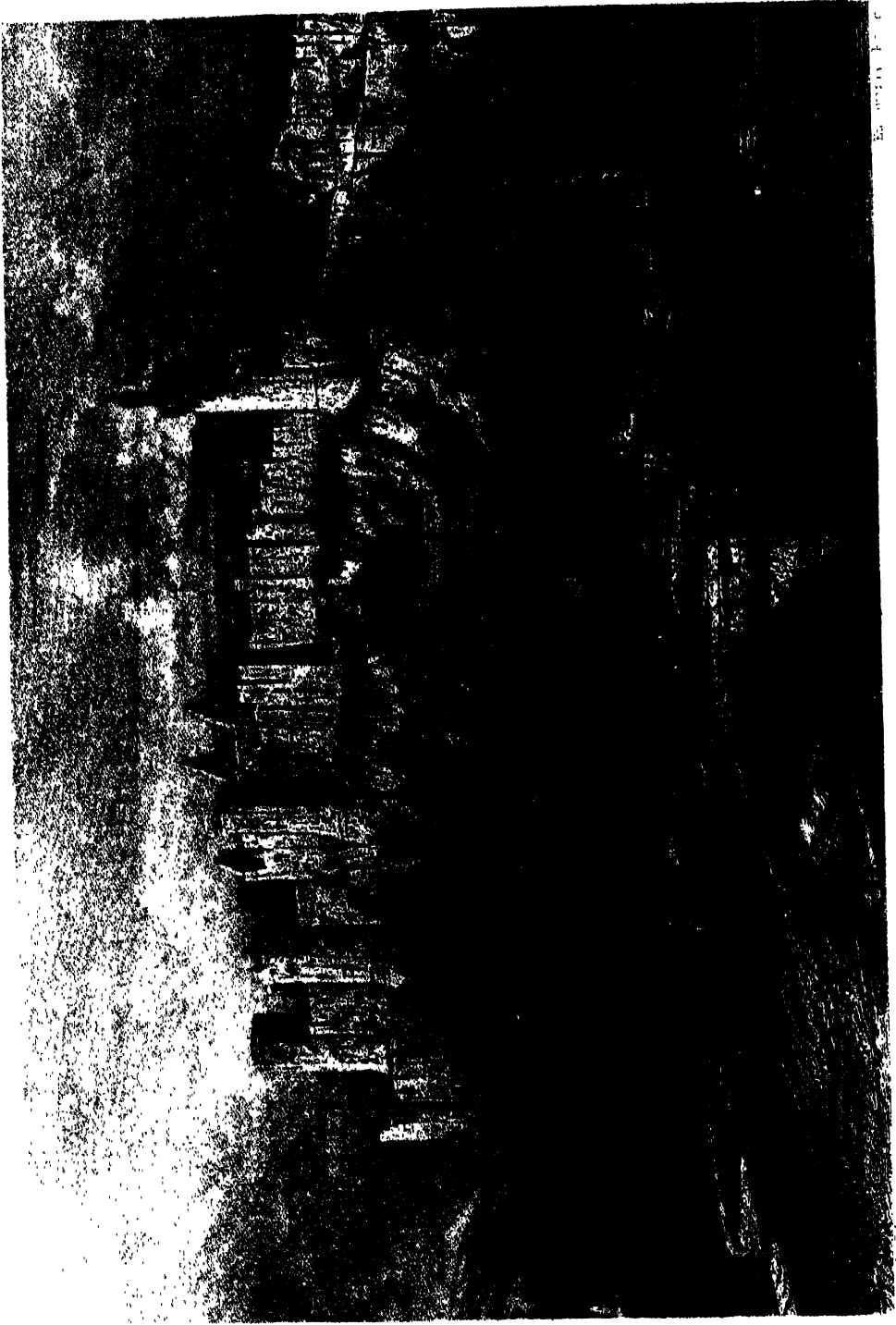
This fortress is built upon a lofty and precipitous rock, at the base of which are huddled together the buildings which constitute the town on the banks of the Indre. The river, blue and placid, winds through a beautiful vale, which it enriches with the diffusion of its waters, imparting brightness to its verdure, and strength to the willows and poplars which line its sides. Coeval with the rise of the fortress was the erection of a church, which occupies a place in the middle of the enclosed ground, encompassing the citadel. The original founder of this church was Geoffrey Grise. Gonelee, one of the Counts of Anjou who had paid a visit to Jerusalem on his return, just after the first crusade, obtained at Constantinople some precious relics, among which was the "belt of the Holy Virgin." Here was a prize! But where was it to be enshrined? As a castle was hardly the proper place to be the receptacle of a relic so sacred, a church had to be built for it. This was accordingly done; but the first structure was so greatly changed, that another might almost be said to have taken its place. "In those ages of active faith," says the author above quoted, "a building of becoming splendour alone was deemed adequate to enshrine so priceless a treasure—the Virgin's zone; and accordingly we may form some idea of the magnificence of the original structure. Lothaire, King of France, gave, on the 19th September, 962, letters patent for its construction; and Hardouin, fifty-fifth Bishop of Tours, consecrated it in 965. The elevation of this church (called St. Omer's) is most peculiar, and it is difficult, on first approaching it, to distinguish the front from the side, and the ornamented Romanesque door is repeated on every side. The vaulting of the interior is unusually bold, being more domed than commonly; while the ribs are very prominent. This portion of the original design is in wonderful preservation, and causes both surprise and admiration in all who examine its structure. Indeed, the whole of its architecture is well worth the study of the connoisseur. The church, however, as it now

stands, cannot be regarded as the original structure ; for the one we see comprises extensive restorations and additions, received at the hands of Thomas Pactius, or Paccius, Chancellor of the Angevine princes, who having, in 1140, become prior of this collegiate church, occupied himself forty years later—till 1180—in restoring and perfecting it.” In its crypt Louis XI. made his devotions. This much of the church ; and now something of the castle.

The year in which the restoration of the church was completed (1180), is that from which the fortress dates ; but the one is not in such a good state of preservation as the other. The donjon of the castle is thought to bear a striking resemblance to that of Rochester, in England ; therefore exhibits beauty subordinated to strength. This is what might be expected in a fortress belonging to that lawless, freebooting period, when might was the law of right, rather than right the law of might ; and when the baron or the seigneur was nothing more than a predatory chief who enriched himself by the plundering of others who were less powerful. The solid and imposing wings of the castle have a height of 125 feet, built in a severe style, with cylindrical forts at the angles. One is eighty, and the other about forty feet long. The dungeon, or incarcerating portion of the building, consisted of four storeys, reached by steps made in the walls, and capable of holding upwards of 1,000 prisoners.

“ It would be a curious contemplation if one could but look back eight centuries, and, peering into the *château* of Loches, could discern what was the life led by the warriors of those days, when occasional times of peace deprived them of their congenial occupation. There is something so gloomy in the aspect of this vast fortress, that we shudder at the recollection of the dreary and hopeless incarcerations of which tradition fills the miserable story.”

The governor of this fearful abode was Oliver le Daino, the king’s barber, of whom we have already spoken, and who was prime minister, counsellor, and companion—a ready instrument, no doubt, to execute the tyrannical commands of his master. A palace no less than a prison from its first construction, the repulsive destiny still belongs to it ; for a portion of it is now appropriated to the confinement of felons, mayhap less noble than those of old, but, notwithstanding, equally ready to violate the eighth commandment. At one end of the castle’s platform is the *sous prefecture*, behind which is a terrace, where, in a small tower, is a monument to Agnes Sorel, the beloved of Charles VII., who was born in 1400, in the neighbouring *château* of Fromonteau. She was a beautiful, gentle, yet spirited woman. Louis XI. hated her, as he did every person and everything that his father loved. There is, however, an anecdote which tells a little in his favour. After he ascended the throne, he happened to be one day on a visit to the collegiate church of Loches, to which Agnes had bequeathed 2,000 golden crowns, besides jewels, and a splendid piece of tapestry, on condition that her remains should be buried in the choir. The monks with Louis thought to flatter him, and observed that the chastity of her life was not such as



Castle of Chincen, Indio del Sur

justified them in giving her remains a place so distinguished, and desired to know whether the king would not like to have them removed from their sepulchre. "Certainly," replied Louis; "and afterwards, as you will have no claim upon her bequests, you can hand them to me, and I will see how I can apply them." The reply was suggestive of other thoughts to the monks, who allowed the remains to rest where they were, and the legacies were suffered to continue in their own possession.

The sweetness of expression in the face of Agnes seems to have been something almost more than mortal. She had blue and lively eyes, shaded with long black eyelashes, which imparted to them an enticingly soft and languid look; she had a fine nose, rosy lips, an enchanting smile, which disclosed a beautiful row of small teeth, whilst her skin was of "*une blancheur suave*." The first interviews which Charles had with her were in the subterranean chambers of the castle of Loches. After her death, her body was permitted to lie where it found its last resting-place till the reign of Louis XVI., when her tomb was opened. Within the triple coffin to which it had been consigned appeared only some bones, her teeth, and her hair of a flaxen hue. M. de Couzie, Archbishop of Tours, appropriated a portion of the latter when the mausoleum was removed into the nave of the church. In 1793 it was again rudely invaded by the revolutionists, who scattered the bones, the teeth, and the silken tresses to the wind, and it was not restored till 1806. It was then reconstructed and placed in a chapel within the turret, erected for the occupation of Agnes while living, and still bearing her name. This turret overlooks the terrace of the *château*. Her monument is thus described:—"Upon a base of black marble reclines the effigy of La Belle des Belles, well sculptured in white limestone, her hands uplifted in prayer, with two angels bending over her head, and shielding her with their wings, and two lambs reclining at her feet. She is gracefully attired in long robes, and a simple circlet surrounds her brow; her countenance exhibits a refined character of beauty, modesty, sweetness, and gentleness, not unworthy of the Madonna of Raphael, and befitting one whose influence over a king was never exercised but for good. It has been proved, however, by an acute historian, that she could in nowise have contributed to stimulate Charles to the assumption of his dominions, and the expulsion of the English, not having been seen by him until 1431, after the death of Jean d'Arc."

As an appropriate close to these chambers of horrors, with which Loches was so abundantly supplied, we quote from the author already cited the following tradition:—"During the excavations making here, when some of these subterranean chambers were discovered, a Capitaine Pont-Briant, who was wandering about the place, pushed open, with considerable effort, a massive door, which led into one of them, when, to his amazement, he saw before him, sitting on a block of stone, a man of gigantic stature, clothed and armed after the fashion of a mediæval knight; he was in a stooping posture, and his face was buried in his hands, as if he were sleeping. The Capitaine approached him gently, and laid his hand upon his shoulder, as if fearful of disturbing his profound rest. This caution was

not misplaced, for no sooner had he touched this mysterious figure than the whole form before him yielded to the pressure, and, like some vision of enchantment, the knight disappeared, and could nowhere be found, while the pieces of armour lay scattered about, splintered into fragments, and, mingled with them, three or four colossal bones. Beside the figure was found a small trunk, filled with very fine linen, which it was hoped might, on examination, bear some mark which should throw light on the strange discovery; but on conveying it into the open air it crumbled away to powder."

Life, at the longest, is not a great way from death; from which to dust is but a step. What could have been the feelings and thoughts of this giant warrior, cased in armour, and sitting on this block of stone, in a living grave, with his face buried in his hands? Terrible, no doubt, and his sufferings still more terrible. No hope, no consolation, no relief from his dreary solitude in the dark dungeon in which he was immured! Alas!—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"—BURNS.

Chinon is twenty-eight miles from Tours, and eight miles from the Port Boulet station, from which there are diligences running twice a day. The object which tempts the visitor to this dull town is its dilapidated castle, which in days of yore was the French Windsor of England's Plantagenet kings. It was likewise one of the favourite residences of the French sovereigns, from Philip Augustus to Henry IV., and the scene of the first public appearance of Jeanne Darc. The only portion inhabited of this fortress is the central division, where are the royal apartments, among which is the one in which the Pucelle recognised Charles the Dauphin, although dressed in plain clothes. She singled him out from among a crowd of courtiers, and disclosed to him secrets known only to him, herself, and to God. The scene of this interview, and the splendours of the court of the careless and luxurious Charles, is now a ruin open to the sky. The prospect from the walls is extremely fine, embracing the fertile valley through which the river Vienne meanders and sparkles, amid rich pastures, tall poplars, proud walnuts, or fruitful vines, nearly to its junction with the Loire. Fontevault, where rest the remains of Henry II. of England, who died in the castle of Chinon, and those of Richard Cœur de Lion, is hidden from the view by intervening heights. It must not be forgotten that it was at Chinon, within the walls of the castle, that the Maid of Domremi received from King Charles the armour with which she performed her exploits. Here she was presented with her mysterious sword found in the church of St. Catharine, of Fierbois, and supposed to have been taken from Abderahman by Charles Martel (the Hammer) when he defeated the Moors. Here, also, she first unfurled her white banner, made under the direction of mysterious voices, and sprinkled with *fleur-de-lis*; and here she received her escort of two pages, a squire, and a confessor, before she had yet immortalised her name in the annals of chivalry and warfare.

Regarding the town of Chinon there is little to be said. It is even destitute of all

traditionary knowledge respecting the inn in which the Maid was lodged on arriving from her native village, and at which she staid a couple of days before she was admitted to the presence of the king. This precautionary measure was taken to enable his councillors first to ascertain whether she was not a sorceress. Nor can even the church be pointed out in which she passed the larger portion of each day, praying, not only for the welfare of the king, perhaps, but for her own success while residing here. These may be regarded as singular instances of *entirely* traditionary oblivion—perhaps as an utter absence of the romantic or poetical faculty in the inhabitants; for had such events as are connected with Jeanne Darc occurred in Scotland, there's not an inn in which she had lived, or a church in which she had prayed, but would have found a Muse to embalm it in poetry. Yet is the place not altogether destitute of celebrity in the annals of mind. Chinon is the country of the witty Rabelais, who, in 1483, was born in a farm-house called *La Devinière*, in the commune of Seully, on the opposite side of the Vienne, on the road to Saumur. He received the rudiments of his education in the school of the neighbouring abbey, the monks of which he afterwards remorselessly satirised in his writings.

Whilst in this neighbourhood, the traveller should visit Fontevrault, at no great distance, and on his way to Saumur. It is the repository of what must now be the dust of several of the English Plantagenet kings. Its once celebrated abbey, however, has degenerated into a prison, one of the largest in France.

The church of Fontevrault dates from 1125, but its royal monuments bear painful testimony to the Vandalism of the revolutionists at the close of the last century. The effigies, notwithstanding their injurious treatment, are interesting from the evidences they give of their having been portraits; and they, even yet, retain a small portion of the colouring with which their likenesses were originally supposed to have been heightened. The statues of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion are in recumbent form, and are represented in their royal robes, without armour. The statue of the latter is over six feet in length, cut in stone, with the head resting on a pillow. His crown is open and ornamented, while his mantle, with a gilt border, is painted red, and sprinkled with white flowers. Beneath it is a bluish-green dalmatic, in full plaits, with large falling sleeves, and confined round the waist by a rich girdle. The tunic is red. He wears his spurs and gloves, and is represented with short hair, moustachios, and a beard of moderate length. Faithful to the character of his hero, the artist has endeavoured to impart an expression of ferocity to his countenance. Notwithstanding the rudeness of the design, and some weakness in the execution, this statue is remarkable for the age in which it was produced, and is a proof of the considerable progress which the fine arts had made since the 11th century, when statuary in particular was at a very low ebb. It must have been executed about the end of the 12th century, and is probably the performance of one of the most accomplished artists of the period.

A mass for the repose of Richard's soul used formerly to be celebrated in the cathedral

of Rouen on the 6th of April, the anniversary of his death; and his memory was held in high veneration by the canons; less, perhaps, on account of his valiant deeds and exalted rank, than on account of his liberality towards them. The conqueror of Saladin purchased their prayers with 300 nuids of wine, which he bequeathed to them, and the following record of which appears in the ancient obituary, written towards the middle of the 13th century, and still preserved in the archives of the department:—"VIII. *Idus Aprilis obiit Richardus illustris rex Anglorum qui redit huic ecclesiæ cee modios vini de modiations sua apud Rothomagum pro restauratione dampnorum eidem ecclesiæ illatorum a Rege Franciæ.*" *

The 300 nuids of King Richard were so greatly cherished by the canons, that they persuaded themselves, that those who made any attempts to deprive them of their right to the dues of importation at Rouen, merited the anathema of the church. Accordingly, at their urgent prayers, Pope Nicholas IV., in 1453, issued a brief of excommunication against any persons who should make an attempt to defraud them of a right so dear to them.

We are bound, however, to record, to the honour of the canons, that they continued their prayers for the king long after they had ceased to drink his wine.

Entering Saumur, we find it a very cheerful-looking town; but if the traveller has not visited Loches, and wishes to see a little more of the country, as we invariably endeavour to do, than can be seen from the contracted window of a railway carriage, he should either walk, ride, or drive from Chinon to Saumur. If he does this, we promise him the sight of one of the sweetest and most luxuriant valleys to be found in the whole of beautiful France.

"Do you know," says Do Vigny, "that part of France which is justly called its *garden*?—that province where you breathe the purest air in verdant fields, watered by a noble river. If you have traversed the beautiful Touraine in the summer months, you will have followed the peaceful Loire, for a considerable distance, in a state of enchantment; you will only have regretted not being able to determine, betwixt the two shores, which you would choose for an abode, where, with some beloved object, you might forget the ways of men. In coursing down the gentle waves of this fine stream, we are perpetually tempted to fix our eyes on the smiling scenery on the right; the valleys thickly interspersed with pretty white houses peeping through the groves by which they are surrounded, the banks embrowned with vines, or whitened with the blossoms of the cherry-trees; the old walls covered with honeysuckles bursting from their buds; the gardens of roses, from the midst of which often suddenly rises a lofty tower; everything speaks either of fruitfulness or antiquity, and everything is interesting in the labours of the industrious inhabitants. To them nothing is useless or neglected;

* On the 8th of the Ides of April (the 6th of April), died Richard, the illustrious king of the English, who gave to this church 300 nuids (hogsheads) of wine, to be levied on his revenue of Rouen, as a reparation for the damages caused to the said church by the King of France.

St. Peter's Church, 1894



it should seem as if, in their attachment to such a beautiful country—the only part of France that has never owned the yoke of a stranger—they are unwilling to lose an inch of its ground, or a grain of its dust.” Now we are at Saumur.

The proximity to Saumur might be known by the numerous windmills which enliven its heights, as well as by the whiteness of the houses, which form a striking contrast to the green foliage in which they are frequently all but completely enveloped. There is nothing very remarkable about Saumur itself. It is well described in the “Hand-book,” as a cheerful-looking, white town, and one of the most picturesque on the Loire. There are two fine bridges which cross the river, with a length of about 300 yards each. On the quay by the side of the water is a modern square building, combining a theatre and market-house, and “the antique Hôtel de Ville, a square building of black and white stone, with a peaked roof, a cornice of trifolied machicolations running under it, and turrets or bartizans in its corners.” The church of Notre Dame de Nantilly is curious for its age and architecture, some portions of it dating from the 11th century. The castle occupies a conspicuous site on the summit of a mountain ridge, which rises above the town, and is only worth visiting for the view to be obtained over the valley of the Loire. Saumur was captured by the Vendean army in June, 1793, and brought into the hands of Henri de Larochejaquelein, sixty pieces of cannon, 10,000 muskets, and 11,000 republican prisoners. This addition to his strength, however, did not ultimately win the cause of La Vendée.

It must not be forgotten by the traveller, that while he is taking his pleasure in and around this district, he is in the country which, in the time of the Revolution, was quite opposed to the violence of its measures against both the church and the lords of the very castles upon the walls of which his eyes have been resting on the banks of the Loire. “Along the shores of the ocean, from the Gironde to the Loire, and from the Loire to the mouths of the Seine,” says M. Thiers in his “History of the Revolution,” “very different opinions, and much greater dangers than appeared elsewhere, presented themselves. There the implacable Mountain encountered not only, for obstacle, the clement and generous republicanism of the Girondins, but the constitutional royalism of ’89 (which rejected the republic as illegal), and the fanaticism of feudal times, which was in arms against the Revolution of ’93, and against the Revolution of ’89, and which recognised only the temporal authority of the castles, and the spiritual authority of the churches. In Normandy, and particularly at Rouen, which was its principal town, there was a great attachment to Louis XVI., and the constitution of 1790 had united all the vows which were formed for liberty and for the throne. Since the abolition of royalty and of the constitution of 1790—that is, since the 10th of August—there reigned in Normandy a silence of disapprobation and menace. Brittany presented dispositions still more hostile, and the people were there ruled by the influence of the priests and lords. Nearer the banks of the Loire, this attachment extended even to insurrection; and finally, on

the left bank of this river, in the Bocage, the Loroux, and the Vendée, the insurrection was complete, and great armies of ten and twenty thousand men held the field." *

The country on the left bank of the Loire, Anjou and Poitou, was the part of France where the influence of time had been least felt, and where it had least changed the old manners. The feudal government was impressed upon it with a character quite patriarchal; and the Revolution, far from producing a useful reform in that district, had wounded its milder habits, and was received as a persecution. The Bocage and the Marais compose a singular country, which must be described to enable us to understand the manners and the kind of society which were found there. Starting from Nantes and Saumur, and extending from the Loire to the sands of Olonne, Luçon, Fontenay, and Niort, we find an uneven ground, undulating, cut in ravines, and traversed by hedges, which serve to enclose each field, and from which this country has obtained the name of the *Bocage* (the grove, or thicket). As we approach the sea the ground becomes flat, terminates in salt marshes, and is intersected everywhere by a multitude of little canals, which render access to it almost impossible. This is what is called the *Marais* (marsh). The only abundant products of this country are the pastures, and consequently the cattle. The peasants there cultivated only the quantity of wheat necessary for their consumption, and used the produce of their flocks as a means of exchange. We know that nothing is more simple than populations which live on this kind of industry. Few great towns had arisen in these countries; they continued only large townlets, containing two or three thousand souls. Between the two great roads which conducted, one from Tours to Poitiers, the other from Nantes to La Rochelle, extends a space thirty leagues broad, in which there was then nothing but cross-roads, leading to villages and hamlets. The lands were divided into a multitude of little farms, from five to six hundred francs of revenue, each entrusted to a single family, which shared with the landlord the produce of the cattle. By this method of taking the farm-rents, the lords had to treat with each family separately, and they maintained with them all a continual and easy intercourse; the greatest simplicity of life reigned in the *châteaux*; people gave themselves up to the chase on account of the abundance

* La Vendée is situated in Poitou, and comprises the islands of Noirmoutiers and D'Yeu. It is divided into two parts—Le Bocage (woods) in the centre and towards the east, Le Marais (marshes) west and along the west, and La Plaine between the two. The climate is very diversified, the Bocage being very cold, and the Marais very damp. The population is about 400,000. The salt marshes might be a source of riches; but taxes and regulations do away with all the advantages that might arise from them. In the Marais, grains, fruits, and vegetables are abundant, and the breed of horses is good, and increased for the Paris market, where they fetch high prices. Mules, asses, and cattle, small and large, are in great numbers. Industry is not general, though there are manufactories of paper, linen, and woollens. Rope-making is largely carried on. The fisheries are abundant, especially the sardine, the importance of which may be gathered from the fact, that the men employed to solder the boxes of preserved sardines, may earn 20 francs a day during the season. The towns in La Vendée are small, the dullest being the chief one, La Roche Sur. The department is not calculated to play an important part socially, not only from its position and climate, but from the character of its population. This, however, has not always been the case, as we know, from its having been the seat of the *Guerres de la Vendée*.

of game; lords and peasants hunted in common, and all were celebrated for their skill and vigour. The priests, who possessed great purity of morals, exercised quite a paternal ministry. Riches had neither corrupted them nor exposed them to criticism. People submitted to the authority of the lord, and believed the words of the *curé*, because there was neither oppression nor scandal.

The inhabitants of these districts had never sympathised with the Revolution, which, indeed, they only knew through the discontent of their lords and priests. They were greatly irritated at the persecution of the latter, and assembled in the woods and wilds to attend the ministry of those who had been suspended from their functions as non-jurors. The execution of Louis XVI. completed the exasperation, and in the middle of their discontent came the decree for recruiting, which found them already on the eve of insurrection; and we cannot be surprised if, obliged to become soldiers, they preferred fighting against the republic to serving it. On the 10th of March, the day fixed for drawing for recruits at St. Florent, in Anjou, the peasants resisted, and overcame and disarmed the small force sent to compel their obedience. A farmer, named Cathelineau, immediately placed himself at the head of the insurgents, to give more regularity to their movements, and next day they attacked and captured Chenillé, which was defended by 200 republican soldiers, with three pieces of cannon. After this success they increased in courage and numbers, and soon afterwards attacked and captured Chollet, the most considerable town in that district, which was garrisoned by 500 republican troops. In the country of the Marais, and in the department of the Vendée, the resistance to the recruiting was still more general. In the former, a barber, named Gaston, having killed a republican officer, and clothed himself in his uniform, placed himself at the head of the exasperated peasantry, and captured successively Challans and Machecoul; but their victory was obtained by a massacre which was equally atrocious and impolitic. Three hundred republicans, who had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, were put to death in cold blood. The peasants of the department of Vendée rose a few days later, gained several very decided advantages over the republican troops, and assumed so formidable an attitude in this popular rebellion, that the name of Vendéans was subsequently given to the insurgents in general. They were at first only commanded by men of their own class, but they soon began to visit the *châteaux*, and compel the noble possessors of the land to become their leaders. Several of these, who had served in the army and navy, and possessed all the qualities which make a successful leader in a war of this description, embraced the cause of the insurrection with ardour. The three noble chiefs of the insurrection of the Bocage, were MM. de Bonchamps, d'Elbée, and de Larochejaquelein. The republican general, Quétineau, on a suspicion that M. de Lescure was engaged in a conspiracy against the republican government, had caused him and his family to be seized in their castle of Clisson, and to be carried to Bressuire, where they were placed under restraint. Henri de Larochejaquelein, a young gentleman of great courage, who had formerly served in the king's guard, and who was the cousin of

Lescure, was on a visit at Clisson at the time of the arrest, but contrived to make his escape. He joined the chiefs just mentioned, and they marched to Bressuire, compelled Quétineau to abandon that place, and set M. de Lescure at liberty. The latter had now hardly any alternative but to join the insurgents, and he became one of their most distinguished chiefs. At the commencement of May, the different Vendean leaders united before Thouars, where General Quétineau had established himself, and compelled him to surrender after a short, but rather vigorous defence.

Whilst we have thus been relating some of the events connected with the rising in La Vendée, we presume that the traveller has been surveying the walls of the castle of Angers, overlooking the river Maine, and recalling to mind the Shakspearian tragedy of "King John." It was before these walls that this monarch desired Hubert to keep the boy Arthur, and then, in a wheedling sort of affectionate manner, declared that he loved Hubert, as he thought Hubert loved him. So strong, indeed, was this passion in the bosom of the latter, that he declared to John, that his affection was so great for him, that what he bid him do, though his death were adjunct to the act, he would perform it. On this assurance the king says—

"Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eyes
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And wheresoever this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper."

To this dark insinuation Hubert replies—

"And I will keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty."

After the murder of young Arthur has been ruthlessly decided upon, the royal villain exclaims—

"I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee !"

It is delightful, however, to recollect, that the breast of Hubert was not entirely destitute of the "milk of human kindness ;" for when in Northampton, in England, he is about to burn out the eyes of Arthur, he relents, and resolves to fill the spies upon him with false reports that Arthur is dead. This is as it should be, and he bids the young prince to "go in with him ;" and though he undergoes much danger for not fulfilling his promise to the king, he yet tells Arthur to sleep secure, calls him a pretty child, and says—

"That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee."

Still the destiny of Arthur is cruel. He endeavours to escape from the castle of Northampton by leaping from its walls, when he cries—

"O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones ;
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !"



While we have been thus allowing Hubert to vindicate his own character, and witnessing young Arthur killing himself upon the stones, which were as relentless as his uncle's spirit, the tourist, we hope, has been allowing his eyes to wander at will over the exterior of the venerable castle of Angers, which is among the finest in Europe. It is surrounded by sixteen or seventeen huge towers, attaining to an elevation of about eighty feet above the walls, and imparting to it a most majestic and defiant air, even in these days of big, battering guns. It is separated from the town by a deep and broad moat; and has a massive gateway, defended by a frowning portcullis. It was begun by Philip Augustus, and finished by Louis IX.

A goodly number of the private houses of Angers bear evidence to the character of mediæval construction, possessing gable fronts, and rich carvings upon the posts, which form their principal supports. Slate enters largely into their composition, and, as the hue of this sort of material is not of the liveliest description, it greatly helps to impart to the town a somewhat sombre appearance. The cathedral is, of course, the principal ecclesiastical building; and as it occupies a high position, it is seen from all parts of the surrounding neighbourhood. The two towers which add to its prominence, are built so near to each other, that they have, in most positions, the appearance of only being like the two single gentlemen united in one. The spire looks light; but if to see elaborate workmanship is the desire of the tourist, he must descend to the body of the building. Here are to be seen statues representing sacred characters of almost every description—saints, apostles, angels, and the Saviour himself. There are, besides, some six or eight statues of the Dukes of Anjou, Angers having, in olden time, been the principal residence of these princes. The nave has no wings or aisles added to it. The nave itself is long, and seems to be lighted by richly-coloured glass windows—very old, and one of the chief ornaments in the structure. In this cathedral Margaret of Anjou was buried; but at the great Revolution her mausoleum was destroyed.

Angers has a museum, containing some works of art, mostly of the French school. It also has a bust of Napoleon I., by Canova, and a considerable number of casts made by the sculptor David, who was a native of Angers, and by whom they were presented to the town. There are collections of antiquated curiosities, such as the crosier of Robert d'Arbrissal, founder of the abbey of Fontevrault; the shoes of Jeanne de Laval, second wife of King René; and other things, interesting in so far as they disclose the state of the arts in certain matters. Quoting from the "Hand-book," it appears that "a curious discovery was made some years ago at the Prefecture—namely, that along the corridor, on the left hand, concealed by thick plaster, runs a colonnade of florid Norman architecture of very early date, and of curious and elaborate workmanship. The small round arches rest alternately on piers faced with pilasters, and in detached pillars, arranged in two rows, each five feet deep. All the pillars, cornices, and mouldings of the arches are most elaborate, sharply cut, very perfect, and not alike. The mouldings running round the

arches consist of bearded heads, monsters, animals, fish, &c. In the midst is a circular portal, the lower part of which is sunk rather below the surface of the ground, supported on cut columns of varied patterns, and surmounted by a series of rugged bands, cords, and foliage, each confined to one stone, and radiating from a common centre. Next to this is a double arch, ornamented with fresco paintings instead of sculpture, the subjects being, Herod on his Throne, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Temple of Jerusalem, the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi, who are seen, on horseback, approaching Bethlehem. The style of drawing bears a marked resemblance to the tapestry of Bayeux; the colours are very perfect. These arches formed part of an early church and convent of St. Aubin, of which the Prefecture occupies the site."

On quitting Angers, we may repeat the fact stated in our Introduction—that both the Earl of Chatham and the Duke of Wellington received in it some portions of their education.

While on our way to Nantes, it will not be uninteresting to recall some events connected with that town.* It may be in the reader's recollection, that the French affix to the name of Henry IV. the distinguished epithet of *le grand*; and, to be in keeping, call themselves *en masse la grande nation*; so that Henry must, in French estimation, be greater, if not the greatest, of the *great*. Be this as it may, however, Henry, notwithstanding his apostacy from Protestantism to Catholicism, was possessed of some great qualities, and, among them, according to our way of thinking, was his liberality to the Huguenots, as evinced in the Edict of Nantes. This edict continued in force for nearly ninety years, when it was revoked by Louis XIV. It was issued, in 1598, in favour of the Huguenots, by which the exercise of their religion, under some slight restrictions, was allowed, and by which, as in the case of the British Catholics by the Emancipation Act, they were admitted to places of honour and dignity in the government. This, however, did not satisfy them; for they found that, although, in *law*, the road to civil and political freedom was opened to them, in *practice* it was really closed against them. The act was allowed to continue in force throughout the long reign of Louis XIII., which terminated in 1643, when he was succeeded by Louis XIV.

Although the Huguenots were still permitted to practise their religion, it was under

* Nantes ranks as the sixth town in France in point of importance, and is a great centre both of commerce and consumption. Its principal industries are—ship-building, alimentary preserves, brought to a high state of excellence (principally vegetables, fruits, fish, especially sardines), sugar-refining, tanneries, chemical works, cotton and wool-spinning, chandlery, pottery, glass manufacture, soap and metallurgical establishments. It also fabricates many articles of luxury. Its population is estimated at about 150,000, and it is the capital of the department of the Loire Inférieure, which has a population of about 600,000. Nantes is about thirty-five English miles from the sea, situated at the junction of three rivers—the Loire, the Sèvre Nantaise, and the Erdre. The first is navigable nearly throughout the year, except in summers of exceptionable drought, and in winter, when it is frozen. The climate is of a moderate temperature, but somewhat damp, though generally healthy. Among the humbler classes, low diet, and the abuse of a white wine, in addition to the dampness, are apt to generate putrid fever.—Abridged from "Consular Report."

such circumstances as could not but make them feel that they were a persecuted people. They, however, had some defenders, and amongst them was Colbert, one of the most active and sagacious of ministers; but he died in 1683. Two years before this, extremely sharp measures had begun to be taken for the complete suppression of French Protestantism. In 1681, many places of worship were closed, and many Huguenots expelled from public offices, and, as far as possible, excluded from all situations of profit. Their very children were endeavoured to be brought under the influence of the Catholic church; and, even at so early an age as seven, were admitted as converts to that faith. This severity had induced families, especially in Poitou, Saintonge, and the neighbourhood, to quit the country, and seek a settlement in Protestant States. This is what the English did in the persecuting days of Charles I. Cromwell himself, it is said (though, we believe, erroneously), was preparing to emigrate in a ship lying in the Thames, that he might enjoy, in the wilds of America, the spirit of freedom denied him at home. In France, measures were taken to prevent this emigration. Such seamen and artizans as attempted to quit the country were sent to the galleys; and it was further enacted, that those who should sell their lands and houses with such a view, should have their property confiscated if they departed within a year. In 1685, bodies of dragoons were employed to force Catholicism down the throats of the Protestants; and these myrmidons exercised their mission with such cruel alacrity, that French writers, speaking of their conduct, frequently designate the scenes they produced, the “*Dragonnade*.” Every kind of oppression has a taint of blood in it; but the religious kind has a colour of the deepest crimson. Louvois was now minister, and he declared it to be the will of his majesty, that the utmost rigour should be visited upon those who would not adopt *his* religion; and when this was the will of the *grand monarque*, we can easily conceive the manner in which it would be executed. The Edict of Nantes was revoked—a great political blunder; and although the twelfth article of the act of revocation rehearsed, that the Huguenots, till it should please God to enlighten them, might continue to reside in the kingdom, pursue their commerce, and enjoy their property, without being subjected to molestation (provided they did not, in public, profess what they were, nor assemble under pretence of reading prayers, or performing any act of worship whatever), no notice was taken of it. The consequence was, that the persecution went on until 40,000 of the sufferers took refuge in England, where they were received with open arms, bringing with them new arts, which they were suffered to pursue in peace, to enrich themselves, and thereby enrich the country of their refuge. Louvois has the blame of the act of revocation; but, notwithstanding this error, he was a man of great talents, served Louis well for thirty-six years, then fell under his displeasure, and died suddenly. He founded the *Hôtel des Invalides*, in Paris.

Nantes, which has, from the above act, received a sort of historical immortality, was the scene of the *Noyades* of the Revolution—the invention of Carrier, one of the most atrocious of the many atrocious wretches which that upheaval of the French nation

produced. He was a deputy, from the department of Cantal, in the National Convention, and seems to have been imbued with the ferocity of the wolf in the destruction of human life. At Nantes, where the Loire is sufficiently deep, he caused covered barges to be constructed, and, placing within them a hundred individuals at a time, by means of opening a trap-door with a cord attached from the shore, devoted them to the deep. As many as 600 of these drownings took place in a day; and the waters of the Loire were so polluted with the dead, that they were prohibited from being drunk. Carrier also invented what were facetiously called republican marriages. These hymenial ceremonies consisted in tying men and women together by their necks, and then throwing them into the river. This was pleasant employment! The Loire came to be called *La Baignoire Nationale*, or the National Bathing-tub; and it is not difficult for imagination to paint to itself the appearance of these devils—could they have been men?—so lost to every sense of self-respect and humanity, as to be able to continue, as it were an innocent occupation, from day to day, by perpetrating such hideous assassinations. To Carrier, however, the day of retribution came. He suffered on the scaffold; and who sighed or wept at the sacrifice?

Whilst speaking of these things, Fouché comes to mind. He was a native of Nantes, and became Minister of Police, with the title of Duke of Otranto, under Napoleon I. He was of a different nature from Carrier, but he was both cruel and unscrupulous. He, too, was a member of the Convention; and when the republicans defeated the royalists at Toulon, he wrote to his friend and colleague, Collot d'Herbois, a letter, which must raise the risible faculties of every English reader who peruses it. Here it is; and we verily believe that not even a French tailor, run mad with pride, envy, and malice against a rival who cuts a neater coat than himself, was ever half so frantic as Fouché seems to have been on this occasion. The missive is dated from Toulon, in the second year of the republic. It says—

“The war is at an end, if we know how to avail ourselves of this memorable victory. Let us be terrible, that we may not be in danger of being weak or cruel. Let us destroy, in our wrath and at one blow, all rebels, conspirators, and traitors, to spare ourselves the anguish and tedious misery of punishing them as kings. Let us avenge ourselves as a people; let us strike like the thunder-bolt, and annihilate even the ashes of our enemies, that they may not pollute the soil of liberty. May the perfidious English be attacked in all directions! May the whole republic form but one volcano to overwhelm them with its devouring lava! May the infamous isle (Britain) which produced those monsters, whom humanity disowns, be engulfed in the depths of the ocean! Adieu, my friend! tears of joy gush from my eyes, and inundate my soul.”—FOUCHE.

After this, the gods would surely vouchsafe to extend some protecting ægis over the perfidious Britons, who, by the way, could very well afford to laugh at Monsieur Fouché, his *overwhelming* volcano, and its *burning* lava besides! How ridiculous do men, whether small or great, make themselves when they suffer their self-conceit to “exalt their souls,” as

Gambetta, of aerial-voyage-memory, from Paris towards Tours, called it about the close of the Franco-German war, when preparing the French for the proclamation of the treachery of Bazaine at Metz! The mind of Fouché was evidently much "exalted;" for such a piece of frantic bombast, perhaps, never saw the light, which ink gives to thought, before the above was written. The postscript appended to it was the following:—

"P.S.—We have only one way of celebrating the victory. This evening we send 213 rebels to meet death amidst the thunder of our guns."

This was a *joyful sort of celebration!* Yet was this wretch, this maniacal member of a "Committee of Public Safety," advising his friends that they should be "terrible" in order that they might be neither "weak nor cruel!" It might be some satisfaction to know the meaning which the word *cruelty* takes in the mind of a Frenchman, when he suffers himself to become excited by the heroic ideas of an uncontrollably "volcanic" temperament. Fouché, after witnessing many political changes, and passing through many stormy scenes personal to himself, died an exile at Trieste in 1820. It might, we think, give an ironical force to the Latin motto, "*Nam vitii nemo sine nascitur*," if it were written over his tomb—

"No man is born without faults;"

for *he had some!*

The traveller may now consider that he has seen the most interesting places on the Loire, and may return to the capital by Le Mans and Chartres, both of which are possessed of fine cathedrals. Indeed, the building at Chartres is one of the most splendid in Europe. The "Hand-book" says, it is "conspicuous far and near;" adding that its painted glass is scarcely equalled in France. Some of its carvings are like "point-lace in stone."

"The origin and splendour of this cathedral are owing to the circumstance that it was the earliest and chief church in France dedicated to the Virgin, and thus the object of vast pilgrimages. The sacred image, supposed to date from the time when this place was the centre of Druidic worship, as described by Cæsar, stood in the crypt. It was burnt, and the crypt sacked, in 1793. The church still contains the relic of the *Sacra Camisia* given by Charles le Chauve; and the celebrated black image of the 12th century, in the north aisle, after having been crowned with a *bonnet-rouge* during the Revolution, is now as much an object of adoration as ever. It will be worth while to ascend the tower—not for the panorama, which is only over a vast plain, but in order to have a near view of the painted glass inside the cathedral. A full account of every window will be found in the elaborate 'History of the Cathedral,' by the Abbé Bulteau, price 4½ francs."*

In a commercial point of view, Chartres is remarkable for having one of the largest corn-markets in France.

About six miles from Chartres is Bretigny, which gives its name to the treaty of peace, signed in 1360, between England and France, and noticed in our Introduction.

* The "Hand-book."

CHAPTER XX.

OPENING INTIMATION; DIFFERENCES OF CLIMATE; CLIMATIC DIVISIONS; TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL; TABULAR STATEMENT OF TAXATION, ETC.; STATISTICAL DIVISION OF TERRITORY; ARBITRARY DIVISION OF FRANCE; NORTH-WESTERN; NORTH-EASTERN; WESTERN; SOUTH-EASTERN; SOUTH-WESTERN; CENTRAL; STATISTICS OF POPULATION; ORLEANS; ITS CATHEDRAL; BOURGES; SIR W. SCOTT'S CHARACTER OF LOUIS XI.; JACQUES CŒUR; HIS MANSION; CATHEDRAL OF ST. ETIENNE; THE PUY, OR PIC DE DOME; CLERMONT; THE CRUSADES; EMINENT MEN; THIERS.

THERE is a French proverb, which those who may desire to employ their pen habitually, with a view to the public eye, would do well to keep constantly in mind. It is this—*Dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art d'écrire*—("In the art of interesting consists the art of writing.") By keeping this prominently in mind, many a paragraph of elaborate dulness may be prevented from seeing the light, and much time of the reader saved during the perusal of the book he may chance to have in his hands. We mention this as a sort of preparatory intimation that we are now about to enter upon a portion of our task which is, by most readers, not only usually considered uninteresting, but extremely dry. This, however, it is not in our power to help. We need not, however, be very long over it. We will therefore, as briefly as we can, adduce some tables and statistics with which it is necessary that the tourist should be acquainted, and which will be found to have a direct bearing upon the climate, the country, and the people of France. The tourist has not always either the opportunity or the time to get at this sort of knowledge readily; and it is on this account that we have taken the trouble to lay it before him in a form so comprehensive, that with very little labour to himself, he will be enabled soon to make it his own. The proper time to do this, we think, has arrived, as we are on the very eve of setting out for a long tour in the south, and other parts of this interesting country.

With the exception of Russia, there is no country in Europe possessing a climate so varied as France. While, in the north, we find a climate not very dissimilar to that of Britain, we have only to transport ourselves to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to discover that we have entered a country even more tropical in its aspects than many others situated much nearer the equator. Let us, for a moment, reflect upon the wide climatic difference which exists between the departments bordering on the frontiers of Luxemburg and Germany, and those at the base of the Pyrenees; between the wild and rugged districts of Bretagne and those of tropical Roussillon; between the mountains of the east, the centre, and the south, differing so remarkably in their geological character, the one being calcareous, the others volcanic and granitic. France, indeed, may be said to possess five climates, which may thus be designated and arranged:—

1. The North-eastern. 2. The North-western. 3. The South-western. 4. The South-eastern. 5. The Southern.

In defining this division, we will briefly exhibit each of the regions it may be supposed to embrace within its several boundaries.

1. The North-eastern climate embraces the region between the Rhine, the Côte d'Or, the source of the Saône, and a line drawn from Mezières to Auxerre.

2. The North-western climate is that which prevails throughout that portion of France comprised between the Channel, the Loire, the Saône, Mezières, Auxerre, and the Belgian frontier.

3. The South-western climate is that which prevails between the Loire, the Atlantic, and the Pyrenees.

4. The South-eastern is that between the valley of the Saône and the Rhone, from Dijon and Besançon to Viviers, and embraces a portion of the Alps.

5. The Southern or Mediterranean climate is met with within a triangle, of which Viviers, Marseilles, and Montpellier are the angles.

Discussing the characteristics of these climates, the first two may be pronounced somewhat cold; the North-eastern, being continental, is, like that of Germany, dry, the average temperature being about 49° Fahrenheit. The winters are severer than they are over the rest of France. The North-western, being a maritime climate, is something like that of England, wet and foggy. The average temperature is 51° Fahrenheit, and the difference between that of summer and winter is much less than it is in the preceding climate.

The next two climates, 3 and 4, are much more temperate than those of 1 and 2, but present, between themselves, similar differences, in consequence of their continental and maritime situations. Between summer and winter the difference is much greater in the South-eastern and the South-western districts, owing to the proximity of the ocean to the latter.

In the 5th, or Southern climate, the average temperature is 59° Fahrenheit. The summers are much hotter than in the other parts of France; and the winds, which in this district prevail, are both violent and injurious to the health of man, as well as to vegetation. These are—1. The “mistral,” or cold north-north-west wind. 2. The “sirocco,” or burning southern wind, coming straight from the African deserts. 3. The east, or Alpine wind, called the “bise.” Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the standard of health, in the south of France, is very good. The climate is, in general, highly enjoyable throughout the year; and many instances of healthy longevity are not wanting. The summers are warm, but not so excessive as to prevent the artisans and labourers from performing their several duties, whether within the shelter of walls, or in the open air; and the field-labourers are, therefore, enabled to carry on their work with little intermission. Among the places celebrated for being favourable to health and longevity in the south of France, is Montpellier; but why, we cannot say, as, although its sky is usually clear, its atmosphere is often filled with dust, which must be injurious to the lungs. The glare, too, from the chalky ground and white houses, unmodified by shade, is very hurtful to the eyes.

These may be accepted as the general characteristics of the climates of France; and the following table gives the average temperature and number of rainy days in her principal towns:—

Towns.	Fahrenheit. Average Temperature.	Number of Days.
Marseilles . . .	57	55
Bordeaux . . .	56	160
Toulouse . . .	55	118
Nantes . . .	54	122
Lyons . . .	52	(?)
Rouen . . .	52	121
Paris . . .	51	148
Bourges . . .	49	101
Lille . . .	48	169
Dunkirk . . .	48	126

The above shows that Marseilles has both the greatest heat and the smallest rainfall, whilst Lille has the largest rainfall, and Dunkirk the lowest temperature.

As this variety of climate in France has naturally a great influence on the question as to the health of the inhabitants, causing a marked difference in their habits and customs, their dwellings, food, and clothing, according to situation, we will now, for the sake of perspicuity, divide the country into six divisions, giving to each fourteen or fifteen departments. To these, again, we will assign from about 10,000,000 to 22,000,000 of acres of land each, and thereby embrace the whole of the continental territory of France.

To arrive at the difference in the amount of taxation paid per head by the people, a calculation of the comparative affluence of the separate divisions has been made in one of the latest consular reports; and the following table exhibits the results, arranged in their relative order, *since the war*.

Divisions.	Population.	Public Receipts.	Per Hectare.*	Per Head.
		France.	Fr. s.	Fr. s.
North-west . . .	10,018,119	689,670,882	85 0	74 0
North-east . . .	5,628,776	219,119,490	24 0	40 0
West . . .	6,574,916	214,630,889	23 50	33 50
South-east . . .	5,984,710	254,331,846	27 50	44 0
South-west . . .	4,803,740	157,456,905	17 90	31 25
The Centre . . .	4,282,385	105,842,208	12 50	25 0

* A hectare is equivalent to 2½ acres English; more correctly, 2·47 acres.

According to the statistical calculations made *before* the Franco-German war, the 50,000,000 hectares in France, subject to taxation, were thus divided :—

	Hectares.
Natural pastures	5,000,000
Vineyards	2,000,000
Gardens and orchards	2,000,000
Arable lands	25,000,000
Woods	8,000,000
Lands and artificial pastures	8,000,000
Total	50,000,000

The 2,000,000 hectares of gardens and orchards were thus classed :—

	Hectares.
Gardens and kitchen gardens	500,000
Chestnut groves	550,000
Olives	100,000
Mulberry	50,000
Apples and fruit gardens	200,000
Nursery gardens, osier beds, &c.	600,000
Total	2,000,000

The 25,000,000 of arable lands were thus distributed :—

	Hectares.
Wheat	6,500,000
Meslin and rye	2,500,000
Barley, maize, buckwheat	2,500,000
Oats	3,000,000
Roots	1,500,000
Artificial meadows	2,500,000
Vegetables	500,000
Industrial cultures, including flax, tobacco, colza, hemp, madder, &c.	500,000
Fallow lands	5,500,000
Total	25,000,000

These calculations as to the mode in which the territory is distributed, in reference to its produce, &c., will enable the reader, with comparatively little trouble to himself, to form a fair estimation of the character of the rural districts of the country at large. We will now proceed to give a partial analysis of the separate divisions, assigning to each its proportion of departments, with the aggregate amount of their population.

NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION.

This is the richest region of the whole six, and comprises the following departments :—

Nord.	Aisne.	Seine-et-Oise.	Calvados.	Manche.
Pas de Calais.	Oise.	Seine-et-Marne.	Eure.	Eure-et-Loire.
Somme.	Seine (containing Paris).	Seine Inférieure	Orne.	Loire.

The total amount of population in these fifteen departments, is 10,018,324, which is nearly one-fourth of the population of France, although it does not embrace more than one-sixth of its territory. In regard to wealth, its superiority is very striking, as, in one year, it pays into the exchequer upwards of £27,000,000. In the department of the Nord of this division are the coal mines of Anzin; and those which have been opened in the Pas de Calais, such as Lens, are already producing important results. The number of men employed in these mines is about 12,000, the majority of whom work under-ground. The first discovery of coal in the north was in the year 1720; but it was not till fourteen years later (1734) that the superior coal of Anzin was discovered.

NORTH-EASTERN DIVISION.

This division ranks second in point of agricultural wealth, and comprises the ancient provinces of Champagne, Burgundy Franche-Comté, and, till the close of the Franco-German war, Alsace and Lorraine. Previous to the annexation of the latter, it contained the fifteen departments as given in the following form; but now, a portion of the departments of Meurthe and Moselle must be deducted; also nearly the whole of the Haut Rhin and the Bas Rhin, which are incorporated with the German empire.

Ardennes.	Yonne.	Jura.	Haute Marne.	Vosges.
Aube.	Côte d'Or.	Haute Saône.	{ Moselle.	{ Haut Rhin.
Marne.	Doubs.	Meuse	{ Meurthe.	{ Bas Rhin.

The aggregate population of these fifteen departments, is 5,628,776. Speaking broadly, the difference in population and wealth between this region and the first, is 5,000,000 less in the one, and £9,000,000 in the other. Its physical character is also entirely different. Instead of extensive plains sloping gradually to the sea, it is composed of a mountainous mass, and intersected by valleys crossing each other. Its forests are abundant, but its towns are few, and the people have, by indefatigable industry, to make up for the poverty of their country. Accompanying this, however, there appears to exist a very general feeling of contentment, especially among the peasantry, who, from their situation, are much less exposed to the influence of political agitators than are those who form the populations of towns and cities. Their labour is constant, and is little broken in upon by entering into those vain contentions which the desire of sudden and violent changes in physical conditions too frequently generate.

Of this district, Champagne—Campania, the country of plains—is the least mountainous, yet the most unproductive. The portion of it which forms the department of Ardennes was formerly an immense forest, and, to this day, the soil is so arid, that all vegetation, and even animal life, do not attain to the usual proportions. In passing through this part of his tour, the traveller may recollect the philosophy of the exiled

duke, who, in Shakspeare's "As you like it," declares that, in Ardennes, custom makes his life more sweet than that of painted pomp.

"Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this, our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The only quadrupedal animals seen in this neighbourhood now are sheep, and, to pasture them, a hectare is assigned to each one. There are very few parts blessed with fertility. The foot of the Plateau de Langres, where the Marne, Saône, and Meuse have their sources; and the banks of the Seine, the Aube, the Aisne, the Meuse and the Marne, may be noticed as the richest in point of cultivation.

The rural organisation of Champagne seems to be peculiar, the want of water-supply having, apparently, been the cause of the inhabitants clustering together in villages, often widely apart from each other. It is possible that the necessity of mutual defence was the origin of this system; but it is clearly adverse to the interests of agriculture, since the cultivated lands situate at remote distances, are much less productive, and, consequently, of much less value, than are those nearer to the centres of population, on account of the difficulties in the way of transporting their produce. The ancient province of Burgundy comprises the four departments of Saône-et-Loire, Ain, Côte d'Or, and Yonne, and the two latter are as poor as the Champagne district. Wine, of course, forms the staple riches of the country.

Franche-Comté is more mountainous than either of the preceding provinces, half of it being composed of the range of the Jura, and in character almost entirely Alpine. Its primary products are cheese and butter. As to its people, they share, in common with the Swiss, many of their characteristics; passing their long winters in the practice of sedentary employments, and the summer in tending their flocks, in garnering their small harvests of corn, and in the making of cheese. Doubs and Haute Saône are also in this division. The latter is subject to inundations to such an extent, that it is calculated the inhabitants regularly lose one crop of hay out of three from the floods of the Saône.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Fourteen departments are assigned to this division; and though more thickly populated than the last, it is not so productive. The departments are—

Indre-et-Loire.
Mayenne.
Sarthe.
VOL. I.

Marne-et-Loire.
Ille-et-Vilaine.
Côtes du Nord.

Finisterre.
Morbihan.
Loire Inférieure.

Vendée.
Deux Sèvres.
Vienne.

Charente.
Charente Inférieure.

The aggregate population of this division is 6,574,610, and it yields to the annual revenue about £8,500,000. Previous to the Revolution of 1789, it ranked second in point of wealth; but, since that time, it has fallen to the third place. Its climate is so mild, that even winter can hardly be considered as such, from the tempering effects of the Atlantic Ocean and the general damp, which, combined, render it very favourable to vegetation. In the south the vine flourishes; whilst in the north, the plains, which have been recovered from the sea almost wholly by human labour, are extremely productive, and sell at the rate of £400 a hectare. In some parts it presents so much the appearance of careful cultivation, as to have obtained for it the distinguished title of the Garden of France. It is here that may be found the nearest approach to the "country gentleman" existing in France. A French writer says of it, "*Un gentilhomme compagnard du Yorkshire ne s'y trouverait pas sensiblement dépaycé.*" The furthest north part of the district comprises the ancient province of Brittany—the poorest, in appearance, of the whole; but, under his economical mode of living, the Breton peasant often conceals a very well-to-do existence, and not unfrequently possesses a tolerably heavy bag in one of the corners of his trunk. When the old coinage was altered, and the money called in throughout France, Brittany furnished the largest amount. In the Charente district, which is made prosperous by its trade in Cognac, the vines cover 200,000 hectares, yielding annually the sum of 75,000,000 francs. This is now the part of France, since the cession of the Rhine provinces, which is the most subdivided into parcels and plots of land.

SOUTH-EASTERN DIVISION.

Though more thinly populated than the western division, this is, nevertheless, the more productive of the two. Counting the island of Corsica as one, it may be said to comprise fifteen departments. These are—

Saône-et-Loire.	Loire.	Drôme.	Gard.	Bouches du Rhone.
Ain.	Isère.	Haute Alpes.	Hérault.	Var.
Rhone.	Ardèche.	Vaucluse.	Basses Alpes.	Corsica.

The aggregate amount of revenue collected from these departments is about £10,200,000, and the population is about 6,000,000.

In the central part of this division, the rivers Loire, Saône, and Rhone greatly assist in promoting intercourse, and thereby advancing civilisation among the inhabitants. In the more southern parts, in the mountainous regions of the Ardèche and Cevennes, the cultivation of the mulberry, for the rearing of the silkworm, is an important branch of industry, the climate being especially favourable to both the cultivation of the tree and the propagation of the insect. So favourable is the district to the growth of the mulberry, that a plantation of this tree alone has been estimated at the value of £1,600 per hectare. It is from here that Lyons is supplied with the material for its silk manufacture. It is,

however, liable to inundations, which some suppose is apt to generate disease among the silkworms. In Avignon, the cultivation of the olive and the madder has been introduced, and has assisted in increasing the wealth of the neighbourhood. In Hérault, the vine is even more extensively cultivated than it is in the districts of Gironde and Charente.

SOUTH-WESTERN DIVISION.

In the order of wealth, this division takes the rank of fifth, and contains these fourteen departments :—

Gironde.	Tarn-et-Garonne.	Haute Garonne.	Basses Pyrenées.	Aude.
Lot-et-Garonne.	Landes.	Tarn.	Hautes Pyrenées.	Pyrenées Orientales.
Lot.	Gers.	Avoyron.	Ariège.	

The aggregate amount of revenue raised in this division is about £6,300,000, and the population about 5,000,000. The part of it bordering on the Pyrenées is very mountainous, and, with the exception of its valleys, possesses no agricultural or industrial resources whatever. The district approaching the Mediterranean Sea is, in character and climate, the most tropical.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

This is not only the poorest, but the most thinly populated of all the divisions. It comprises only the following thirteen departments, which mostly contain a rural population :—

Loire-et-Cher.	Nièvre.	Haute Vienne.	Puy de Dôme.	Haute Loire.
Cher.	Allier.	Correze.	Cantal.	
Indre.	Creuse.	Dordogne.	Lozère.	

The aggregate amount of population in these departments is about 4,300,000, and the sum contributed to the revenue is about £4,250,000. The rural population comprises about four-fifths of the whole, and the industrial produce is very small; the taxation only amounting to a sixth part of that paid by the North-western district. It contains only fifty inhabitants to the 100 hectares. To find another region equal in poverty, it would be necessary to go to the centre of Spain. The nature of the soil alone is not sufficient to account for this extraordinary inequality; but its physical formation may. Being naturally of a considerable elevation, and possessing neither rich valleys nor large rivers, it has nothing, in reality, to compensate either for its aridity or inaccessibility. The department of Nièvre is sufficiently near to Paris to help to supply it with food. It accordingly sends there annually, for consumption, upwards of 10,000 head of cattle. Another part of this division, called Morvan, supplies the capital with firewood, which is carried, by small tributaries of the Yonne, into the Seine, and thence, with the stream, finds its way to its destination.

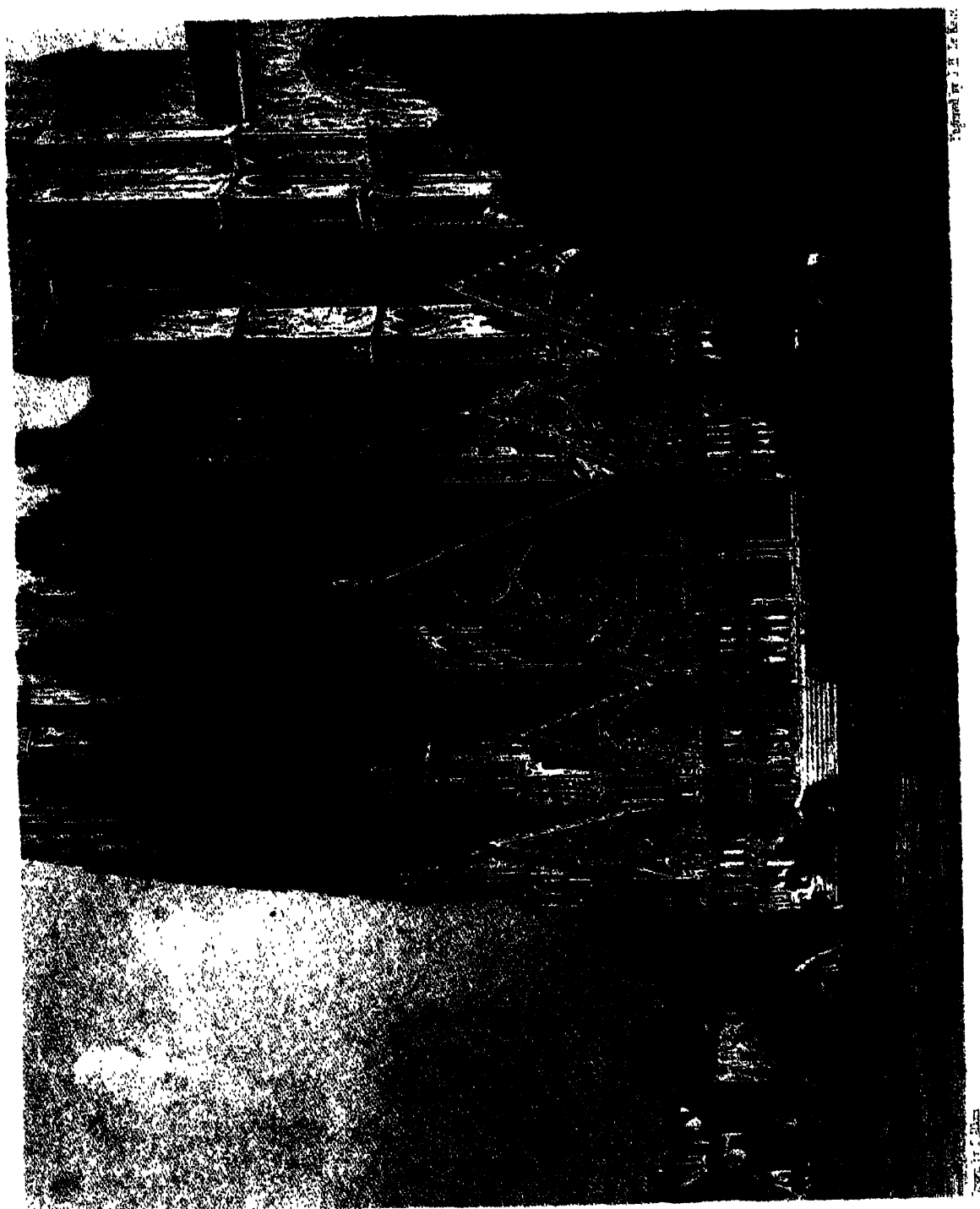
To be clear, we have thus, as comprehensively as our space will admit, given a natural and statistical view of France, without, we hope, encumbering it with unnecessary remark; but, in order not to leave it in a state of incompleteness, like some of the cathedrals, it is necessary to add two or three sentences to finish our work. Accordingly we may state, that there are 9,000,000 families in France, 1,000,000 of whom are in easy circumstances. Of the 8,000,000 constituting the industrial and working classes, 3,000,000 are inhabitants of towns: whereas the town population of England is computed at four-fifths of the whole, in France it is about two-fifths. The increase of population in France, within the last century and a-half, has been, comparatively, less than in any other State of Western Europe. In 1845, the annual increase was 200,000 on 30,000,000 inhabitants. Just before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, it had diminished to 130,000 on 38,000,000. If the present rate of increase of population in England and France were to continue for the next forty years, England should then have doubled her population, whilst France should have but 45,000,000 inhabitants. The moral causes of this we must leave for the treatment of other pens; but, in reference to the education of the French, we may say that it does not seem to be generally widely extended. Of the means of judging of this, we have only the military statistics; and by these, it appears that the number of conscripts unable to read amounts to thirty out of every 100 of the whole of the population. The degree of education, however, varies greatly in different parts of the country. In both the eastern and the northern it is much more general than it is in the southern parts.

Having thus, for some time, but, we hope, not altogether unprofitably, detained the reader from prosecuting his tour with us, we will once more set out to breathe the country air, and, mayhap, to gather

“ Daffodils divine,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets tiny,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Here we are at Orleans.

If there be any events which fix the recollections of the city of Orleans more firmly than others in the mind of the traveller, it is, perhaps, those connected with Jeanne Darc, who, in 1429, won immortal renown by compelling the English to raise the siege of this city. Even of her, however, there are few memorials now to be seen. There is a portrait of her in the Hôtel de la Marie—in one of the rooms of which, Francis II., husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, died—and a statue in the front of the same building. This piece of sculpture was executed by the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, and presented by him to the town. It is considered to be a good representation of the maid of



Figured by J. H. de K.

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Domremi, whose brief, eventful life is one of the most interesting episodes in history. Although these, with the abodes of celebrated characters, may enter into the list of the attractions of Orleans, the principal one is the cathedral, founded by Henry IV. in 1601.

This structure might be called a monarch's compensation to an offended pope. Henry, to secure possession of the throne, from a Protestant became a Catholic; and, to obtain absolution, agreed to establish certain religious houses in France: but as this was not quite convenient, Henry was permitted to substitute the restoration of the cathedral of Orleans, which, since 1567, had continued to be in a very ruinous condition. To raise the necessary funds, the sale of indulgences was resorted to, and, in the space of three months, the communion was administered to 500,000 persons; and no fewer than 10,000 masses were celebrated in the same period. This success enabled the cathedral to be begun, and, on the 18th of April, 1601, Henry, in person, laid the first stone. The building, however, rose slowly, many unforeseen obstacles preventing its rapid completion. As it stands, the local historians pronounce it one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in France. Its architecture is, with some exceptions, the style of the 13th and 14th centuries; but the south porch is pronounced "a classical abomination."

As the inhabitants of Orleans do not hold those who speak English in very good odour, the benevolent traveller whose vernacular is the language of that Bœotian-headed nation, will inflict the good Orleanois with his presence no longer than may be agreeable to the comfort of himself, and proceed to Bourges, the ancient capital of the province of Berry. From the central position and strategical importance of this city, it has been made one of the principal military arsenals of France; but the lover of the antique will not think so much of that as he will of the old-fashioned and quaint style of architecture which he will here find presented to his view. "Its streets may be divided into those of ancient houses, with gables facing outwards, many of them of timber; and of dead walls and *portes cochères* (carriage entrances), denoting the habitations of families in easy circumstances, in which class Bourges abounds." The city was formerly defended by sixty watch-towers, which are now no more, although ramparts, for the greater part converted into promenades, still encompass it. The house in which Charles VII. is said to have lived is in Paradise Street, and forms part of the Lyceum. At this period, three-fourths of his kingdom were in the hands of the English; but he subsequently became "the Victorious," and recovered all his possessions, with the exception of Calais. On the way from Orleans to Bourges, at the Mehun Station, near the river Yèvre, formerly stood the castle in which this same Charles passed a great portion of the early part of his reign in indolence, and where, at last, he voluntarily ended his days by starvation. This was a lamentable termination to the life of a brave king, who is said to have adopted it through fear of being poisoned (as we have before observed) by his son, Louis XI., in 1461. Of what strange hallucinations is the human mind susceptible! But there might be some show of reason for this weak or insane act of Charles; for Louis was a treacherous villain. "He was of a character," says

Sir Walter Scott, "so purely selfish—so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment—that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honour in its very source."

The jeweller of Charles VII. was a wealthy citizen, named Jacques Cœur, who, from being a successful merchant, and a great capitalist, became his finance minister. The house which is now the Hôtel de Ville was his private residence; but, with all his riches, it is very questionable if his life was such as to be envied. History teems with instances of the instability of the friendship of princes; and the conduct of Charles VII. to Jacques Cœur has some resemblance to that of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. Jacques had lent his sovereign 200,000 gold crowns, which Charles, no doubt, graciously accepted; but this did not save the unfortunate jeweller from being torn from his splendid mansion, thrown into prison, condemned to death, and having his property confiscated. For what crime this heavy penalty was inflicted, we have no means of knowing. The sentence of death was not carried out, but commuted to perpetual banishment; and this was the fate of the builder and possessor of the edifice now called the Hôtel de Ville, which was begun in 1443, and the walls of which alone cost 130,000 livres. When it was transferred to the municipal authorities, and converted to the purposes to which it is now applied, numerous alterations were made in its interior; but its exterior was preserved intact. As it was erected, so does it stand, in all its beauty and singularity, just as the taste, talents, and treasures of Jacques Cœur were enabled to design and construct it. He himself, by the assistance of a friend, whom he made such in humbler days, escaped from prison, and found a shelter in Rome, where, by his talents, he again rose to wealth, and died in respectability.

Leaving the house of the "Jeweller," we proceed to the highest part of the hill, upon which the town is built, and then find ourselves in the immediate presence of the cathedral of St. Etienne, one of the most superb edifices in France. Its west *façade* is extremely rich with sculptural beauty. It has no fewer than five portals, all deeply recessed, and ornamented with a richness and originality of chiselled designs as wonderfully varied as they are carefully executed. The centre portal is higher than the others, and "is decorated, above the carved-wood doors, with a bas-relief of admirable execution, representing the Last Judgment. In the centre is Christ seated amidst archangels, and the Virgin and St. John, on either side, on their knees; below, on his right, are the good, led to the gate of Paradise by St. Peter; on the left the wicked, seized by demons, and hurled into a fiery cauldron, which divers imps are exciting with the bellows." This is the ludicrous mingled with the sacred, the grand with the ridiculous. The sides of this porch are lined with figures of saints and patriarchs, &c., but neither the name of the sculptor nor the architect of the building is known. The other portals are also rich in sculpture, whilst the foliage between the mouldings can hardly be surpassed for the delicacy with which it has been



Diagram of S. 125

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Edward and the Day of the

manipulated. The whole is fine and effective, exciting wonder at the warmth of imagination which distinguished the artistic genius of the Middle Ages. The interior, though 405 feet long, is inferior, in this respect, to many of the French cathedrals; but being unbroken by transepts, it looks like one of the longest, as it is one of the most magnificent. Louis XI. was baptized in it, as he was born in Bourges.

See ye yon lofty mountain rising in a well-defined course, till, terminating in a peak, it seems to touch and mingle with the azure of the sky? That is the Puy, or Pic de Dôme, which, although apparently overhanging Clermont, is yet nearly five miles from it. This town is old, and celebrated, especially in the Middle Ages. Within its walls, in 1095, was held the ecclesiastical council, presided over by Pope Urban II., at the head of his cardinals—which lighted the torch of the crusades in Europe. "The place of meeting is supposed to have been an open space to the rear of the church of Notre Dame du Port;" and there is something sublime in the picture which the religious enthusiasm of the nobles, present on that occasion, suggests to the imagination. The scene which strikes us is briefly put forth in the Guide-book. "Here, from a throne raised in the midst, around which were grouped the tens of thousands of enthusiastic hearers, the pope pronounced that eloquent discourse which melted all to tears, and was followed by the universal shout of '*Dieu le volt!*' (*Dieu le vent*), when the cloaks of red cloth, worn by the noble bystanders, were torn into shreds, to form the badge of the cross, then first adopted and laid on the breast of all who took the vow." This is the scene which, we think, offers a fine subject for a large picture, or our own imagination deceives us.

The whole of this neighbourhood is replete with the beautiful and the grand in scenery, besides much of it being classically distinguished from its ground having been trodden by the legions of Cæsar. The plateau of Gergovia, about four miles from Clermont, is memorable for being the site of the principal city of the Averni—whence comes Auvergne—defended by the Gauls against Cæsar with great vigour. The view from its summit is very fine; but the Puy de Dôme, rising to the height of about 1,600 feet above the surrounding table-land, is the largest mass, and the most central, of the northern group of the volcanoes of Auvergne. It is 4,806 feet above the sea-level, and from its summit the eye "surveys the singular range of igneous mountains, craters, domes, lava currents (called *Cheirs* in the dialect of the country), and heaps of scorixæ, the produce of volcanoes, which, though extinct within the period of all human tradition, were once as active as Etna or Vesuvius, and converted the surrounding district into the Phlegrean fields of France. In many instances, the vast lava currents, flowing across the country for miles, may be traced up to the funnel-shaped craters which poured them forth. The fertile Limagne lies expanded to view, traversed by the winding Allier. On the south-west rises the central group of volcanoes of the Monts Dore: the remainder of the panorama is somewhat uninteresting over a monotonous country."

It was in the Puy de Dôme that Pascal, a native of Clermont, made his experiments to

determine the weight of the atmosphere. This philosopher was called, by Bayle, one of "the sublime spirits of the world;" whilst both Boileau and Voltaire have pronounced his "Provincial Letters" as the best productions in the French language. Besides Pascal, Clermont gave birth to General Desaix, the conqueror of Upper Egypt, and the sacrifice of the field of Marengo.

A journey across country takes us to Thiers, which is beautifully as well as romantically situated, almost overhanging as it does the channel of the Dore. The scenery is neither American, English, Irish, nor Scotch, although, saving the luxuriant vineyards, fertile meadows, and salubrious climate, there is more of the last in its aspect than any of the former. It looks best, however, at a *proper* distance, albeit its quiet woods, quiet streams, quiet rocks, plains, hills, and skies, are very beautiful. Not that it entirely lacks industrial pursuits, as may be guessed by the paper-mills, which the reader must imagine are at work in our illustration, by the margin of the stream, reflecting, with equal impartiality, both the shadow and the sunshine, as they may chance to fall upon its glassy bosom. The population of Thiers is about 16,000; and if it has nothing beautiful or attractive to show within itself, there are many fine walks around it. But, to enjoy these, time will not permit, as we must proceed to Lyons.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUTE FROM PARIS TO LYONS BY FONTAINEBLEAU; THE ISLE D'ARRE; LYONS; THE SILK MANUFACTURE; CONDITION OF THE WORKMEN; RELATION BETWEEN MASTERS AND MEN; LAW AS REGARDS FACTORY CHILDREN; NOTRE DAME; CHAPEL OF ST. LOUIS; COUTHON, THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMISSIONER; DECREE AGAINST LYONS; SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE; END OF COUTHON; ANTIQUITY OF LYONS.

IN going to Lyons from Paris, many would proceed by Fontainebleau, and, in that case, they would pass the heights of Surville, where, in the February of 1814, Napoleon I. defeated the allies—the last of his many victories. Onward we are whirled with a rapidity with which even the ideal rapidity of the mind of that emperor would not have found fault, until we arrive at Dijon, to which a couple of days must be devoted, if possible, to visit the celebrated vineyards in its neighbourhood. About a mile from the town commences the chain of hills which form the far-famed Côte d'Or, laid out in terraces covered with the vine up to and over its very summits. The colour of the soil is of a reddish-yellow, which, in all probability, suggested the name by which the district is known. In this direction, whenever an advantageous slope shows itself, it is entirely planted with vines; and the country is so thickly populated by those engaged in grape cultivation, that within the compass of twenty-six miles between Dijon and

Thurs. July de Lema.





St. Mary's Church, North St. St. Mary's, N.Y.

Beaume, there are said to be no fewer than forty or fifty villages. The vines are planted in trenches, at a distance of about two feet apart, and are trained on poles to the height of thirty or forty inches. Between sixty and seventy thousand acres, in the Côte d'Or, are laid out in vineyards: but other crops are intermixed with them, such as maize, clover, and potatoes, whilst almond, cherry, and walnut trees are scattered over the fields.

Leaving Dijon, in which there is nothing very remarkable to be seen, we pass several stations before we come to Châlons-sur-Saône, the *Cabillonum* of Cæsar, remarkable only for its dulness and antiquity. Two miles from it stands the abbey of St. Marcel, where, in 1142, Abelard died and was buried. His remains, however, were afterwards removed to Paraclete. Still onward we come to the ancient *Augustodunum*, modernised into Autun. Here are two beautiful Roman gates, an amphitheatre, and a cathedral, the spire of which is a masterpiece of Gothic. This was the see of Bishop Talleyrand, better known as the minister of Napoleon I. and Louis XVIII., and Prince of Benevento. It is the birth-place of General Changarnier and Marshal MacMahon, the hero of Magenta. We have now arrived at the second city of France. Before entering Lyons, the traveller will pass the Isle Barbe, linked to either bank by suspension bridges over the Saône. It is not seen from the rail; but our engraving may be regarded as a faithful representation, in so far as regards its appearance under the circumstances in which the view was taken.

Lyons, with its suburbs, has a population of about 400,000, is the principal seat of the silk manufacture, is a fortress of the first class, and the capital of the department of the Rhone. It is built on both banks of the Saône and Rhone; but the largest part occupies the small peninsula which runs between these two rivers, extending from the heights covered by the populous suburb of La Croix Rousse, the residence of the silk weavers, down nearly to the confluence of the rivers. Our illustration exactly represents this, and both strikingly and vividly portrays the original, with this difference—that *our* view carries the eye far away down the river, among verdant plains, undulating hills, and vine-clad slopes, until interrupted by the swelling summits, which, as they are often seen, seem to lean against the sunny skies in the remote distance. How fair is this city, bathing her feet in the transparent streams that seem to refresh whilst reflecting her lofty beauty! Yet how sad have been the scenes though which she has passed!

Lyons occupies a position at the junction of the Saône and the Rhone, and the first line of railway in France was constructed between it and St. Etienne. The river Rhone, however, is the great highway which carries the wealth of commerce far into the heart of the country, spreading intelligence and comfort in all directions, whilst, to a vast extent, promoting trade almost of every description. This city is said to contain about 300 silk manufactories, and about three-fifths of their production is for the foreign market. There are at work 70,000 looms, giving employment to 175,000 hands. The wages of the weaver, however, are not large. The latest report upon this subject says—“In 1860, the wages paid were at the rate of 80c. a metre (7½d. per 1½ yard). The

weaver can make a little more than four metres a day, working from 5 in the morning until 10 at night, which brought in 3fr. 50c. (2s. 9½d.); but of this sum 1fr. 75c. went to the owner of the loom, and 1fr. 75c. to the workman. Some are better paid; but the average is 1fr. 80c. per day (1s. 5¼d.)." This was written and issued in 1872, after the Franco-German war; and, from all accounts, the condition of the silk-weavers of Lyons has undergone little, if any change.

The immense majority of the workmen in Lyons occupy large houses of five or six storeys, built expressly for them. The rooms are made sufficiently lofty to take in a Jacquard loom, and are let separately. The largest part of the room is devoted to the looms, the numbers of which vary from two to six; whilst the remainder of the space, forming a kind of alcove, lighted sometimes by a window, is divided—thanks to the height of the room—into two divisions, one above the other. The upper part is reserved for the children and assistants; the lower half, for the owner of the looms, serves as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom. The staircases are large and airy. The healthiness of the modern lodgings, and the assistance of machinery in weaving, have had a marked effect on the health and physique of the population. There is very little dram-drinking amongst the workmen. They are fond of *cafés*, *chantants*, and music, and affect to dress like the *bourgeois* class. The spirit of false independence is a marked characteristic of the workmen. The sympathy which formerly existed between the owner of the loom and his assistants is no longer to be found. The latter are afraid of being treated as servants; although the salary is always equally divided between them and the owners of the loom.

In order to make clearer the relationship which exists between the manufacturer, the owner of the loom, and his workmen, we may here state the manner in which the silk manufacture is carried on at Lyons. There are no large buildings resonant with the noise of steam-engines and the eternal clatter of the looms. The manufacturer is to be found, with two or three men, in a small office, at a desk. His business consists in buying the raw silk, in having it woven elsewhere, and, when finished, in reselling it to the trade. When the manufacturer has bought the silk, and has had it milled and dyed, he gives the quantity of material necessary for the intended piece of work to a loom-owner. The latter takes it home, and has it placed on the loom by two women, who produce it. When the piece is finished, and brought to the employer, the loom-owner is paid for it so much per metre.

The loom-owner, who has received the silk from the manufacturer, has usually five or six men working for him in his room, who, in return for the use of the loom, pay half the proceeds of their labour. He is in no way superior to them; he wears the same dress, eats the same food, and, on Sunday, is to be found in the same cabaret. He has no authority over them, and they owe him no submission or obedience, except such as their mutual interests demand. They are paid by the metre, and there is, therefore, no difference made

between men and women. Apprentices are bound to give their master the value of four years' labour.

The French law for the protection of children is not so stringent as the law is in England. Children from eight to twelve years of age may work, in France, eight hours out of the twenty-four; that is, one and a-half hours longer than in England. There is also no effective system of supervision. The French law only applies to manufactories and establishments in which machinery moved by mechanical power is used, or in workshops containing more than twenty workmen. The Lyons workshops never hold more than six workmen; and the government has never used the power conferred on it by this law to extend the prohibition. It is, therefore, a dead letter as far as the silk manufacture is concerned.

On the heights of Fourvières stands the church of Notre Dame, occupying the site of the Roman Forum Vetus, erected by Trajan. Below it, and between it and the cathedral, is the hospital of L'Antiguaille, replacing the Roman palace, in which Claudius and Caligula were born. The cathedral stands on the right bank of the Saône, and has four towers, two flanking the west front, and two the transepts. The style is Gothic, and the greater portion of the age of St. Louis. The centre tower, opening into the cross, contains a beautiful rose window; and in a side aisle, on the floor, is the once noted clock made by Nicolas Lippens, of Basle, in 1508. "The Bourbon chapel, built by the Cardinal de Bourbon and his brother Pierre, son-in-law of Louis XI., is remarkable for its ornaments—chiefly flowers and foliage of the most delicate sculpture. Amongst them, the thistle, or *chardon*, is often introduced—a pun, or rebus, having reference to the *cher-don* which the king had made to Pierre in the gift of his daughter." Before the Revolution this cathedral enjoyed many privileges, the canons having the titular appellation of Counts of Lyons. In the service many ancient usages are still retained, among which may be noticed the use of yellow or native wax alone for the tapers, and the disallowance of all instrumental music. These, we presume, are to be regarded as honourable privileges, the nature of which will be estimated differently by different minds. For our own part, we consider the first as ridiculous, and the second as a penalty.

The "Hand-book" gives a considerable amount of information respecting this city, and recalls some of the sanguinary scenes through which it has passed. In connection with, perhaps, the most terrible of these, the building called the Hôtel de Ville stands prominent. In it the revolutionary tribunal sat—under Challier before the siege of Lyons, and, after it, under Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, and Fouché—and brought to death thousands of the people by the guillotine and the fusillade. This was about the period when Couthon wrote to the Convention in Paris that there were three classes of inhabitants in Lyons—"first, the guilty rich; next, the selfish rich; third, the ignorant workpeople, incapable of good or evil." Now, we may remark that, in periods of communal turbulence, when the scum is thrown to the top of the social cauldron, the *rich* are always guilty of something that

justifies the necessity of plundering them ; the *selfish* are always *bad*, because what they have earned by their own industry they naturally put some value upon, which is an indication of such *criminal selfishness*, that they should, in justice to the *rights of other men*, be deprived of it ; the *ignorant*, who are not formed to take a part in the shedding of innocent blood, are, therefore, incapable of either *good* or *evil*, and may as well be banished or destroyed, since they can be considered as nothing more than incumbrances upon God's earth, and consequently entirely useless in an *age of reason*. Such was the philosophy of Couthon and his compeers. Their conclusions were very easily arrived at. Why should they not be ? Was not this a time when the Goddess of Reason presided over the destinies of France ? She, therefore, it may be presumed, *did* all the *reasoning*, and they only the *guillotining*.

After this revolutionary commissioner had informed the Convention of the character of the classes of society in Lyons, he next, very naturally, proposed what should be done with them. He said that he considered it necessary to guillotine all the first, and destroy their houses ; to confiscate the whole of the fortunes of the others (the selfish class) for the good of the republic ; and to transport all the third class, and replace them by a republican colony. Atrocious as these suggestions were, they were actually received in the most favourable manner by the dominant party in Paris, who were overjoyed at the reduction of Lyons, and who now determined to take the most direful vengeance upon every person suspected of being, in the smallest degree, opposed to their proceedings. Accordingly, on the 12th of October, 1793, the following decree, presented by Barrère, was adopted by the Convention.

1. There shall be appointed by the National Convention, on the presentment of the Committee of Public Safety, an extraordinary commission, composed of five members, to cause the counter-revolutionists of Lyons to be punished by court-martial, and without delay.

2. All the inhabitants of Lyons shall be disarmed. Their arms shall be distributed immediately to the defenders of the republic. A portion shall be delivered to the patriots of Lyons, who have been oppressed by the rich and counter-revolutionists.

3. The town of Lyons shall be destroyed. All that was inhabited by the rich shall be demolished. Nothing shall remain but the poor man's house, the dwellings of patriots slaughtered or proscribed, the edifices especially employed in industry, and the monuments consecrated to humanity and public instruction.

4. The name of Lyons shall be erased from the list of the towns of the republic. The assemblage of houses preserved shall henceforth bear the name of *Commune Affranchie* (Freed-town).

5. There shall be erected on the ruins of Lyons a column, which shall attest to posterity the crimes and punishment of the royalists of that towh, with the inscription—
 “ *Lyons made war upon liberty ; Lyons is no more. The eighteenth day of the first month, the second year of the French republic, one and indivisible.* ”

6. The representatives of the people shall name immediately commissioners to make a catalogue of all the properties which have belonged to the rich and counter-revolutionists of Lyons, that the Convention may, without delay, ordain the means of execution of the decree of the 12th of July, 1793, which confiscates these goods for the indemnity of the patriots.

It appears that one of the fiercest instigators of these measures of vengeance, more violent than justifiable, was Collot d'Herbois, who was embittered against the inhabitants by a private pique. This man was by profession a comedian, and he had made his first appearance on the stage at Lyons, where he was hissed by the audience. This affront was never forgotten, and, during the siege of Lyons, he is said to have exclaimed, exultingly, that the Lyonnese should at last pay dear for their hisses. He therefore watched the proceedings of the military tribunal with eagerness, and soon became dissatisfied with men who, however violent the principles they expressed, attempted to preserve some show of law and justice. He wrote to the Jacobins of Paris to complain of this want of zeal; urged that some courageous Jacobin should be sent down to act with them, and accelerate the judgments, and avowed that there were not twenty patriots in Lyons. He declared that aristocrat was pictured in the countenances of its people. Accordingly, a column of the revolutionary army, with its company of cannoniers, selected for the sanguinary spirit of the men who composed it, was sent from Paris to Lyons, to carry into immediate effect the decrees of a new commissioner, who sent to death, with frightful precipitation, all who were denounced—men, women, and children. Their installation was signalled by the condemnation of more than 200 individuals; and as the guillotine was found to be too slow an instrument of destruction, the fusillade and cannon charged with grapeshot were substituted in its place. The populace of Lyons, now entirely out of employment, were, without much difficulty, persuaded to abandon their sympathy for the richer citizens, and about 60,000 are said to have been employed in destroying houses, an occupation which they found the more profitable because it gave them opportunities for plundering.

The above is one specimen of the many memorable records bequeathed by Frenchmen who flourished in the Age of Reason; and, in our opinion, it will not hold out such great temptations to future generations as to excite in them a desire to have it repeated in their own time. In the "Hand-book," it is said that "the total annihilation of Lyons, and of its chief buildings, public and private, which had escaped the 11,000 red-hot shot and the 27,000 shells hurled against it during a bombardment of several weeks, was decreed by the National Convention, in order to humble the pride of the Lyonnese. The demolition of the houses of the Place Bellecour was directed by Couthon, who, borne on a litter on account of illness, gave the signal by striking with a little hammer on the door of each condemned house, repeating the words, '*Je te condamne à être démolie au nom de la loi.*'" Here was a pretty occupation for this national commissioner, to have himself carried about the town in a litter, that he might condemn to demolition such houses as he chose, in the name of the

law. But as this was, in France, the Age of Reason, we suppose that it must take its place among the other *reasonable* acts of the National Convention. Nemesis, however, was near; and Couthon, with Robespierre, St. Just, and others like them, paid, in Paris, the penalty of their criminal revelry on the 29th of July (10th Thermidor), in 1794.

In an ancient city of the size of Lyons there is necessarily much to be seen; but after Paris, one is not apt to bestow much time in looking at palaces, hôtels, churches, and bridges: still, there are associations connected with some towns which, in spite of ourselves, force us to remain in them longer than we otherwise would. Thus, when we recollect that Lyons had an existence upwards of 500 years before the birth of Christ; that it was first founded by Greeks, and then, as Lugdunum, by Romans, nearly five centuries later; that both Augustus and Severus resided on the heights of Fourvières; that the central fountain of to-day, in the Garden of Plants, plays in the avenue of a Roman amphitheatre, built some eighteen centuries ago; that there are still traces of an immense aqueduct, constructed by the soldiers of Marc Antony when quartered here; and that some vestiges of Agrippa's four great roads, radiating hence to different parts, are still visible, we linger over such things with a feeling of tranquillity which never fails to bring pleasure with it when looking far into the past. The revolutionary and rebellious days which have filled with groans and cries the Lyons of modern times, however, afford little delight in the contemplation. Turning from them, then, with all their sanguinary scenes and suggestive reflections, the reader will do well to make an excursion into the country, where he will find a new pleasure awaiting him. The environs he will still find as described by Gray, of "Elegiac" celebrity, exhibiting hills "bedropped and bespeckled with country houses, gardens, and plantations of rich merchants and *bourgeois*."

CHAPTER XXII.

GRENOBLE; VIEW FROM THE BATTERY; NAPOLEON I.; HIS ESCAPE FROM ELBA; HIS VOYAGE; CONDUCT OF LABEDOYERE; THE GARRISON OF GRENOBLE; IT JOINS THE STANDARD OF NAPOLEON; THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE; A NIGHT IN THE MONASTERY; ORIGIN OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE; ITS RULE AGAINST THE "FAIR SEX."

A VISIT to Grenoble alone might hardly be considered as worth the time and trouble it would involve; but when taken in connection with the many picturesque scenes which characterise the valley of the Isère, and the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse, not only are we amply reimbursed for the time spent in the different excursions to these celebrated spots, but for the trouble and the coin besides. Approaching Grenoble by the vale of Grésivaudan, little is seen of it on account of an intervening precipitous mountain buttress, which pushes itself forward to the banks of the Isère, scarcely leaving space sufficient for an



View from the bridge.

ordinary road at its base. This inland Gibraltar has, within a recent period, been covered with fortifications, one rising above the other, to a height of some 900 feet above the river. It took ten years to complete these defences. Though formidable by nature, Grenoble has now been made far more so by art; but the scientific inventions and discoveries which are continually being made in the art of war, leave but little chance of successful resistance for an *inland* fortress, if a determined enemy, with all modern appliances at unlimited disposal, resolve to reduce it. Yet we are told that the position of the citadel gives it the command of both the valley of Isère and the vale of Drac, which could be swept by its guns. "The chief work is the crowning battery, to defend the place in the rear, where it is surmounted by the superior heights of the Mont Racher. It is called La Bastille, from an old feudal castle, a bit of which remains in the midst of modern works." For the sake of the view it is worth while ascending the hill, which enables us to overlook the entire town. We there see it at our feet, surrounded by ramparts, on a flat tongue of land, watered by canals, and bounded on one side by the Isère, and by the Drac on the other. The courses of both rivers may be traced from their junction upwards. The Isère's is very winding, its valley being also terminated by the snowy mass of Mont Blanc. In front stretches the road leading to Vizille, and towards the opening of the valley of the Romanche, bounded by a noble outline of extremely picturesque mountains. Having sufficiently enjoyed this prospect, we may observe, that one of the suburbs, called St. Laurent, occupies the site of the original Gaulish town, named Cularo in the letters of Plancus to Cicero. It was afterwards called Gratianopolis, after the Emperor Gratian, whence the designation of Grenoble.

Whilst surveying, from the fortress, the magnificent mountain scenery of this neighbourhood, the reader may recollect that he is, in some measure, on enchanted ground, in so far as it is connected with many of the foremost events which transpired on the escape of Napoleon I. from the island of Elba. It was on the 26th of February, 1815, that the emperor was at a ball which his sister, Pauline, gave in the island; and on retiring to his own apartments on that occasion, he took with him his generals, Drouet and Bertrand. When parting with these for the night, he said—"We depart to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night; let the commander of the brig *Inconstant* be ordered on board, to take the command of my flotilla, and to prepare everything for the embarkation of the troops; let my guards be embarked in the course of to-morrow; let no vessel whatever leave the port or the creeks till we are at sea; and, until that time, let no one, except yourselves, be acquainted with my intentions."

These orders were exactly obeyed, and at mid-day, on the 27th, 400 grenadiers of his guard were embarked on board the *Inconstant*; and he had, besides, embarked on board *L'Etoile*, and three small merchant vessels, which had been seized during the night, 200 infantry of the guard, 200 Corsican light infantry, and 100 Poles. All being ready, he himself was taken on board the *Inconstant* by the barge of that vessel, and the flotilla of five

vessels, with twenty-six guns, sailed without molestation. Elba—round which the allies ought always to have kept several vessels of war—had been entirely unwatched, except by an English brig, which was then on its way from Leghorn, bringing back Sir Neil Campbell; and the flotilla had no opposition to encounter. The captain of the *Inconstant* started with sealed orders, which he opened when two leagues from Porto-Ferraio, and found that he was to make for St. Juan, on the coast of Provence.

As soon as he had read the orders, the emperor being on deck, as well as most of the troops, Napoleon exclaimed to the latter—"Soldiers! we are going to France! we are going to Paris!" They shouted, in reply, with one voice—"To France! to France! *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*"

It is interesting to recall the preparations made by Napoleon, whilst voyaging from exile, once more, though briefly, to assume the imperial diadem of France. During this period, we are told that he employed himself in drawing up proclamations to the people and the army, which he promulgated as soon as he set foot on shore; numerous manuscript copies having been made by the soldiers and sailors who could write. In the first, he attributed the disastrous result of the campaign of 1814 to the defection of Augereau at Lyons, and of Marmont at Paris. Under the circumstances, he "consulted only the interests of the nation, and exiled himself upon a rock in the middle of the sea, as his life might be still useful to the people. He did not suffer the great number of citizens who wished to accompany him and share his fate, to do so, as he thought their presence at home would be useful to France; and only took a handful of brave men, necessary for a guard." He proceeded to show, that the prince who had succeeded him, and who was seated on the throne by the power of those armies which had ravaged the French territory, had "endeavoured to bolster himself up by the principle of feudal rights, by which he could only serve the honour and the interests of a few individuals—enemies of the people; and the internal tranquillity, and the estimation in which France was held abroad, would be lost for ever. In his exile he had heard the complaints of Frenchmen, who claimed the government of their choice;" and "he had crossed the seas amidst dangers of every description, and was come among them to resume his rights, which were identical with theirs. All that had been done, written, or said by individuals since the taking of Paris, he would be ignorant of for ever: it should have no influence whatever in the recollection he preserved of the important services they had rendered; for these were events of such a nature, that they were beyond the control of human organisation." The proclamation to the soldiers denied that they had been conquered; "but two men from their own ranks had betrayed their laurels, their country, and their sovereign, their benefactor." He asked whether they would suffer those whom they "had seen, during five-and-twenty years, overrunning all Europe, to raise up enemies against them, to inherit the fruit of their glorious labours, and seize upon their honours and estates, that they might culminate their glory?" In "his exile he had heard their voices; he was home again, through every

obstacle and every peril; their general, called to the throne by the voice of the people, and raised on their shields, was restored to them;" and he called upon them "to come and join him;" to "fling away those colours which the nation had proscribed, and which, for twenty-five years, had served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France; to hoist again the tricolour cockade, which they had worn in their glorious battles;" and "to range themselves under the standard of their chief, who existed only in their welfare; whose rights were only those of the people and theirs; whose interest, whose honour, and whose glory were identical with theirs." The first proclamation was signed by Napoleon alone; the second by him, and counter-signed by Bertrand, as "the grand marshal officiating as major-general of the grand army."

It is amusing to note some of the incidents described in these proclamations; but one of them is especially remarkable. Napoleon says that "he had crossed the seas amidst dangers of every description;" whereas history informs us that "the voyage was performed without any incident whatever."

Resuming the narrative of his daring undertaking, the flotilla, which, as in the case of Cæsar in the open boat in the Ionian Sea, carried him and his fortunes, entered the Gulf of Juan at 3 A.M. on the 1st of March. His little army disembarked with him at 5 P.M., and, having waited till the moon rose at 11 o'clock, and shed her light upon the scene, he put himself at the head of his troops, and proceeded into the interior. On the night of the 3rd, he slept at Bareme; on the 4th, at Digne; and, on the 5th, at Gap, where the proclamations were printed and distributed throughout Dauphiné, amongst the military and the people. On the 6th, the little band advanced on the road to Grenoble. The garrison at that place was commanded by General Marchand, who remained faithful to his trust. He had under his orders Colonel Labedoyère, "an officer of handsome figure and elegant manners; descended from a respectable family; young, enthusiastic, pleasing." Though he owed his appointment to the royalists, he was seduced from his allegiance by the fascinations of Hortense, and promised to lead a regiment he commanded, which was part of the garrison, to join Napoleon. Marchand received intelligence of the landing, and the near approach of the "exile from Elba;" and he sent a battalion of infantry towards Vizille to observe his movements. This battalion encountered the advanced guard of Napoleon, under Chambronne; and, instead of receiving the imperialists with open arms, seemed resolved to resist their advance. As Chambronne found he was outnumbered, he fell back three leagues, and sent an aide-de-camp to the emperor with the information. Napoleon immediately joined his general, and advanced to meet the detachment from Grenoble, which consisted of about 800 men. He first sent the *chef d'escadron*, Raoul, to inform these troops of his arrival; but that officer could not obtain a hearing. Dressed in his well-known grey surtout, the emperor then went himself to the spot where the men had bivouacked, being followed by his guard with their arms reversed. He preceded them till he got so near the troops that he could make his voice heard, when he exclaimed—

"Comrades, do you know me again?" "Yes, sire," was the immediate response. He rejoined—"Do you recognise me, my children? I am your emperor; fire on me." Uncovering his breast, he continued—"If you wish, fire on your father; here is my bosom." These words appeared to electrify the soldiery; they broke their ranks, and rushed towards him, with cries of, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The above piece of dramatic Napoleonism being a complete success, the tricoloured cockade immediately appeared on the breast of every man. The eagles, also, as if by magic, were restored to their standards; and the men who had been sent forth to arrest the progress of the emperor, now ranged themselves on his side. Labedoyère, who had assembled his regiment on the same day, set at defiance both the prefect and General Marchand, who had endeavoured to keep him to his duty, and marched his men out of the city. They were no sooner clear of the walls than he took an eagle from his pocket, and placed it on the standard. This done, a drum was brought forth, and its head broken in, when it was found filled with tricoloured cockades, which the soldiers stuck on their breasts or in their shakoes, and, in a tumult of enthusiasm, marched to meet Napoleon, who had now a column of 3,000 men, with which, about 10 p.m., he arrived at Grenoble. The rapidity and success of these events had filled the authorities with alarm. Accordingly, they ordered the gates to be closed and locked, and the troops to line the walls. These, however, had other thoughts. They made no resisting movement; but, on the contrary, welcomed with shouts the approach of Napoleon. They opened the gates, and admitted him. Troops and inhabitants alike gave him a joyful reception. He proceeded to an inn called the Cheval Blanc, kept by an old soldier of his guard; and, in a short time, all was quiet for the night.

At Grenoble Napoleon assumed the imperial power, and issued three decrees. The first declared that all the acts of government should, from that date, be in his name; the second ordered the enrolment of the National Guards of the five neighbouring departments; and the third entrusted to them the care of the fortress of Grenoble. He also published a proclamation to the inhabitants of Grenoble; in which—contrary to the tenor of that to the people of France, printed two days before at Gap, intimating that the government, forced upon the people by foreigners, had "endeavoured to bolster itself up by feudal rights"—he said "the Bourbons had accustomed the people to political rights; he was prepared to follow out the same system; in a word, to apply to the cause of the Revolution the results of a constitutional government." He had, he added, "been too fond of war; he would wage it no longer; he returned to restore its rights to the nation, and desired to be only its first citizen." The municipality did not wait for the appearance of this proclamation before they made their submission; the people also flocked round the hôtel where Napoleon had taken up his abode; and, on his appearing to review the troops of the garrison, who had hoisted the tricolour, he was received with shouts of—"A bas les Bourbons!" "*A bas les Ennemies du Peuple!*" "*Vive l'Empereur! et un Gouvernement de notre*





Photo taken from the ground level

choix." When he returned to his hôtel, "All is settled now," he exclaimed; "we are at Paris."

Whilst Napoleon is, in the rapidity of his own imaginary flights, already at Paris, we are, in ours, at the Grande Chartreuse, upwards of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This is high flying; but, as we have said, it is only an imaginative flight, before proceeding there by a tardier process of locomotion. Leaving Grenoble for Voiron, we pass the station of Voreppe; and between these two places we pass through a portion of the valley of Grésivaudan, one of the most lovely localities in France. Every traveller who has seen this valley, and has had the heroism to print and publish the sentiments with which it inspired him, has dwelt upon its charms with as much descriptive poetry as was in him. After satiating himself upon apples and chesnuts, he has usually lost himself among a profusion of forests and confusion of crags, cliffs, and sky-piercing peaks; but, without question, it is a beautiful valley, fashioned in a prodigal hour, and enclosed by an amphitheatre of grand, imposing mountains.

The road from Voiron to the Grande Chartreuse is sometimes beautiful, sometimes wild, and occasionally terrible. One of the passes especially presents us with the most wonderful combination of stupendous cliffs, fantastic peaks, sublime mountains, beautiful waterfalls, and yawning *abîmes* that ever the creative genius of Nature strongly exhibited to the enchanted yet bewildered eye of man. Mountains lost among clouds, and clouds lost among mountains. Terrors at every turn, and a feeling of awe, oppressive and undefinable; every object impressive by its might, grandeur, or magnificence. As a matter of course, the road is hilly all the way, and requires both lungs and limbs in the pedestrian who attacks it; and when he has arrived at the village of St. Laurent du Pont, he is 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. Here he will turn out of the road, and, hiring a char, a mule or a horse, and a guide, he will make the ascent to the convent in about three hours. Lest, however, he may never undertake a journey so fatiguing, we will introduce him to M. Saint Genest, a French gentleman, who thus relates his experience of a night passed in the monastery.

"It is nearly midnight. I am alone in my cell. I await the mysterious conductor, who led me hither, and who will return to call me to *matins*.

"I listen to every sound, endeavouring to discover their purport. During the first hour of my retirement the sounds of footsteps could be heard in the distance. I opened my door, and looked out. At the end of the cloisters, a figure in white appeared, carrying a lighted taper in its hands. It approached slowly towards one of the pillars, and then disappeared under the arcades.

"For some time afterwards other shadows continued to pass. I heard words spoken in a low tone, and occasionally the tolling of a bell. Then, little by little, all became hushed and quiet. Not a sound, not a breath; and yet I listen still.

"Is it really myself who am in this monastery? Can it be only to-day that I was

in the midst of the living? Is it possible that one day can contain so many things? What has happened is so absorbing, so extraordinary, that I can scarcely recall it to my mind.

"Yes, it is all true. This morning I was at Aix-les-Bains, in the midst of sunshine, of noise, and of gaiety. Children were playing around me. Suddenly some one said—

" 'What do you say to going to Chartreuse?'

"It was spoken in quite an idle manner, and it seemed to me that only an ordinary excursion was projected—a sort of pic-nic. Each one provided himself with something to eat, and off we started, amid much laughter and boisterous mirth. So long as you are in the valley all is well. The road undulates pleasantly through the vineyards which skirt the rocks, while the warm breath of the south gently lifts the green drapery on all sides; the route then descends into the plains of Dauphiné, discovering to your vision an extended horizon, all bathed in sunshine. It is not until you reach St. Laurent, at the foot of the Desert, as it is called, and obtain a glimpse of the entrance to the gorge, that you begin to see matters in their right light; at this point, somehow, your mirth becomes checked, and your gaiety disappears. On arriving at Guiers-Morts it is all over. It is some time since you left off laughing; now you cease to speak. All one can do is to look stolidly at the endless route, which seems to abut on chaos. The mountains defy you; they cross and interlace one another, leaving formidable boulders in the path, which bar your progress. Trees rise up into the clouds, torrents fall from the skies, and rocks advance towards you, as if they would say, 'You go no further.'

"At a turn in the road we unexpectedly come to a full stop. Two immense blocks of stone clasp hands and close up the horizon. The path, however, opens again, and three bridges help the road over a mass of rocks heaped upon one another. Whilst lost among these precipices, there is above you a magnificent sight, such as one can only dream of; prairies of emerald green suspended in the heavens; rocks of silver, with black pines reaching to the sky; gigantic ash-trees swaying over the precipices, their waving foliage floating in the atmosphere. It is a fantastic apparition, like a vision of childhood, when we were transported into unknown regions, and did battle with the genii of the enchanted forests. No one ever thinks of contemplating such marvels as these in reality.

"Suddenly the mountains disappear, the torrents vanish, and, in the midst of a defile, rise the turrets and walls of the monastery. There it stands, guarded by lofty sentinels of rock in a gloomy amphitheatre, the picture of desolation. There is not a village, not a house, not a cabin, not a soul—nothing, only La Chartreuse. No solitude can be compared to this one.

"On the summit of the St. Bernard, or the Simplon, the monasteries destined to succour travellers are upon the national roads. In the sandy desert, the most retired convents are situated upon the route of caravans. But here the road leads nowhere—only a desolate gorge, a deep solitude, a valley of the shadow of death. Seated on an eminence,

you can see the night descend gradually upon the landscape, the big shadows enveloping the rocks and the foliage; and when, at the sound of the bell, you have watched the last white robe descend from the mountain, you will acknowledge that the sight is one that will leave an indelible *souvenir* behind.

“It was after contemplating this scene that I arose and knocked at the door, through which so many others have passed as into a tomb: a monk conducted me to my cell, and left me without saying a word. Since then I have had time for reflection. There have been men, I call to mind, who in the morning have been surrounded by their family, in the midst of friends, in the full tide of life, in its motion and its noise, who have climbed this mountain, have sought out this desert, and have knocked at this same door, which has then closed upon them for ever. They have seated themselves, like myself, at this table; they have contemplated the walls of their cells, and have said, ‘Henceforth this will be my horizon.’ They have listened to the clank of the monastery bell, and the monotonous prayers, and have said, ‘In future we shall hear no other sounds but these.’ Look you! one can of course read all this in poetical works, and gaze upon such scenes at the theatre; but you must go into one of the cells, and pass the night there, to get an idea of what life in a monastery is like. To awaken here; to arise and breakfast alone, on food pushed through a grating like a prisoner’s; to cross the cloisters, and meet other shadows who greet you in silence; to go from the chapel to your cell, and from your cell to the chapel; and to do this for ever, for always, for a lifetime. Or rather it is life no longer, for there are no more periods, no more time. It is the beginning of eternity. You are on the threshold of the Infinite, and all nature seems as if it has only been created by God to afford these men a preliminary internal silence and eternal repose.

“To be eternally alone—the thought almost crushes me. To receive nothing from without; to nourish oneself on one’s own produce; to meditate, contemplate, and pray. To pray always for those who never pray; to pray for those who have destroyed your happiness, and have, perhaps, brought you here; to pray for those who have despoiled your monastery and outraged your spotless robe; to pray even for those who insult your hospitality. And to do all this, one thing only is necessary—faith. But how can it be obtained?

“A bell tolls—it is the hour of *matins*. A knock at my door. I open, and am conducted to a little pew reserved for travellers. At first the darkness is such that it is difficult enough to distinguish anything at all. The chapel is empty—there are no lighted tapers. Presently a door opens at the end, and the monks enter in procession, each bearing a dark lantern, whose oblique rays gloomily light up the chapel. They repair to their stalls, and service commences. It consists of a monotonous psalmody of an interminable nature, of which only a few murmurs are from time to time audible. I look at the tall white figures before me, and watch their immovable heads. What is the story of each? I wonder. What grief has led them hither? What have they suffered, and what do they

still suffer? I ask myself; and what has order and discipline done for these men? I speculate on all this, and the psalmody still continues.

“Presently they stand up and give voice to a kind of lamentation; then they stretch forth their arms, the lights are extinguished, and there is nothing but darkness and silence—not a human being is heard to draw breath. Afterwards the lights reappear, the psalmody recommences, and the monotonous service continues. * * * *

“When the glorious sun comes up and illumines the summits of the rocks, I spring to my feet, and cannot resist crying, ‘At last there is light!’

“With the return of light all things lose their fantastic appearance; with light comes back noise, and motion, and life. However solitary, however destitute a country may seem, the first beams of light always endow it with reality. I open my window and look out; alas! nothing here is like elsewhere. As the place appeared at night, so it appears by day. The sun has risen high, and brightens up the rocky defile, but the monastery remains cold and insensible. The warm rays may embrace the walls, shine upon the turrets, and smile on the rocks, but it can awaken no reciprocal feeling. There may be living beings, but you can neither see nor hear them. Only a waggon yoked with oxen crosses the prairie, followed by a monk, and a few beggars knock at the door of the monastery.

“But it is time to return. At the moment of departure we must needs reflect once more. At our feet lie France and Italy, full of human passions, hatred, and madness. Why go back into the world? Why assume again the burden of ambition, rivalry, and the harness of social conventionalities? To what purpose—since all of us must come to the end, and none can escape the fatal *denouement*. Others have been here before us, who were not bound to the earth by a single tie of affection; and others, again, who had not a single duty to fulfil. Why have they gone back to the world? Each one thus reflects for a while, and then begins to descend.

“At the foot of the desert we find a few huts; then comes a house or two, and then a village. With the motion and life around us, we find again the use of our tongues, and then a discussion commences. Quieted hitherto by the savage beauty of the country, and the majesty of the silence around, the cynics now begin to criticise the doings of the evening. ‘Of what good are the monks?’ they ask. ‘Why do they confine themselves up there, when there is so much to be done down here?’

“The town of Chambéry was *en fête* when we returned, with its flags, its shooting matches, and *orphéonists*. But although we had come back to the busy world again, we brought something of the solitude with us, for it seemed to us all as if we had ascended to the spot where the world ends.”

The Grande Chartreuse has been called the Escorial of Dauphiné, and stands at a height of 4,268 feet above the sea-level. It was founded in 1084 by St. Bruno—one of those superstitious maniacs who voluntarily resign the pleasures of the world for the penalties of the wilderness. He, with six friends, came to this mountain, and took up their abode in the



clefts of the rocks until they were enabled to build cells, in which they might be more secure from the danger of wild beasts, and pursue their singular devotions with less distraction. It is to be supposed that the order increased, for we are told that an avalanche swept away the cells, and *many* of their inhabitants. St. Bruno seems to have entertained a perfect horror of the fair sex, for he excluded them from his convent. The fifth prior, Guignes, was equally severe in this respect. He was the first to commit to writing the rules of the convent; and, we presume, the following one will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the quality of the happiness which must have been enjoyed by the originals of the Carthusian order:—“*Nous ne permettons jamais aux femmes d'entrer dans notre enceinte; car nous savons que ni le sage, ni le prophète, ni le juge ni l'hôte de Dieu, ni ses enfans, ni même le premier modèle sort de ses mains, n'ont pu échapper aux caresses ou aux tromperies des femmes. Qu'on se rappelle Salomon, David, Samson, Loth et ceux qui ont pris les femmes qu'ils avoient choisies, et Adam, lui-même; et qu'on sache bien que l'homme ne peut cacher du feu dans son sein sans que ses vêtemens soient embrasés ni marcher sur des charbons ardents sans se brûler la plante des pieds.*” After this, we presume, the reader will think he has been long enough at this Mansion of Misogynists, especially when he is further informed that females are still excluded from the convent, and that *silence* is one of the rules imposed upon the order. These are not temptations to delay our departure; we will, therefore, to be in keeping with the scene, bid the Grande Chartreuse a solemn and silent adieu.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. BRUNO; DEAN ALFORD'S DESCRIPTION; A SCOTCH SOLITAIRE; HIS MODE OF LIVING AND DRESSING; EVE IN THE “PARADISE LOST;” VALENCE; NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA; ROCHEMAURE; AVIGNON; PETRARCH AND LAURA; EPITAPH BY FRANCIS I.; CASTLE AND FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE; PETRARCH'S MODE OF LIFE AT VAUCLUSE.

“**S**ING, oh! ye virgins, the beauties of Thessalian Tempe, and the wandering isle of Delos; celebrate, oh! ye youths, the charms of that goddess, who delights in flowing rivers, and in the shades of trees; who lives on the mountains of Algidus, among the impenetrable woods of Erymanthus, and in the green and fertile Cragus.” So Horace sings, and so he might have sung with greater joy, had he found himself once more among the haunts of men after a day and a night in the Grande Chartreuse! Gray, in his letters, says, “There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief without the help of other arguments. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a place for his retirement.” Of this we, also, are well persuaded; but a genius of what sort? That is the question—

“Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,”

or to retire to a mountain, and, in comparative solitude and silence, "end them?" *That* is the question; and every one will answer it according to his or her natural temperament and philosophy; but, for our own part, we prefer a fight with "outrageous Fortune," confident that we should lick her in the end, as we have frequently done before; for we have never found her *game*, when "outrageous," to be very enduring. Yet is there something singularly fascinating in wandering alone among the solitudes of mountains. We have often felt this; as Wordsworth expresses it—

"The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, have been to me
 An appetite."

The intensity of the feeling here expressed we perfectly understand, for we have frequently experienced it in all its force, not for weeks or months, but at long intervals, during years of a solitary, wandering life.

In the introductory sketch to "Dauphiné," in the "Hand-book," its writer says, that "the Grande Chartreuse is rarely visited by the English since Gray and Horace Walpole drew attention to it, yet the approach to it is by a gorge as fine as any in the Alps." Notwithstanding this statement, however, there are many Englishmen who are not so entirely wedded—Heaven forbid that they all should be!—to the indolent pleasures begotten of, and cherished by, roast beef, a glass of ale, and a quiet pipe, as not even to dare the summit of the Grande Chartreuse. Among these, Dean Alford is one; and as we have given the experience of a Frenchman in the convent, we will here give his experience, as it is short, and, besides, as he speaks of the Mont Cenis railway.

"At St. Laurent we turned up the gorge to the convent. It is exceedingly fine and very narrow, and almost choke-full of large trees, with enormous walls of bright limestone rock. There are several fine points of view. The Grande Chartreuse is an immense pile of 17th-century buildings, looking, as one approaches, like a wilderness of dark slate roofs and bell-turrets. When we arrived we were separated, C. being consigned to the care of some sisters. We were taken to see the whole building by one of the fathers. There are a series of very long cloisters, one of them ancient and Gothic, the rest modern; then we re-joined C. outside, and went up, with a party and a guide, to the chapel and fountain of St. Bruno—a steep climb of about a thousand feet above the convent; then we returned to dinner. There were, that day, sixty or seventy guests. The dinner was funny. First, some soup, simply sago and water, just coloured with milk, like a 'forgotten pudding' of the worst kind; then an omelette; then a very rich, muddy carp, and a *petit verre* of the celebrated Grande Chartreuse liquor, as strong as brandy. Strange that men who never eat nor allow meat should manufacture this potent spirit! Then a starlight ramble with B. and C. My bedroom is a small, square, whitewashed room, ill-plastered; loose, red-brick floor;

bed, table, crucifix, altar (which was also a cupboard), and a small saucer to wash in. I got up to the midnight office, anxious to see the fathers come in with their lanterns. The howling was awful. There is a fine 13th-century cloister here, and a library, which looked to me in too good order for much use. I got a sketch in the morning. The Mont Cenis railway is most wonderful; up and down the most rapid steep, and round the most rapid curves and corners, the little engine pants its way most vigorously, and soon comes to numbers of tunnels and arches, giving one no idea of danger, but all of admiration of the genius that could accomplish such a thing."

However singular it may to many minds appear, yet it is, nevertheless, true, that to those who have been much accustomed to mountain solitudes, the pleasures of society hold out little temptation to desert them. The author of the "Philosophy of Nature, or the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart," gives a remarkable instance of a *solitaire* who lived such a life in Scotland; and as we are on our way to Valence, the tedium of the journey may be relieved by relating it.

The name of this solitary was Angus Roy Fletcher, and he resided on a farm at Glenorchy. What he lived upon was principally what he caught by fishing and hunting. His dog was his sole attendant, and his gun and dirk his only companions. His abode was in the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains which separate the country of Glenorchy from that of Rannoch. Here was his hut, and here he passed spring, summer, autumn, and winter. He had a few goats which cropped their provender among the cliffs. These constituted all his riches, and he desired no more. While his goats wandered around his abode, he ranged the hills in quest of game, or fished the streams and mountain lochs. In the evening he returned, and was usually met by his goats, testifying their joy at seeing him. He then milked them; and after partaking of such a meal as he was enabled to prepare with his own hands, he laid himself down to rest with his dog, among his goats. He had no desire whatever for the company of man or woman; but if by accident a stranger happened to come to his hut, he was open and charitable, even to his last morsel. What he had he cheerfully parted with, and trusted to Providence for himself. When winter came with such severity as to force him to quit the mountains and descend to a distant village, he approached "the haunts of men" with great reluctance; and to relieve himself from intercourse with society, as far as he could, he left the village every morning before break of day in search of game, and did not return till night, when he endeavoured to get to bed without seeing or speaking to any one.

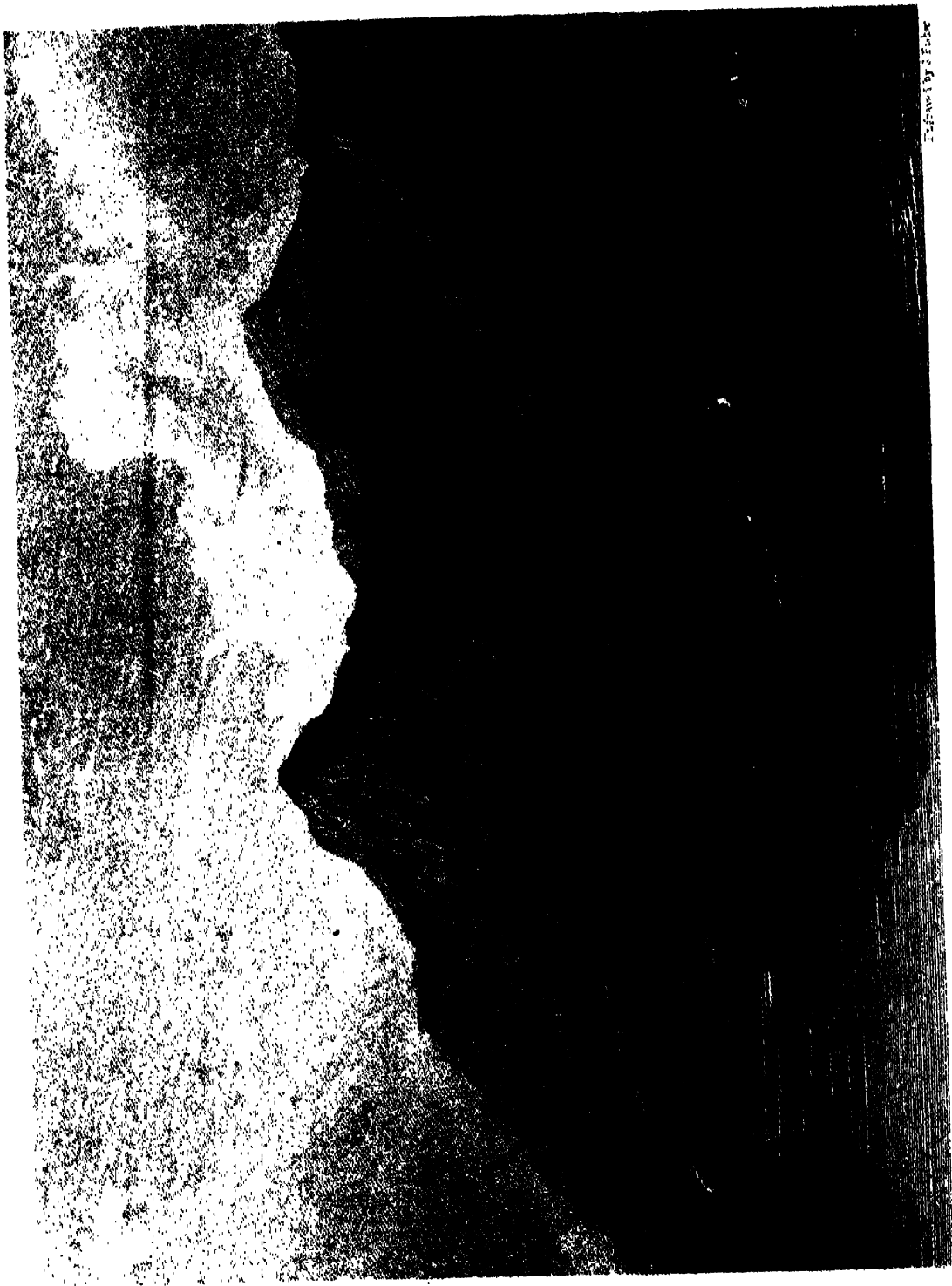
Now, to the inhabitants of cities especially, the mode of life pursued by this solitary Scotchman must seem very strange; yet the writer was pretty intimately acquainted with one of the sons of a most respectable family, who, as far as city circumstances would allow, might have been considered the very counterpart of this Fletcher. What seems to us, however, the strangest part in the conduct of the *solitaire* of Glenorchy, was the fact of his dressing himself after the manner of the most finished coxcomb. He had his bonnet, belt,

and dirk to fit him exactly, and with a wild, though affected elegance ; his hair, which was naturally thick, was tied up with a variegated silken cord ; his gait was noble and stately ; his look lofty ; and his spirit haughty to a degree. Indeed, so much was this the case, that, had he been starving with want, he would not have stooped to ask for a morsel of food. Yet was he himself, as my own friend was, kind, charitable, and humane, both in sentiment and conduct. But, whatever may be the charms of such a life, it must be pronounced unnatural ; and these monks of the Chartreuse seem to us to forget that they themselves are the very maternal offspring of the creatures whom they shun, and whom they shut out from their presence and association. Were their example largely followed, the human race must, sooner or later, become extinct ; but there is, happily, little fear of a catastrophe of this kind ever taking place, so long as similar sentiments towards each other animate alike the bosoms of both the NOBLEST and the most BEAUTIFUL of the Creator's works. How matchlessly fine is this triumph of social feeling painted in one of the most exquisite passages of the "Paradise Lost ;" and distinguished as much for the luxuriance of its imagery as for its lingual beauty. Eve thus addresses Adam :—

" With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these, the gems of heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by noon ;
 Nor glistening star-light, *without thee, is sweet.*"—Book IV.

We think, however, that an occasional retirement from the world is favourable to the development of serious, if not of religious thought. When Numa desired to digest his civil and criminal code of jurisprudence, he retired to the deepest recesses of Etruria ; and when Mohammed conceived his scheme of enslaving the minds as well as the bodies of men, he sought the solitude and silence of Mount Hara. But here we are at Valence, capital of the department of Drôme.

This town will not detain the tourist, as there is very little to be seen in it to claim especial attention. The cathedral is a Romanesque building, containing a monument to the memory of Pope Pius VI., who, in 1799, died here, after having been carried away by the French a prisoner from the Vatican at Rome. His remains were afterwards removed to



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St. Peter's, where they found the repose which, when perfect and animated by his spirit, they did not find on earth. In the "Grande Rue," a house is shown in which Napoleon I. resided when a sub-lieutenant of artillery, studying for his great future. These, however, are circumstances hardly worth recording; and yet they have an interest to some minds, and may help to fill up an hour agreeably, should the traveller stop at Valence. To ourselves, the humble residence of Napoleon here recalled some of the vicissitudes of fortune which marked the turbulent career of his extraordinary fate. Among these, we recollected that, however humble his pay might have been here, his detention as a prisoner at St. Helena, for six years, cost Great Britain two millions sterling. This was a change, we should almost be tempted to say, to prosperity, compared to what he received by his sub-lieutenancy in Valence. Referring to the period when complaints were addressed to the British parliament, relative to his treatment at St. Helena, Lord Bathurst, in his official statement to the House of Lords, said—"Bonaparte's steward is in receipt of £1,000 monthly for the expenses of the ex-emperor and his household. It is the same sum as allowed to the governor of the island. Every fortnight, eighty-four bottles of ordinary wine are supplied for his majesty's table, with 266 bottles of strong wine—namely, seven of Constantia, fourteen of Champagne, twenty-one of Crane, eighty-four of Teneriffe, and 140 of Bordeaux. His household consists of nine persons, besides children. Every fortnight, forty-two bottles of porter are allowed."

Such was Lord Bathurst's statement; and, considering the number of the household, we think the allowance was ample. Nay, it is marvellous how such a quantity of strong drink could have been, by so few, consumed in a fortnight. Napoleon himself was, in his own personal habits, very abstinent. Had he not been so, we should have thought that the disease of which he died had been both generated and aggravated by these drinks; for most of the medical faculty are agreed upon the fact, that scirrhus, leading to cancer in the stomach (of which he died), is frequently the consequence of an undue indulgence in strong potations. Mrs. Abett, however, tells us, in her "Recollections of Napoleon," that he had no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. "He lived," she says, "very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour, Cipriani, the *maitre-d'hôtel*, made his appearance, and, with a profound reverence, said, in a solemn tone, '*Le dîner de votre Majesté est servi.*' He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon, and those of his suite who were to dine with him. When he had finished, he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over. A few days after his arrival (at St. Helena), he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for *rosbeef* and plum-pudding. I accused the French, in return, of living on frogs; and, running into the house, I brought him a caricature of a long, lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat; underneath was written, 'A Frenchman's dinner!' He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear, as he

often did when he was amused, and, sometimes, when a little provoked at my *espièglerie*."

At St. Peray, about a couple of miles from Valence, the finest wines of the Rhone are produced.

Proceeding to Avignon, should time permit, an afternoon spent at Montelimar, and in its neighbourhood, will not be regretted. From the citadel of this town a magnificent view is obtained; and, at about a mile and a-half from it, on the opposite side of the Rhone, is Rochemaure, a small village, noted for the feudal castle which overlooks it. This fortress is now in a state of ruin; but its former extent may easily be traced by its remains. The highest tower stands on an inaccessible pinnacle of basalt, rising to a great height, and almost flinging its shadows on the blue waters of the Rhone, as they wind in beauty to the Mediterranean. The village of Rochemaure itself is an object of no little interest, standing, as it does, on the bank of the river, reposing, as it were, under the protection of the *château* in which its fierce rulers resided. Referring to our "Guide," we are told that here "we behold the last root or limb of the Coiron chain of hills, which, after traversing the whole of the Ardèche, terminates on the margin of the Rhone." With this intimation, we may appropriately terminate both our visit and description, and continue our journey to Avignon.

On our way to this notable city, we pass several places of interest; but the speed at which we travel, affords little opportunity to consider the objects for which they may have obtained celebrity. Among these is Orange, which possesses some grand Roman remains; the principal being a triumphal arch, of unascertained antiquity, a theatre, and a hippodrome. A few miles from this town is Roquemaure, where it is said Hannibal passed the Rhone, with his army and elephants, on his way to cross the Alps by the Little St. Bernard. But yonder are the spires of Avignon, and the towers of its papal palace, defended by its mediæval walls from the ravages of war, if not from those of time.

In the brief descriptions given in our Introduction, we spoke of this ancient city, but not to the extent which it deserves, seeing that it was a residence of the popes for nearly three-quarters of the 14th century. All that is worth seeing in it may be accomplished within the compass of a few hours without much fatigue, although we know of no exercise so exhausting as sight-seeing, if much has to be achieved in a little time. To those who delight in the events of which history is the record, the palace will eclipse every other object to be seen in Avignon: but those who feel the softer charms of poetical remembrances, will experience a deeper interest in visiting the spot pointed out as the tomb of Laura. The lady-love of Petrarch was buried in the church of the Cordeliers; but the stone which marked the spot where her ashes lay, was swept away in 1791. Petrarch courted this lady in vain, and when she died, he thus recorded the circumstance in his copy of Virgil:—"It was in the early days of my youth that Laura,

distinguished by her virtues, and celebrated in my verses, first blessed my eyes in the church of Santa Clara, at Avignon; and it was in the same month of April, at the same time in the morning of the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from our sight, whilst I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity." The tender and melodious sonnets of Petrarch have embalmed, in an immortal shrine, both his and Laura's name. The following is the epitaph which Francis I. composed at her tomb.

"You here behold, reduced to narrow space,
Her whose renown defies both time and place.
In eloquence her lover all surpass'd;
His works to late posterity will last.
O gentle shade! of virtues rare possess'd;
Silence profound will ever praise thee best;
Words are but wind, and little sense impart,
When the grand theme transcends the speaker's art."

Perhaps the reader will agree with us, that this epitaph by a French monarch, if remarkable for anything, is so for its nonsense rather than its poetry. However, as kings in general are very inattentive worshippers of the Muses, rarely even showing them common courtesy, we must accept it as well meant, however short it may have fallen of its aim.

The palace is rich in historical associations: within its walls Petrarch sung in freedom; and in its dungeons Rienzi, the Roman tribune, mourned a prisoner. Its battlemented walls and towers, for several years, defied the assaults of a French army, under Marshal Boucicault, who besieged within them the anti-pope, Benedict XIII., who was forced to escape from it by a postern. For many years this abode of princes had been converted into a barrack, but is again being restored to an episcopal residence. It is of vast size, and, in its style of construction, unites the feudal castle with the monastery. Its walls have a height of 100 feet, and some of its towers 150 feet. This gives it a formidable appearance, and carries the mind back to the Middle Ages of perpetual danger, strife, and bloodshed. Higher up the river, on the right bank, stands Villeneuve les Avignon, an ancient town, formed by former kings of France into a sort of border fortress—a sort of Berwick-on-Tweed on the frontier of Languedoc. It contains several objects of interest. "The ruins of the Gothic church of La Chartreuse, and the tall tower which formed the *tête-du-pont* of the broken-down bridge of St. Benazet, built in the time of Philippe le Bel—a magnificent specimen of the masonry of the period—merits notice. The Fort St. André, on an elevated platform above the town, is a nearly unaltered citadel of feudal times, entered between two great drum towers."

Before the Revolution, Avignon contained sixty churches, of which there are now only eighteen; eight chapters, thirty-five convents of both sexes, ten hospitals, seven confraternities of penitents, three seminaries, a university; and one-third of its population was dedicated to the church. It possessed between two and three hundred towers and

spires, apparently well supplied with bells, as Rabelais designated the city "*La Ville Sonnante*." At the Revolution, however, the atrocities perpetrated in this city were terrible; but here they need not be recalled.

The writer of the "Hand-book" says that it is incumbent upon all travellers to perform a journey of sentiment to Vacluse, not only on account of Petrarch and Laura, but because of the scenery with which his excursion will regale him. We say so too; for, according to Lord Woodhouslee, Laura lived and died *unmarried*. His lordship's arguments appear to us to prove this. He says—"Petrarch composed 318 sonnets; fifty-nine canzoni, or songs, and six trionfi; a large volume of poetry, entirely on the subject of his passion for Laura; not to mention a variety of passages in his prose works, where that favourite topic is occasionally treated, and even discussed, at very great length. In the whole of these works, there is not to be found a *single passage* which intimates that Laura was a married woman. Is it to be conceived that the poet who has exhausted language itself in saying everything possible of his mistress—who mentions not only her looks, her dress, her gestures, her conversations, but her companions, her favourite walks, and her domestic occupations—would have omitted such capital facts as her being married, and the mother of many children; married, too, as the author of the memoirs asserts ('Memoirs of Petrarch,' by De Sade), to a man who was jealous of her, and who used her with harshness and unkindness on Petrarch's account?" We think with Lord Woodhouslee; unless Petrarch believed that the world would have *laughed at his folly* for cultivating a passion which, the circumstances considered, could never be honourably returned.

Having settled this point to our own personal satisfaction, we shall, for the benefit of the distant reader, quote from the "Hand-book" the appearance of the valley of Vacluse, to which the genius of Petrarch has imparted renown. It is "a complete *cul de sac*," says Petrarch himself; "a semicircular excavation in the side of a mountain, which seems to have been split from top to bottom, so as to disclose the secret storehouse of water within it, whence the sparkling Sorgue derives its supplies. All around rise walls of yellow rock from 500 to 600 feet high, intermixed with bristling pyramids, arid and destitute of verdure. The sides and bottom are strewn with broken fragments of stone, which, where the Sorgue rolls over them, are covered with a luxuriant mantle of green moss. On a ledge, half-way up to the right, is perched a ruined castle, which belonged to the Bishops of Cavaillon, one of whom, Cardinal de Cabassol, was Petrarch's friend." So far, so good; but the romance of this ruin is effectually stripped of, at least, half its glory, when we are told that it never belonged either to Petrarch or to Laura; nevertheless, he lived not far from it, between the village and it, and, therefore, is likely to have frequently been a visitor there, and to have passed many of his hours within its walls.

At the extremity of the excavation is the cavern, wherein the fountain of Vacluse may be seen taking its share in the fame of the castle. Petrarch's gardens, of course, are some-



View from the beach looking up the coast.



where in the neighbourhood; but *exactly* where, it is now impossible to say. In his own account of his occupations here, he says, "I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favours from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, or beneath the shady trees."

Such was the quiet life which the poet who first gave classicality to Italian poetry led in this place; but if his heart was wholly devoted to Laura, his mind was not entirely absorbed by the poetic muse. He gave much of his time to the study of history and moral philosophy, which—as, we think, it always has, more or less—had an ennobling effect upon the immortal part of his own nature. We will show this by an anecdote. When Petrarch was living in the palace of Cardinal Colonna, a quarrel occurred in the household. The cardinal, wishing to know how it had originated, summoned all his people together, and obliged them to make oath on the Gospel that they would declare the truth. This was done, even by the brother of the cardinal, who was a bishop; but when Petrarch came to make oath, the cardinal shut the Gospel, and said, "Oh! as to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient!" This is fine. A similar honour was, of old, paid by the Athenians to Xenocrates, the philosopher.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARSEILLES; TRIUMPHAL ARCH; EXCHANGE; ROUTE TO THE ITALIAN FRONTIER; CONDITION OF POPULATIONS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE; REPORT OF THE BRITISH CONSUL; ARLES; ITS ROMAN REMAINS; REPUTATION FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN; THE FEELING EXCITED BY THE CONTEMPLATION OF CELEBRATED RUINS.

LEAVING Avignon, we proceed by Aix to Marseilles, these towns being connected by a branch railway. The old town of Aix is the ancient capital of Provence, and in the Middle Ages was the home of poetry, and the great resort of troubadours. It has now, however, little that need detain us, and so we proceed to Marseilles.

The best, perhaps, because it is the briefest descriptive view of Marseilles with which we are acquainted, is in the "Hand-book" of Murray, and the reality of which is to be obtained from the top of the hill of Notre Dame. From here the city is seen to spread over a gradually sloping basin; and its deficiency in spires, towers, or domes, is noticed as remarkable. "It is surrounded by hills, which are covered with vineyards and olive gardens, and speckled with white country-houses, called *Batides*, to the number of five or six thousand, belonging to the citizens. Monte Christo, well known from Dumas's novel, is conspicuous. It is an arid prospect of dazzling white, interspersed, but unrelieved, by dark

streaks of dusky green. From this the eye is delighted to turn and repose upon the deep blue of the Mediterranean, the graceful curves of the coast of the Gulf of Lyons, and the little group of islands. The nearest and smallest, the Isle d'If, is crowned by a *castle*, once a state prison, in which Mirabeau was shut up; farther off are Pomègue and Ratoneau, connected by a breakwater to form the Port de Frivoul, under which a fleet of vessels in quarantine ride. Here, probably, was the *Fretum Julium*, where Cæsar's fleet of galleys, under D. Brutus, was stationed during the siege of Marseilles." Forts St. Jean and St. Nicolas, on the north and south, protect the entrance to the harbours, which have an extent of 170 English acres. The bonded warehouses along-side the Bassins de l'Entrepôt and Napoleon, are 400 yards long and six storeys high, exclusive of the vaults beneath. They are said to be the finest in Europe. •

At no great distance from the railway terminus is a triumphal arch, erected to commemorate the French campaign in Spain, of 1823. The intelligent traveller will recollect that there was not much of glory to commemorate in Spain during the great war, when the French were, by Wellington, driven out of the whole of the Iberian Peninsula. But this may be suffered to pass, as the French nation does not like to be reminded of its defeats. The arch is in the Corinthian order, and is an object of considerable beauty.

The Exchange is another handsome structure, also in the Corinthian style, and, in its interior arrangements, resembling the Paris Bourse. In front of it is a statue of Puget, the sculptor, inscribed with his own speech of self-glorification to the minister Louvois. "*Le marbre tremble sous mes mains.*" Had a person of this sort been able to do something wonderful with his toes, he would probably have said that "the earth trembled under his feet." A fountain, surmounted by a bust of Homer, in the Rue d'Aubagne, is inscribed with "*Les Phocéens reconnaissants à Homère, 1803.*"

Standing as Marseilles does by the Mediterranean Sea, it is the most important port in France, shipping of every description passing out from and into its harbours at all seasons of the year. To all the principal ports of the Mediterranean there are steamers; to Alexandria in Egypt, and also to Constantinople in Turkey; to Spain, Malta, and to Africa. From it a railway runs to the frontier of Italy, passing Toulon, the Plymouth of France. This is the great seat of the French naval power in the Mediterranean, and is very strongly fortified. Its most remarkable edifice is the Hôtel de Ville. Its dockyard is twice the size of that at Portsmouth in England, and covers a space of 240 acres.

Leaving Toulon, the traveller to Italy would, in this direction, pass Frejus, Cannes, Antibes, Nice, when he would be about twenty miles from Mentone; but our route, at present, is in another direction. We have not yet seen all that we wish to visit in France. Accordingly, returning to Marseilles, we will, before quitting her shores, offer a few remarks bearing upon the physical condition of her population, and that of the south of France generally. It may be premised, however, that this, to a stranger, does not, at first sight, seem favourable, nor does it improve on consulting the opinion of authority. In

Consul Mark's report to Earl Granville, on the condition of the industrial classes in the south of France in 1872, are the following observations:—

“The political agitation which has prevailed throughout this country since July, 1870, and the instability which still pervades society, render it extremely difficult, at the present moment, to describe the actual position, or to predict the future, of the artizan and industrial classes. As these form so large a proportion of the general mass, much interest must naturally attach to their fate, and the difficulties which surround them, whether these are inherent in the natural circumstances of the country, or are produced by the highly artificial state to which things have, of late years, been brought. The circumscribed amount of occupation now offering, the enhanced taxation, and the high price of food, have produced much misery amongst these classes, and have led them to participate in all sorts of political agitation, under the leadership of professional agitators, and to combine together against their employers and the possessors of capital in general.”

From this general statement, the reader will naturally infer how dangerous must be the condition of him who is possessed of riches, even though accumulated by his own industry and saving habits, in France. The master is never safe when the hands of his own *employés* are raised against him. In all the larger towns of the south, the depression of trade has, since the Franco-German war, been very great; and however apparent this may be, it does not, unfortunately, enter into the minds of the labouring classes that it is not in the power of their employers to help it. Marseilles, we are told, with its extensive transit business with all parts of the world, has suffered severely. So has the large manufacturing population of Lyons, as well as other provincial towns in the south. This, of course, causes great discontent; still, all things considered, the condition of the average artizan and labourer is not lower than it is in England. The report just quoted, says—

“The labouring classes in these parts are frugal and abstemious in matters of diet, which generally consists of bread and wine. Of late years, the taste for animal food has increased with the growing prosperity of the country. In the towns especially, the taste for meat is fairly established, and successful; workpeople live as those in England.” This report further adds, that “the inhabitants, taken altogether, are better found in clothing than in other countries; the articles of which their clothing is composed are not altogether so good or so substantial as those in general use in England; but the Frenchman is more careful about his clothing, and his garments look better and last longer, in this fine, dry climate, than those usually worn by English artizans and labourers. Warm clothing is absolutely requisite in the south of France, as much as in England, the changes of temperature being very rapid, and dry, cutting winds, which prevail, rendering it necessary to use proper precautions for the preservation of health.”

Perhaps the most gratifying piece of information in the report of Consul Mark is, that “much progress has, of late years, been made in securing proper lodgings for the working

classes. All the large towns are being rebuilt; and much attention is being paid to the proper ventilation and drainage of the houses. In Marseilles, Lyons, and other large towns in the south, the working classes can now find proper and healthy lodgings, not too far removed from their work."

In regard to matters of health, the report also says, that a foreigner intending to settle in the south of France, should make up his mind, more or less, to follow the old rule of, *When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do*. "The very substantial food and potent beverages which might be desirable in London or Edinburgh, should, to a certain extent, be laid aside in this climate, and the larger proportion of farinaceous and vegetable diet and light wines, used by the natives, be adopted in preference. Care should, however, be taken to avoid the opposite extreme, as the rice and Indian corn sort of nourishment, so largely in vogue in Bengal or Central America, would neither prove beneficial nor satisfactory in the latitude of Marseilles. In fact," the report adds, with emphasis, "it is now thoroughly well known, by every one who has paid the slightest attention to these matters, that the question of food and drink must, more or less, be regulated by a sliding-scale, based upon the degree of latitude one may be living under; and that these may be used, when possible, in all charming variety, from rice, fruits, and cold water at the Equator, to beef, mutton, and strong ale at Edinburgh, or walrus at the Arctic Circle."

Pardoning the "charming" enthusiasm displayed by Consul Mark in the last sentence of the above paragraph, we may remark, that the use of strong ale is not, *in any condition*, physically favourable to travellers; and, morally and mentally, it is very unfavourable. We have personally proved this, at different times, in the hot summers of New York, Boston, and other cities in the great West Union, as well as in the winters of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and even those of Edinburgh—

" Mine own romantic town "

of Scotland. It is now indubitably proved, and pretty generally acknowledged by the medical profession, that strong drink, of every alcoholic description, is never, in any sort of climate, physically favourable to the human animal in healthy conditions. Neither is it so morally and mentally. We may state, without egotism or any feeling of self-exaltation, that we were born, bred, and educated in Edinburgh, and that we have known its strong ale help to knock at least one of its popular ministers out of his pulpit, and disqualify several young men from pursuing the ministry as a profession. We will add no more upon this point, except to assure all travellers, from much personal experience, both on sea and on land, and sometimes under circumstances, not only of extreme danger and cold, but of great privation and fatigue, that to drink strong alcoholic liquor, of any description, is to **DRINK DELUSION**, if it is done in the belief of increasing strength, or adding to the capacity of endurance, or inspiring us with a *rational* conduct in situations of danger or of difficulty.

Taking leave of Marseilles, we proceed to Arles, on our way to Nîmes; and, in point

of ancient remains, find it truly a Roman town. The "Hand-book" informs us, that a "*bridge of boats* unites Arles proper with its suburb of Trinquetaille, and supplies the place of an old bridge, over which passed the *via Aurelian*, extending from Rome to Cadiz." It has an amphitheatre larger than that of Nîmes, but not in so good a state of preservation, not so much from the effects of time, as from those of human hands, which have been busy in carrying its remains away, no doubt for building purposes elsewhere. "It consists, on the outside, of two storeys of sixty arches, the lower Doric, the upper Corinthian, both rude in style, and of most massive construction, formed of enormous blocks, very exactly fitted together. Owing to the unevenness of the ground, it is supported, on one side, by vast substructions. The outer wall is now nearly separated from the second by the removal of the vaults, and the interior is completely gutted. Yet the lower portion, including the *podium*, or parapet, surrounding the arena, faced with marble slabs, is even more perfect than at Nîmes, having been covered up with earth until 1830. It was also filled within, and choked up without, by an accumulation of mean hovels, occupied by the poorest part of the population of the town, to the number of 2,000. An excrescence, not forming part of the original structure, are the three *square towers*, surmounting the entire edifice, left out of four originally. But they are interesting historical relics, having been raised in the 8th century, either by the Saracens, who, under Jussouf-Ben-Abdelraham, Wali of Narbonne, then obtained possession of Arles, or by Charles Martel, who expelled them from the city in 739."

There is, near the amphitheatre, a Roman theatre, which was, not many years ago, disinterred from the dust of ages. Very little of it, however, remains; but what does, amply testifies to its former magnificence. A statue discovered in it, called the *Venus d'Arles*, has been transported to the Louvre at Paris, where it is to be seen. In the museum of the town there are many Roman fragments, which, to the archæologist and antiquarian, render a visit to Arles extremely interesting.

In addition to its ancient remains, Arles has a high reputation for the beauty of its women; upon which we ourselves must decline offering an opinion, believing that tourists and travellers, especially of the masculine gender, will think themselves as capable as we are of giving a judgment upon that matter—at all events, such a judgment as may have no reference to any particular standard. Of this, we ourselves have no doubt; but, at parting here, we will take the liberty of reminding them, while making their judgments, to distinguish between *love*, the feeling of physical attachment, and *admiration*, the sentiment of mental exaltation.

Had we not so often, in our time, experienced an indescribable, pleasing feeling of tranquillity in the contemplation of magnificent architectural ruins, it would, perhaps, have been difficult to have believed that there is much strength in the quiet manner in which such a sentiment operates upon the mind. But this is wonderful; indeed, so wonderful, that we think there are few persons, whose minds are even in a small degree

exalted by the imaginative faculty, who have not, at some period of their lives, stepped out of their way merely to see the ruin of a cathedral, an abbey, or any building either celebrated for some historical event, or venerable for its antiquity. It is this feeling which converts us into tourists and travellers—which induces us to quit the fireside, with all its comforts, and wander far and wide—

“Where mouldering columns mark the lingering wreck
Of Thebes, Palmyra, Babylon, Baalbec;
The prostrate obelisk, or shattered dome,
The unroofed pedestal and yawning tomb,
On loitering steps, reflective taste surveys,
With folded arms and sympathetic gaze,
Charm'd with poetic melancholy, treads
O'er ruined towns and desolated meads;
Or rides sublime on Time's expanded wings,
And views the face of ever-changing things.”—DARWIN.

Adieu to Arles!

CHAPTER XXV.

BEAUCAIRE; NIMES; ITS AMPHITHEATRE; ROMAN EXHIBITIONS; THE MAISON CARREE; THE PONT DU GARD;
MONTPELLIER; BEZIERS; PERSECUTION OF THE ALBIGENSES; ARNAUD AMAURI; MASSACRE IN BEZIERS; DESTRUCTION
OF THE TOWN; CARCASSONNE; ITS DEFENCE; SUFFERING OF THE INHABITANTS; TREACHERY OF THE POPE'S LEGATE;
VISCOUNT BEZIERS; DESEPTION OF CARCASSONNE; FATE OF VISCOUNT BEZIERS.

ON quitting Arles for Nîmes, one of the towns we pass is Tarascon, which need not detain us. Four miles further we pass Beaucaire, remarkable for its annual fair “of all nations,” and its ancient castle, now in ruins, on the summit of a rock, whence a fair view of the Rhone is to be had. There is nothing in the town, however, interesting to the tourist; so, in a short time, we arrive at the station of the capital of the department of Gard.

Nîmes, or Nîmes, is a large place, and is celebrated for its Roman remains; but they are not so numerous or extensive as to occupy more than a few hours to be examined. The chief of them are the amphitheatre, in the Place des Arènes, consisting of two storeys, each of sixty arcades, and seventy feet high. Externally, this structure is in a tolerably good condition, and is estimated to have contained, in its perfect state, from seventeen to twenty-three thousand spectators. Its form was an oval; but neither the name of its founder, nor its date, is known. By some it has been assigned to the time of Titus and Adrian; by others to that of Antoninus Pius. As all sublunary things, however, are subject to be diverted from their original purposes, this amphitheatre has experienced some vicissitudes. In the time of the Visigoths it was a fortress, and, as such, was

occupied by the Saracens in the beginning of the 8th century, till expelled by Charles Martel, who endeavoured to destroy the building by fire. Subsequently, to the middle of the 18th century, it was converted into a *colony* of hovels, which have, in their turn, been swept away, and it is now used as a place for bull-fights, and a cruel sport called *Ferrade*, consisting of teasing wild bulls before branding them.

We are aware it is a matter of history that the ancient Romans used the arena of their amphitheatres for both cruel and singular exhibitions. Some Roman antiquaries think that the arena was boarded over, and that the boards were covered with sand or earth. This seems probable, as we know that the surface of the arena was removable, and capable of admitting of sudden as well as surprising changes. Titus, who erected the Coliseum at Rome, was not satisfied with the usual exhibition of wild beasts, but exhibited the scenery of their native countries, and astonished the Romans by an apparently magical display of rocks and forests. Domitian covered the arena with water, and entertained the spectators with various marine representations and sea-fights. Among the ancients, the rapidity with which these changes were effected is frequently alluded to; and, in succeeding ages, they appear to have assumed more wonderful forms even than these. As improvements in mechanical contrivances took place, the whole arena would suddenly be made to disappear, and from a chasm beneath, caused by its falling in, forests and orchards arose, with wild beasts wandering among them, as if they were still enjoying the liberty of nature. These were produced by the application of various machines, called *pegmata*, which rose and swelled sometimes to prodigious extent and elevation, then subsided to their former level.

Another Roman remain, of far higher interest in an architectural point of view, is the *Maison Carrée*, a Corinthian temple, consecrated, according to some authorities, in the reign of Augustus, and, according to others, in that of Antoninus Pius. It is not for us, however, here to attempt the settlement of chronological disputes; nor does it much matter, perhaps, to the general traveller, which is the exact reign in which the temple was consecrated, so long as it presents itself as one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity. But it is lamentable to think of the ignorance which could deface such a building for some of the meanest of purposes. After having been a Christian church, and the place of meeting for the municipal body of the town, it became a stable, "and its owner, to extend its space, built walls between the pillars of the portico, and pared away the flutings of the central columns, to afford space sufficient for his carts to pass." Here was Vandalism! It afterwards became attached to an Augustinian convent, and was used as a place of sepulture; it next became a revolutionary tribunal and a corn warehouse; but it is now a museum, containing things as old as itself, besides the modern picture of Cromwell viewing the decapitated corpse of Charles I., the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Delaroche.

The other remains, although less interesting, are still worth inspecting, and consist of La Tourmagne, the Temple of Diana, and the Porte d'Auguste, exhibiting the original Roman gates, founded in the reign of the emperor, B.C. 16. Having seen these and

the localities famous for their associations with the fate of the leaders of the rebellious Camisards in the beginning of the 18th century, an excursion should be made to the Pont du Gard, about thirteen miles from Nîmes. This is one of the grandest monuments bequeathed to the modern French by the ancient Romans. By its magnitude, and the stupendous blocks of stone of which it is composed, accompanied by the silent solitariness of the situation in which it is found, the mind is impressed with a feeling of involuntary awe. Its height is 160 feet, and the length of its highest arcade, 882. It consists of three tiers of arches, all in the simplest style of architecture, and entirely destitute of ornament. For sixteen centuries has this monument of Roman skill and labour spanned the valley over which it is thrown from hill to hill, and still continues to be nearly as perfect as it was at the time of its construction.

Such a work as the Pont du Gard naturally fills the mind with grand ideas respecting the constructive powers of these ancient Romans. The object of this aqueduct was to convey the water of a couple of springs twenty-five miles distant to the ancient city of Nemausus, upon the site of which the modern Nîmes now stands. Consequently we only see a portion of the Pont du Gard, which may be traced "at the village of St. Maximin, near Uzès, and above that of Vers, to the Pont du Gard; thence by St. Bonnet and Sernhac, to the hill of the Tour Magne and Bassin des Thermes at Nîmes." To whose reign this immense work is to be assigned has not been ascertained. The period of its construction is supposed to have been in that of M. Agrippa, the son-in law of Augustus, B.C. 19.

On leaving Nîmes by rail, we travel, on our route to the Pyrenees, over a piece of country notable in history for being the scene of religious persecution. We pass the ancient town of Montpellier, long noted for the supposed healthiness of its situation; but about this some have expressed strong doubts. Its terrace and the esplanade, shaded by olive trees, are remarkably fine. From the latter a noble view is obtained—the Alps in the east, the Pyrenees in the west, and the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, all coming within the limits of the panorama on a clear day. We also pass Cotte and Béziers, where, also, a splendid view is obtained, and the enchanting character of the country displayed in all its richness, variety, and grandeur. After these we pass Narbonne, Carcassonne, Castelnaudary, Villefranche, and then arrive at Toulouse.

The "Hand-book" notices the cruelties which were executed at Montpellier, Béziers, and other places in this part of France, against the heretics, or fanatics, as they are by some called, for being, like the Covenanters of Scotland, bold enough to offer up prayers to the Supreme Being after their own unpremeditated style. Many of these "pastors of the desert," as they were termed here, suffered death; and the "Hand-book" remarks, that the cathedral of Béziers, dedicated to St. Nazaire, was the chief scene of a horrible slaughter in 1209. It says that "Béziers will always be associated with that terrible siege by the crusading army, raised at the call of the church of Rome, to exterminate the heretical Albigenses, who were numerous in this devoted city." As the circumstances connected with this sanguinary event



The 'good' and 'bad' of the 'good'.

are especially interesting, whilst the traveller may be supposed to be breathing the atmosphere of the very locality in which it happened, we will refresh his memory by recalling some of them from the depths of the past.

This melancholy period in the history of the Middle Ages of France may be considered remarkable for the inhuman atrocity by which it is marked. The character of the religious dissent which prevailed at this time in the south has been a subject of discussion, into which we cannot here enter ; but it was, no doubt, far from uniform ; and while many of the "heretics" were evidently honest seekers after evangelical simplicity, others, it is equally clear, held debasing doctrines, a mixture of strange ideas derived from Greece and the East, and perhaps from Spain. The Catholic church, however, treated them all on an equality, because they all tended to the same spirit of rebellion against the claims of the pope to religious infallibility and temporal power. The mass of the heretics were now known generally by the name of Albigois, or, in Latin, Albigenses, because their headquarters were in the city of Albi ; but a large division of them were called Waldenses, or Vaudois, from their founder, a religious enthusiast of Lyons, named Waldo. The latter appear to have been remarkable chiefly for the purity of their manners and sentiments. The sectarian population of the south received protection, if not always direct encouragement, from their princes and from their English suzerain, and Philippe-Auguste himself was averse to persecution. The spread of the heresy, and the dangerous spirit of insubordination, had, however, given great alarm to the church, and the pope who then occupied the Roman see, Innocent III., resolved to destroy it.

Innocent began by attempting to force the princes and great barons of the south to persecute the sectaries within their dominions ; but his remonstrances and threats were disregarded, and the legates whom he sent to enforce his precepts by their presence, produced little effect. Even the bishops of the south could not be infected with the spirit of persecution, and proceedings were instituted against the Archbishop of Narbonne, while the Bishop of Viviers was deposed, and the Bishop of Béziers suspended. The latter had refused to excommunicate the consuls of the city of Béziers because they had been reported to be heretics. The pope's legates, and their assistants in the mission, were all Cistercians ; and Innocent now appointed, as their fellow-labourer and director, the chief of their order, Arnaud Amauri, Abbot of Cîteaux, a man who concealed, under the habit of piety, an extraordinary spirit of ferocity, and who was ready to be the unrelenting instrument of any act of sanguinary vengeance which might promise advantage to the church. At the time of his appointment the legates had deposed the Bishop of Toulouse, and another ecclesiastic, named Foulques, a native of Marseilles, was appointed to his see, a man equally fitted with the Abbot of Cîteaux to pursue Innocent's plans of ecclesiastical vengeance. The Cistercians carried on their mission during several years with very little advantage, for their preaching against heresy appears to have been quite unsuccessful ; and when they called pressingly upon the secular princes to employ their power against the

sectaries, those only came forward and made protestations of orthodoxy, and promises of expelling heretics from their dominions; but did no more than promise. The pope had in vain called upon Philippe-Auguste to take up arms against the princes of the south, and compel them to aid in extirpating the heretics; for Philippe, who in heart felt little friendship for the court of Rome, was unwilling to be drawn away from his designs upon Normandy. Innocent even established two new orders of monks, to be especially employed in the conversion of heretics—entitled Franciscans and Dominicans, from two of the most zealous of the preachers, St. Francis and St. Dominic. The latter was for a while the director of the mission against the Albigeois, and his name has become celebrated as the founder of that odious institution, the Inquisition, which he first established at Narbonne.

Whilst these measures were being taken, three armies were mustering, to act upon as many different points against the Albigenses: but it is only with the operations of one of these armies we have here to do. It consisted of French, Normans, and men of Champagne; and was formed at Lyons, under the command of Arnaud Amauri, Abbot of Cîteaux, the Bishop of Puy, and Foulkes, Archbishop of Bordeaux. This army descended the Rhone to Avignon; on the road to which city it was joined by the Count of Toulouse, who obeyed the orders of the Abbot of Cîteaux, to lead them into the country of Béziers, that they might bring destruction upon it, because of the heretics it contained. While the army halted at Montpellier, the young Viscount of Béziers made his appearance with a noble escort, to plead for his country. He was celebrated as one of the bravest and most courteous knights of his time, and pleaded his own well-known character as a good Catholic; but the abbot, Arnaud Amauri, treated him with insolence, and told him that he should receive no mercy, but that he must be prepared for the worst. The viscount returned to Béziers, and, after summoning all his vassals to arms, exhorted the citizens to defend themselves valiantly until he returned to succour them; and then proceeded to Carcassonne, to assemble there his forces. He had not long left Béziers before the local bishop came to exhort the citizens to save themselves and their town by delivering up all the heretics who were within their walls; but they refused. Immediately afterwards, on the 21st of July, the three armies of the crusaders, after committing great havoc on their way, united before Béziers, and invested the city. The united army, we are told, consisted of not less than 20,000 men-at-arms (cavalry), and a multitude of at least 200,000 foot—the greater portion of them undisciplined plunderers, formidable chiefly on account of their reckless ferocity. It appears to have been these latter solely who rushed upon the citizens of Béziers when they imprudently marched out beyond their walls to combat them, and the latter, overwhelmed with numbers, were not only driven back into the town, but the besiegers rushed in with them, and the place was, in an instant, in the possession of the rabble of the crusaders, who crowded in, and spread themselves through its different quarters, slaying every one they met. In the midst of this horrible massacre, great numbers took refuge in the churches; and, perhaps, with reference to them, some of the

chiefs demanded of the Abbot of Citeaux (who, in consequence of the death of Milo, had been restored to his position as papal legate), what degree of mercy should be shown, and how they should know the heretics from the good Catholics. Arnaud Amauri, who had declared that he would spare neither woman nor child if Béziers were once in his power, replied, "Slay them all; God will know his own." The churches were forced, and every inhabitant of Béziers was butchered, without consideration of sex or age. The number who were thus killed is variously estimated, by contemporary writers, at from 20,000 to 60,000; but the latter number is, no doubt, an exaggeration. When the slaughter was over, the town was plundered; and when nothing was left in it worth carrying away, it was fired in numerous places. The crusaders did not leave it until Béziers was reduced to a heap of black ruins

Carcassonne was the next place which felt the force of a visit from these invaders. The country between this place and Béziers was deserted by its inhabitants, who sought a refuge either among the mountains, or within the walls of that city. The Viscount of Béziers, who was in Carcassonne with all the troops he could collect, opposed the besiegers with vigour, and inflicted upon them considerable loss before he was compelled to withdraw within the walls. When, at length, the citizens were brought almost to the lowest ebb of distress for want of provisions, Pedro, King of Aragon, who was the uncle and suzerain of the young Viscount of Béziers, and who had heard of the terrible work of the invaders, arrived in their camp to intercede for him. The chiefs of the army allowed the king to enter into Carcassonne for the purpose of conferring with the viscount, who gladly received him, and left to him the task of making the terms upon which he should surrender. "If," said he, "there were only myself and my soldiers, I would rather perish than submit either to the legate or his people: but the men, women, and children here enclosed with me are perishing of hunger, and witnessing hourly their sufferings, forces me to yield." The king thereupon returned to the army, and desired to know the conditions upon which the viscount would be expected to yield. The Abbot of Citeaux replied, in the name of the rest, that they would allow the Viscount Béziers, with twelve companions whom he might choose, to go free; but that the town, and all the people in it, must be delivered into the hands of their followers.

The experience which the viscount had already received of the disposition of his enemies, was not calculated to assure him of such merciful treatment as he wished his people to obtain; and, without hesitation, he scornfully rejected the conditions of the haughty churchman. The siege was, therefore, continued; and the courage of the inhabitants rose equal to the occasion, notwithstanding that their sufferings were greatly increased from the want of water. Time rolled on, and the Leaguers were growing weary of their work. The legate of the pope began to despair of reducing Carcassonne by force, and he had recourse to treachery. A principle stated by Pope Innocent at the commencement of this war, that no one is bound to keep faith with those who are not

faithful to God, afforded him a plausible excuse for any act he might think proper to commit against heretics; and such, of course, were the besieged in Carcassonne. Accordingly, he despatched a gentleman to confer with the Viscount Béziers, and to assure him that the legate was now willing to grant honourable terms. The viscount should have asked what they were; but instead, he offered to proceed personally to the camp of the enemy, and negotiate the terms, provided a safe-conduct was granted to him. This was exactly what was wanted; and the gentleman said that he had, for that very purpose, authority from the legate; and more, that if Béziers would go to the camp, both he and those who formed his retinue should, in perfect safety, be conducted back to the city.

On the solemn assurance of an oath, the viscount, with the retinue of 100 knights, left Carcassonne, and was directly taken to the tent of the legate. Here were all the great princes and barons of the army assembled, all of whom feigned surprise at seeing Béziers, who exculpated himself, and laid his demands before them. When he had done speaking, the legate took the principal men of his force aside, and told them what he had done in order to get the viscount into his power. As a matter of course, the consciences of these advisers, being gifted with great powers of elasticity, saw that the legate had done what was right, and decided that Béziers and his knights should be detained as prisoners until the town was surrendered. On the following day—the 15th of August, 1209—the invading army marched up to the walls of Carcassonne, and found that both the inhabitants and the garrison had deserted their stronghold. The invaders entered the town, and found plenty of plunder; but not a solitary individual to exercise vengeance upon. Disappointed at being deprived of a sanguinary triumph, similar to that of Béziers, they consigned to the flames, for their supposed heresy, some of the knights who had attended the viscount to their camp. They also wreaked their vengeance upon the captives they made in the surrounding district of country, amounting to upwards of 400. The unfortunate viscount was imprisoned in one of the strongest towers of the castle of Carcassonne—an event which, with the fall of the town, caused the submission of the castles of Montréal, Fanjeaux, and the town of Castres, which gave to the enemies of Béziers the possession of the whole of his territories. This was, probably, what was mostly wanted; but the conquest of Carcassonne raised an embarrassment in the way of the plans of the court of Rome, as it excited fears among the crusaders themselves respecting the probability of their own fate. Many of them were disgusted with the massacres, and the universal spoliation which accompanied the papal policy, and felt that all social as well as legal protections were overturned, and that they themselves might be exposed to sufferings similar to those they were now made the instruments of bringing upon others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CANAL DU MIDI; PERPIGNAN; CASTELNAUDARY; DUKE DE MONTMORENCI; HIS DECAPITATION; TOULOUSE; ITS CHURCHES AND BRIDGES; BATTLE OF TOULOUSE; STRENGTH OF THE ARMIES ENGAGED; LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES; NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TOULOUSE.

STANDING on a hill is Castelnaudary—an ancient town, and now of very little note. The bottom of the hill is partly fringed by the Canal du Midi, which, at the small town of Agde, joins the Gulf of Lyons, in the Mediterranean Sea. “It is sometimes called,” says the “Hand-book,” “the Canal des Deux Mers, because it unites the Mediterranean with the Atlantic.” This fact, of itself, would be sufficient to give it importance; but some of its other features are here worthy of notice. “It was commenced in 1666, and finished in 1681, from the Etang du Thau to Toulouse. The navigation of the Garonne, from Toulouse downwards, was, however, very bad; and that of the Etang du Thau, between Agde and Cette, all but impossible; so that in this condition it remained for many years. In fact, the canal from Toulouse to Agen, avoiding the difficulties of the Garonne, was only completed a short time before the railway was opened; and the communication by the Etang du Thau with the Rhone and the Mediterranean, was not finished until the beginning of the present century. The canal is a wonderful work for the age in which it was executed, and, like most foreign canals, on a gigantic, and, to English eyes, extravagant scale. It measures, from the basin where it joins the Garonne at Toulouse, to near Agde, where it falls into the Mediterranean, 155 English miles. It is sixty-five feet seven inches wide at the surface, and thirty-two feet at the bottom. It cost 17,000,000 livres (equal to 34,000,000 francs). The summit-level is 719 feet above the Mediterranean; and there are forty-six locks on the declivity towards that sea, and eighteen between the summit-level and Toulouse. The articles transported along the canal consist chiefly of corn, oil, soap, wine, brandy, &c. It is navigated by barges of 100 tons; but the traffic is not very extensive, judging from the number of voyages yearly to and fro, which is under a thousand. It is closed for a month or six weeks once in three years, in order to be cleaned.”

From Nîmes, Béziers, Narbonne, or any of the towns on this route, the traveller may proceed by rail to Perpignan, the principal town of the department of the Pyrénées Orientales. It is a fortress of great strength, and defends the passage of the Eastern Pyrenees from Spain into France. It stands in the plains of Roussillon, of which province it was the capital before it was united to France by the treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659. As there is little in the town to interest the stranger, we need not detain the reader by a mere rehearsal of common-place objects.

Returning to Castelnaudary, we recall the time (in 1632) when the population of

Languedoc sided with the Duke of Orleans, against Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu, and rose in rebellion. Schomberg, with his army, went against them in Upper Languedoc; and Orleans himself, with the Duke of Montmorenci and Count Moret, went with their forces to meet him. On the 1st of September, these troops, consisting of about 3,000 or 4,000 cavalry, and 2,000 foot, encountered the *Cardinalists* (as, in the language of faction, they were then called), in the vicinity of Castelnaudary, of which town both parties were desirous of obtaining possession. The troops under Schomberg were inferior in numbers to their opponents; but they were better disciplined and better directed, and, from the first moment of the engagement, there could be no doubt of the fate of the Orleanists. The Count of Moret, who rashly began the attack, was immediately slain; and Montmorenci, deserted by nearly all his followers, and covered with wounds, was thrown from his horse, taken prisoner, and carried to Castelnaudary. The Duke of Orleans retired, with the troops which still followed his standard, to a short distance from the scene of this encounter; and next morning, in bravado, sent a challenge to Schomberg to fight. At this moment his troops were rapidly dispersing; for, the moment Montmorenci's capture was known, the people of Languedoc, whom he alone had led into revolt, deserted the prince's cause, and the latter was left to wander from village to village, with what remained of the cavalry which he had brought with him from Lorraine as his only companions. He had sent a messenger to the king, offering to submit on conditions which were too ridiculous to receive any attention; but another messenger came with humbler proposals. His position was, indeed, desperate; for Schomberg had, by this time, occupied the road to Roussillon, by which alone he might have reached Spain; and he had no longer any means of resistance or of escape. A treaty was concluded on the 29th of September, by which the Duke of Orleans made a full acknowledgment of his faults, and promised, in future, to hold no intelligence within the kingdom or without, except such as might be agreeable to the king; and agreed to accept, as his place of residence, any locality which the king might appoint. He took an oath not to interest himself, on this occasion, for any of his accomplices who should be brought to justice, and not to pretend to have any right to complain if they were punished according to their deserts. All parties understood well enough that this referred to the Duke of Montmorenci.

After the suppression of this rebellion, Richelieu proceeded with rigour only against a few of the nobles and bishops of Languedoc who had taken part in it, whilst the province was calmed by a generous display of the royal clemency, which released it from some of the grievances that had caused popular discontent, and even restored, in a great degree, the liberties of the estates. One man, however, was reserved for an example of public justice, to warn the nobles that, in future, no rank should be a protection to rebellion. This victim was the Duke of Montmorenci. The trial of this powerful nobleman began at Toulouse, in spite of the supplications of his sister, the Princess of Condé, of the Duke of Epemon, of Richelieu's friend, the Cardinal La Valette, of the king's favourite St. Simon, and, in fact,

The Bridge of Tiber



1900

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Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem

of the whole population of the capital of Languedoc. Montmorenci's guilt was so evident, that there could be no doubt of the sentence of the court; he was condemned on the 30th of October, and beheaded the same day in the court of the Maison de Ville.

Leaving Castelnaudary, we are soon in Toulouse, the ancient capital of Languedoc, and now of the Upper Garonne. It stands on both sides of the river of that name, "just above the point where the Canal du Midi, connecting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, falls into it after winding round the north and east sides of the town." On the left bank is the suburb of St. Cyprien, connected with the city by three bridges—the Pont Neuf, of brick, the Pont St. Pierre, and a suspension-bridge of iron wire. The town is old, exhibiting little architectural beauty in its public edifices; but there are many memorable events connected with it. Of the churches, that of St. Sernin is the largest and oldest. It is built of brick and stone, in the Romanesque style, and was finished and consecrated in 1090, by Pope Urban II. It is conspicuous by its lofty octagonal tower, formed by five tiers of arches, each less in size than the one below it. It contains several tombs of the early Counts of Toulouse; but, anterior to 1789, it boasted of possessing the bodies of no fewer than seven of the apostles. The church of St. Taur is more remarkable for its interior than its exterior. It takes its name from the wild bull, to whose horns the martyr, St. Saturin, was bound by his heathen persecutors. The struggles of the brute having liberated it from the cords on this spot, a church was, in consequence, erected. Its interior is adorned with numerous pictures and inscriptions upon the walls.

The battle of Toulouse, fought by Wellington against Soult, on the 10th April, 1814, is memorable for an unnecessary expenditure of life, as it was fought some days after the abdication of Napoleon. In this battle, won by Wellington, the allies lost 4,659 men and four generals, the French nearly 3,000 and five generals, killed or wounded. The charge brought against Marshal Soult of fighting this battle though aware of the abdication of Napoleon, is unfounded, Wellington himself having vindicated him from it. The forces of the allies amounted to 52,000 men; but of these, only 24,000 and 52 guns were engaged: the French had 38,000, with from 80 to 90 guns, according to the estimate of Colonel Napier. The best point for viewing the field of battle and the town, is at the obelisk of brick, erected by the citizens—"*Aux Braves morts pour la Patrie*"—on the site of one of Soult's redoubts, taken by the English, on the height of Calvinet.

The details of this battle will enable the military traveller to take an interest in the principal localities where it took place, as the descriptions of them are, in general, pretty clear and well marked. The determination of Wellington was at once to have attacked Soult, the French general; but he was unable to do this for several days after his arrival at Toulouse. That city occupies a position on the right bank of the Garonne, and, as we have said, St. Cyprien is on the left. The canal of Languedoc, or du Midi, incloses the east and north sides of the city, uniting with the river at the distance of a mile below it. On the east is the suburb of St. Etienne, and on the south, that of St. Michael. The

defences were all old, and Soult was well aware that they were unfit to withstand a heavy cannonade. Accordingly, he intrenched the suburb of St. Cyprien, constructed *têtes-de-pont* on all the bridges of the canal, threw up redoubts and breastworks, and destroyed most of the bridges over the Ers—a stream communicating with the Garonne, and running through a valley of the same name.

After duly reconnoitring the nature of the position, Wellington, on the 28th of March, attempted to throw a pontoon bridge across the Garonne; but its current had become so much increased from the quantity of rain which had fallen, that the attempt was found to be impracticable. On the 31st, flanking batteries being planted on the left bank of the stream, the engineers were enabled to lay down a bridge near Pensaguel, seven miles below Toulouse, when General Hill, with two British divisions, and General Murillo's Spaniards, crossed to the right bank of the river. As the roads, however, were impassable, the troops recrossed the stream on the following day, and broke down the bridge.

Fifteen miles from Toulouse there is a place called Grenade, where, on the 3rd of April, pontoons were thrown across the river. At the head of three divisions of infantry, and three of cavalry, Beresford passed over and captured a large drove of oxen, which were being driven as a supply for the army of Soult. The river now again rose to such a height as to carry away the bridge, and, till the 8th, the British and allies remained in their isolated state, and exposed to the vengeance of the whole of the French army, had their situation been known. Soult, however, kept within his fortifications at Mount Rave, and on the river subsiding, the bridge was again laid down, and other divisions of the allies passed over. Wellington now took the command in person, and advanced up the valley of the Ers to Fenouillet, five miles below Toulouse; but it was not till the 10th that the principal action was fought, although there had been a cavalry engagement at the bridge of Croix d'Auracte (one of those left across the Ers) some time before.

When the battle was about to commence, Wellington had a force of about 52,000 officers and private soldiers under his command, 12,000 of whom were Spaniards. The army of Soult was, in number, about 38,000; the superiority, therefore, was considerable on the side of the allies. When, however, the position of Soult is taken into estimation, and its numerous advantages, the two armies, in a military point of view, were about equalised.

The fighting commenced at about 7 A.M., by Picton and Alton's divisions driving the French advanced posts, between the river and the Pujade Hill, back to their redoubts on the canal, the Spaniards establishing themselves on the hill. The whole of the allied army pressed on with great resolution till they came within range of the grape-shot, which mowed them down in large numbers. One regiment gained a hollow way under the redoubts; but the others broke and fled, and the French leaped out of their works and pursued them. Some of the officers gallantly endeavoured to rally their men, and probably would have succeeded, had not a French brigade taken them *en flank*. They then fled, in wild confusion, towards the bridge of Croix d'Auracte.



Exposed by H. J. Allen

May 1, 1900

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Just as this reverse had taken place, Wellington made his appearance with the reserve artillery and Ponsonby's Horse, and prevented the French from gaining possession of the bridge; in the event of which, it would have completely isolated Beresford's division from the rest of the allies. His lordship himself then rallied the Spaniards, and General Freyre again led them into battle. At the same time, General Picton, who was only to have made a feigned attack upon a bridge over the canal close to the city, converted it into a real one, and was repulsed. On all other points, however, where the battle raged, success followed the banners of the allies. Redoubt after redoubt was captured, and, before nightfall, the French were driven from all their exterior works, and cooped up within the walls of the city.

The battle of Toulouse was one of the most bloody fought during the long war; and the French regained something of the *prestige* they had previously lost, by the determined stand which they made in it against superior numbers. Three days after the battle, Soult received intelligence that the allies had entered Paris; but this only determined him to defend Toulouse to the utmost, because, as it contained establishments of all kinds, it was of the last importance to prevent it from falling into the hands of the allies. He took his defensive measures with great ability, and was so heroically supported by his troops, that some French historians claim for them the victory. Vaudoncourt, however, says that "the battle was unquestionably lost by Soult," who was driven from all his exterior works, of which the allies took possession. The loss on both sides, as we have stated, was very great; although, in that matter, the French sacrifice was not so large as that of the allies. This battle may be considered as the last immediately resulting from the Peninsular war.

But although Toulouse might be considered the last battle, it was not the last blood that was shed in connection with that war. When Wellington followed, with the main body of the allies, after Soult, General Hope was left to carry on the siege of Bayonne. But shortly afterwards, official accounts arrived of what had taken place at Paris; but Thouvenot, the commander at Bayonne, paid no attention to them, and, early on the morning of the 14th of April, made a sortie with 3,000 men, carrying the village of St. Etienne, Major-General Hay, who defended it, being slain. Sir John Hope and his staff, not aware that the village had been taken, were on their way there, when they were fired upon. Sir John's horse was killed, he himself wounded, and, as two of his staff dismounted to extricate him from his horse, all were captured. The fighting continued for some time in the dark, the enemy having the advantage; while the British, from being unexpectedly surprised, were in a state of confusion. When day dawned, however, the Guards came to the rescue, and forced the French back into Bayonne. A small party, under Captain Foster, had defended themselves, in a house at St. Etienne, against all attempts of the enemy to dislodge them, and were ultimately relieved by a brigade of Germans.

What object Thouvenot expected to obtain by this sortie, it is impossible to conceive.

The result was defeat, and a large and unnecessary slaughter on both sides. On that of the French, it was estimated at 850. The British had 150 killed, 457 wounded, and 236 missing.

Four days after this battle, intelligence of the recent events not having reached Barcelona, Hubert, the French commandant there, endeavoured to cut his way through the Spanish besieging force. He was defeated, and compelled to retire within the walls again; but the Spaniards lost 800 men.—These events may be considered to have been the last, and, consequently, the final termination of the great Peninsular war.

As the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Toulouse is flat and uninteresting, there is little inducement to remain in the town longer than may be necessary to examine such objects as properly appertain to itself. Should the tourist chance to be there in the summer months, he will find little verdure to refresh his eyes, and relieve them from the pain of gazing on a land literally parched with the solar beams. He will, therefore, if he takes our advice, soon bid it farewell; although he need not forget that it was the seat of the gay court of the counts, whose encouragement of the lively minstrelsy of the troubadours, is one of those delightful memories which he should permit to haunt his mind while he may be *glassing* himself, as in a mirror, by the fair waters of the Garonne.

